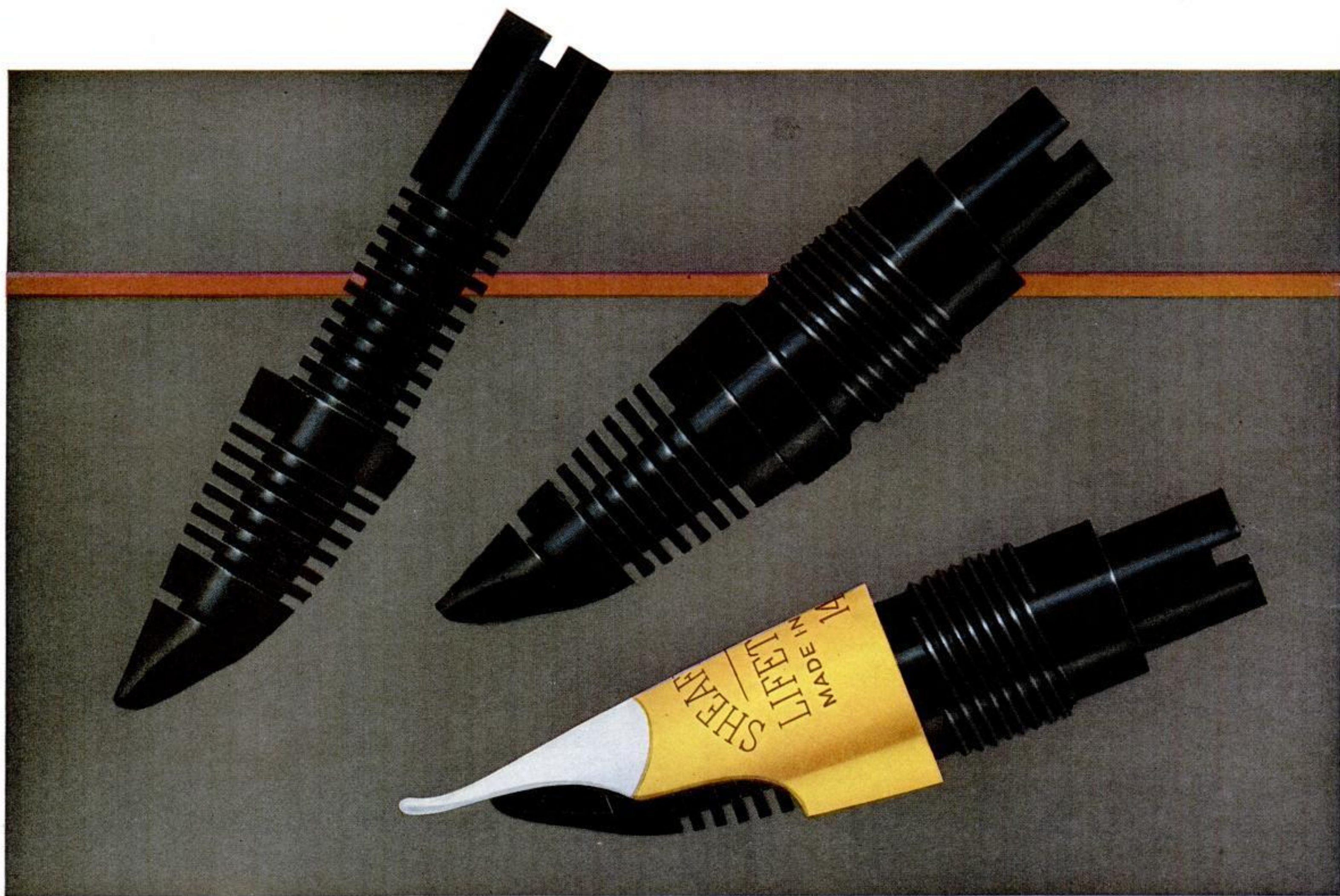


LIFE



MODEL MOTHER

MAY 22, 1944 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



PRECISION-ENGINEERED BY SHEAFFER

for Writing Perfection!

When you go to buy a fountain pen consider the years of writing ahead of you and buy for those years.

Though Sheaffer's *Lifetime* "TRIUMPH" pen has the artistry of a piece of fine jewelry, the "deep-down" reasons why you know Sheaffer's as the world's finest writing instruments are precision engineering before the production of the pen... "accelerated life-long" testing for perfection under the actual writing conditions... and then the meticulous craftsmanship in actual manufacture.

An instance is the "engine" of Sheaffer's *Lifetime* "TRIUMPH" (pictured above) within the 14-K Sheath point. No other fluid feeding mechanism has a greater safety factor. The tiny slit of the Sheath point is platinum-lined to make two-way writing perfect. When you cease writing the finely-engineered "feed-back" permits the fluid to flow back into the reservoir so the pen can be carried safely in any position.

We firmly believe that no other pen is so finely engineered; that no other will serve you so long nor so well.

Many of Sheaffer's precision workers are now devoting 100% of their time to war production. Many of the Sheaffer pens now being produced are going to men in the armed services, but a substantial percentage of the present output is available for civilians. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

At left: "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime* pen, with clip, \$12.50; pencil, \$5—"TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely in all positions in purse or pocket—pen, \$12.50; pencil, \$4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.



Listen to
SHEAFFER'S PARADE
with UPTON CLOSE

NBC Complete Network—Sundays,
3 to 3:30 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 to 2:30 P.M. C.W.T.;
1 to 1:30 P.M. M.W.T.; 12 to 12:30 P.M. P.W.T.

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright, 1944, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

* Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ASK FOR THE BOTTLE WITH THE PEN-FILLING TOP WELL

Top Well keeps fingers clean because it is not necessary to dip pen into bottom well. Only SKRIP has the Top Well. All other writing fluid containers are bottom-well bottles.



V-BLACK SKRIP FOR V-MAIL

V-Black SKRIP writes a lustrous ebony black that stays black! And black photographs best in reproducing V-Mail! SKRIP makes all pens write better, last longer, require less servicing. Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. REGULAR SIZE—25c.

ASK FOR SHEAFFER'S WHEN YOU ASK FOR LEADS

Most of the better stores have complete Sheaffer lead departments containing all sizes, colors and grades—strong, smooth-writing, grit-free—the original, genuine Fineline leads developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Company. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.



Have you tried the **SHAVING CREAM**

*Guaranteed not to
make shaving a pleasure?*

**Men with grown-up minds
as well as adult whiskers
like our claims . . . and our cream**

You may be surprised to learn that our courts of law countenance a certain amount of exaggeration in advertising.

They call it "permissible puffery"; but we're not having any, thank you. This is why:

Not a single one of our so-called shaving scientists has been able to prove that shaving is anything but a chore and a bore. And our peripatetic researchers have thus far discovered no man who will admit there is any pleasure in shaving, except that in having the job over and done with.

But, you may ask, is there no help for men with rough stubble on the chin and fairway? The answer is our Listerine Shaving Cream.

We call it a *sensible* shaving aid because in every fraction of an inch of this quality cream, there is lots and lots of good rich lather. Add plenty of water, and it makes big billows of beard-softening lather. Please note that it's the water that does most of the softening; and softening wiry whiskers is what does most to relieve the scrape and sting of shaving.

If these reasonable, unpuffed claims for our *quality* product appeal to you, why not meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face? Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



P.S. TO THE LADIES: For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after month



25¢

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

*Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream*

This One



S30F-ZJW-XXDZ

UP FROM THE RANKS

These are the presidents of the operating telephone companies of the Bell System. They all started at the bottom of the ladder.

In December, 1937, the Bell System published an advertisement like this, except that now there are seven new faces in the pictures. The seven new presidents since 1937 also started at the bottom.

The Bell System aims to keep the opportunity for advancement open to all.

One of its traditions is that its executives come up from the ranks. This has been true of the business for many years and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the careers of the eighteen men who now serve as presidents of Bell telephone companies.

As a group, they have put in 672 years of telephone service, an average of 37 years each.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



WALTER S. GIFFORD
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a clerk with the Western Electric Company in 1904.



ARCHIBALD J. ALLEN
President of The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company. Started as a service inspector in Pittsburgh in 1907.



CHESTER I. BARNARD
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a clerk in Boston in 1909.



***ALLERTON F. BROOKS**
President of The Southern New England Telephone Company. Started Bell System career as engineer's assistant in New Haven in 1911.



JAMES F. CARROLL
President of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. Started his telephone career as a traffic student in Syracuse in 1906.



***HAL S. DUMAS**
President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with Bell System as a student in Atlanta in 1911.



RANDOLPH EIDE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. First telephone job was as a *special inspector* in New York in 1911.



***JOE E. HARRELL**
President of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with Bell System as a *clerk* in Atlanta in 1913.



***RUSSELL JAMES HOPLEY**
President of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *collector* in Fort Madison, Iowa, in 1915.



***JAMES W. HUBBELL**
President of the New York Telephone Company. First telephone job was in Brooklyn as a *clerk* in 1902.



WILLIAM R. MCGOVERN
President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. First telephone job was in Milwaukee as a *draftsman* in 1900.



***AUBREY H. MELLINGER**
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as an *engineer* in New York City in 1905.



***FLOYD P. OGDEN**
President of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *student* and *clerk* in Kansas City, Mo., in 1911.



NED R. POWLEY
President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *statistical clerk* in Boston in 1908.



ALBERT C. STANNARD
President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *night operator* in Springfield, Mass., in 1899.



PHILIP C. STAPLES
President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with Bell System as *salesman* in Baltimore in 1904.



GEORGE M. WELCH
President of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. With Bell System since 1904. Started in Minneapolis as *stenographer*.



LLOYD B. WILSON
President of The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Started as *night operator* in Plattsmouth, Neb., in 1899.

PRESIDENTS OF BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Company	Name	Date	Place of Start	First Pay	First Job
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.	Walter S. Gifford	1904	Chicago	\$10 week	Clerk, Payroll Dept.
New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	*Joe E. Harrell	1913	Atlanta	\$14 week	Clerk
Southern New England Tel. Co.	*Allerton F. Brooks	1911	New Haven	\$12 week	Engineer's Assistant
New York Tel. Co.	*James W. Hubbell	1902	Brooklyn	\$8 week	Clerk
New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	Chester I. Barnard	1909	Boston	\$50 month	Clerk
Bell Tel. Co. of Penna.	Philip C. Staples	1904	Baltimore	\$12 week	Salesman
Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co.	Lloyd B. Wilson	1899	Plattsmouth, Neb.	\$12 month	Night Operator
Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	*Hal S. Dumas	1911	Atlanta	\$50 month	Student
Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	Randolph Eide	1911	New York City	\$15 week	Special Inspector
Cincinnati & Suburban Bell Tel. Co.	Archibald J. Allen	1907	Pittsburgh	\$50 month	Service Inspector
Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	George M. Welch	1904	Minneapolis	\$15 week	Stenographer
Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	James F. Carroll	1906	Syracuse, N. Y.	\$12 week	Traffic Student
Wisconsin Tel. Co.	William R. McGovern	1900	Milwaukee	\$25 month	Draftsman
Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	*Aubrey H. Mellinger	1905	New York City	\$65 month	Engineer
Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	*Russell J. Hopley	1915	Fort Madison, Ia.	\$40 month	Collector
Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	Albert C. Stannard	1899	Springfield, Mass.	\$25 month	Night Operator
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	*Floyd P. Ogden	1911	Kansas City, Mo.	\$60 month	Student-clerk
Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	Ned R. Powley	1908	Boston	\$50 month	Statistical Clerk



*Asterisks indicate new presidents

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



We reproduce this original drawing of a peaceful, old-time Vermont scene as a reminder that "rolling hills and well-planted fields and freedom to live happily" are typical of the America we love and are fighting to preserve.

This is addressed to **WOMEN** (Men, too, may read if they wish)

Do you ever dream about a small place in the country some day — possibly in Vermont — with flowers in front and an orchard out back?

Or, perhaps, it is security you're thinking about—blessed security to keep you safe from money worries.

Women today, both married and single women, are discovering that life insurance will give them a wonderful feeling of security and independence such as they can get in no other way. For example:

Money to care for and educate children.

Money to supplement Social Security Savings at retirement age.

Money to buy a home or to pay off a mortgage.

Money for traveling some time in the future.

Money for future use, independent of a husband's help, for any need.

One out of every five policies which National Life writes is bought by a woman.

Why not find out what life insurance can do for you? Use the coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE— MONTPELIER, VERMONT

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite Hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

Without obligation to me, please send me your booklet, "Insurance for Women."

☐ I am a housewife.

☐ I have children.

☐ I am working.

☐ I am single.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Home or Business Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"LIFE" LOOKS AT CHINA

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you most sincerely on your May 1 article, "LIFE Looks at China," by Theodore H. White. It seems to me a perfect piece of reporting of just about as difficult a subject as anyone could take on and I am full of admiration. Such an article requires great professional integrity and moral resolution. You have, I am sure, done a service to the allied cause.

WALTER LIPPMANN

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I was fascinated by Theodore White's article on China. It is both revealing and clarifying.

WENDELL L. WILLKIE

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have read Mr. White's article on China carefully, with interest and, in the main, high approval. On my last trip to China I found a genuine desire for cooperation between Americans and Chinese in building up Chinese industries, transportation systems, etc. The Chinese said very frankly that America was the only country that they felt they could deal with which had no territorial aims or desires or any intention of impinging in any way upon their sovereignty. The American is much more brotherly in his treatment of the Chinese than any of his European associates; the Chinese particularly resent the British attitude of superiority, which I think is most unfortunate because I hope that we, with the British, will join in a postwar effort to help the Chinese build up their country.

W. CAMERON FORBES

Norwood, Mass.

Sirs:

We are all indebted to Theodore White for his article on China. Such an article has been needed for a very long time and those of us who have spent many years in China have ached to see a clear statement of the truth. Mr. White has done a magnificent job of drawing together the tangled threads of the pattern and has, as well, made a real contribution to our understanding by his just emphasis on the masses of peasants and their basic part in the picture of China. I am glad, too, that he brought out the uncertainty in the minds of thinking Chinese about Western political failures in spite of great material progress.

GRACE S. YAUKEY

Bethesda, Md.

WASHINGTON'S BISHOP

Sirs:

As Chairman of the Committee on the Service and Master of Ceremonies for the Consecration of Dr. Angus Dun, may I congratulate you on the splendid piece of pictorial reporting in LIFE, for May 1.

The Diocese and the Cathedral appreciate your conveying through your pages a sense of the dignity of the occasion.

CHARLES W. F. SMITH
Canon Chancellor

Washington Cathedral
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

I would like to add my personal word of thanks for your story on the Consecration Service. The pictures were extraordinarily fine and the text was accurate and reverent without being stuffy.

ANGUS DUN
Bishop of Washington

Washington, D. C.

(continued on p. 6)



DOTS FOR THE DOVES OF *Combat*

No doves of peace are these carrier pigeons. They have been credited long since with helping the Navy sink scores of prowling subs. Capable of mile-a-minute speed, nothing but death can stop them ordinarily. . . . One Army pigeon walked ten miles to its roost with an injured wing. Another with a leg shot off delivered the message that saved the Lost Battalion in 1918.

Their training is a closely guarded Army secret. But it is no secret that one of those go-everywhere Dot fasteners has the delicate job of holding the inch-long capsule that carries their messages home.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS



THE DOT "SEGMA"

It's the tiniest fastener made . . . yet strong enough to hold tight the strap on this message-bearing capsule. The capsule is made by the Cellulastic Corp.

True Yesterday—

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "RC"

In Trust for Tomorrow

VOLUME MANUFACTURING of quality cars was the end purpose—never lost sight of at Plymouth. Design, research, engineering . . . all were co-ordinated and directed to this one objective. Plymouth built great cars because its supreme interest was in building them. That quality reputation is upheld today in the quantity manufacturing of war materials. And by Plymouth performance and Plymouth dealer service under wartime conditions. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

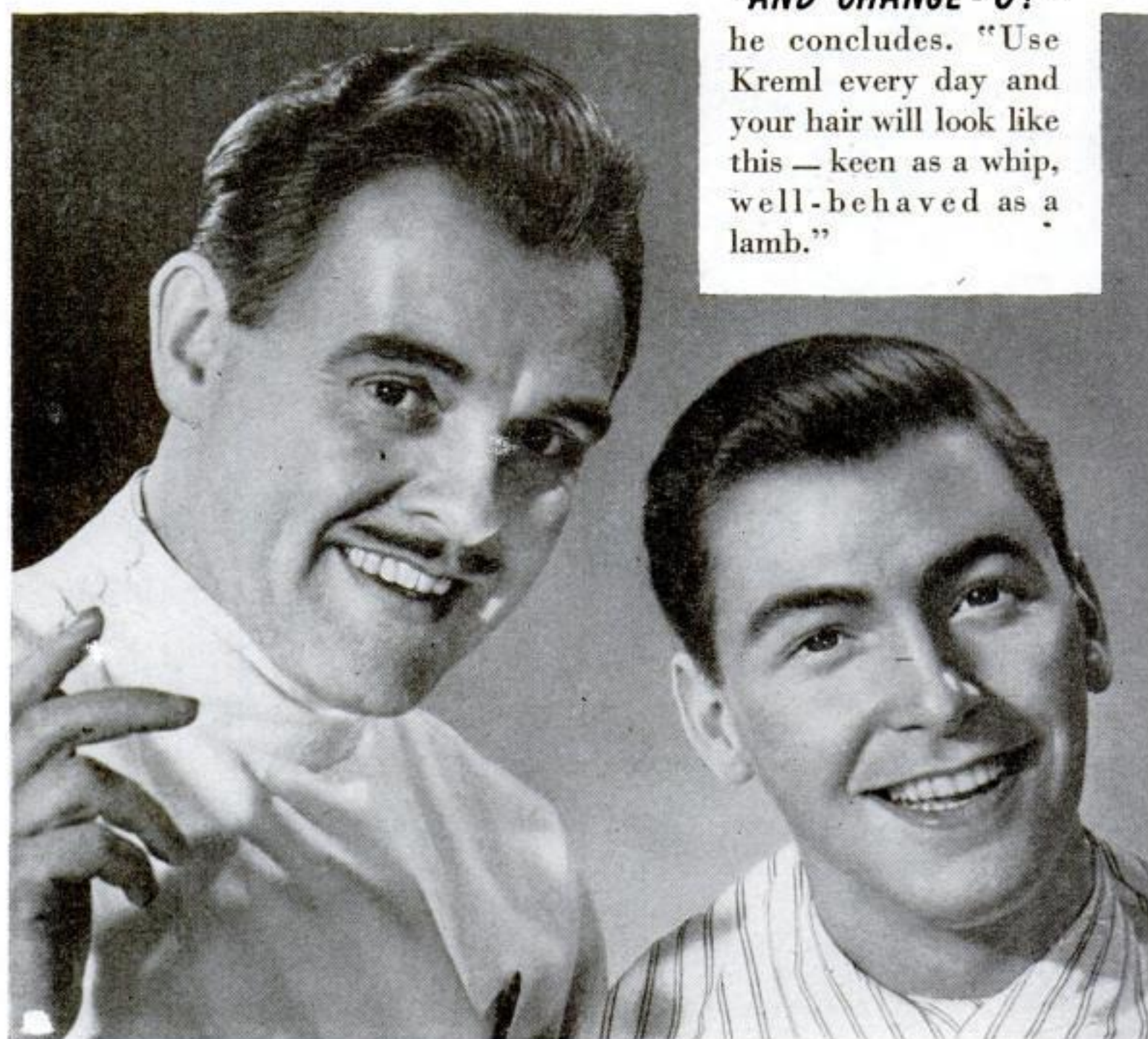
BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

My barber's not a magician...but



"PREST-O!" my barber says. "We apply a little Kreml to this dry, wild hair of yours..."

"AND CHANGE-O!" he concludes. "Use Kreml every day and your hair will look like this — keen as a whip, well-behaved as a lamb."



RIGHT-O!

Thousands declare Kreml is right for better-groomed hair — right because it gives that neat and naturally keen look that men approve and women praise.

O, NO! Kreml is never sticky or greasy, never gives hair that plastered-down look.

O, NO! Kreml is never drying like daily use of too much water as a dressing. [Ladies, smooth a little Kreml lightly on your hair and see the lovely sheen it imparts.]



KREML Hair Tonic



IMPORTANT: Kreml brings all these benefits — makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label — begin today!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

"Washington's New Bishop" was easily worth the price of a whole year's subscription.

REV. HASKIN V. LITTLE
Galveston, Texas

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Sirs:

The surprising state of mind which delights in the minutiae of the Holmesian canon has spread even farther than your article "Sherlock Holmes" (LIFE, May 1) indicates. San Francisco, too, has its affiliate, The Scowrsers, dedicated to the memory of Miss Hattie Doran, the San Francisco heiress whom Holmes aided in her escape from a loveless marriage (*The Noble Bachelor*). Our membership includes the critic Joseph Henry Jackson, the novelist Cecil Forester and assorted newspapermen, juvenile authorities and refractory experts. We are also, I believe, the only Irregular branch to have a female auxiliary, known inevitably as the Molly Maguires.

The Scowrsers thank you for making available such a notable collection of Holmesian pictures.

ANTHONY BOUCHER
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

None of the early drawings of Holmes which you published showed the great sleuth in his famous dressing gown. Herewith is my rendition of Holmes in



the Baker Street "uniform" which he wore for comfort while thinking out his knottiest problems.

B. A. NELSON

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

In your article dealing with Sherlock Holmes it is stated that Moriarty appears in five adventures. I can recall him in only three: *The Valley of Fear*, *The Final Problem* and *The Adventure of the Empty House*.

Incidentally, Dr. Watson wrote 61, not 60, stories about his famous friend.

PAGE HELDENBRAND
Pontiac, Mich.

● Moriarty appears also in *The Norwood Builder* and *The Illustrious Client*. In all Dr. Watson wrote 62 stories about Holmes but only 60 have been published complete. Titles of the unpublished adventures: *The Man Who Was Wanted* and *The Field Bazaar*.—ED.

(continued on p. 8)



DEPENDABLE Performers

JIMMY DURANTE
and GARRY MOORE
dependable performers
and great comedians—
are on the radio for
CAMELS every Friday,
CBS, at 10 P.M. EWT.

STRATFORD
CONQUEROR
\$1.25

Stratford PENS AND PENCILS

It's hard to believe that this handsome, dependable Stratford Conqueror is a low-priced pen. You'll be delighted with its velvety-smooth point. You'll like its convenient push-button filler. Now look at its slender, streamlined design... perfectly balanced! Choice of 4 smart colors. Ask for the Stratford Conqueror... precision-built for your writing pleasure.

SALZ BROTHERS, INC.
Salz Building, New York 1, N. Y.

*They met at the
Royal Ball—amid
romantic splendor*

*As Big Ben chimed the hours
—they knew their love
was to be forever!*

Impressions of M-G-M's magnificent picture!

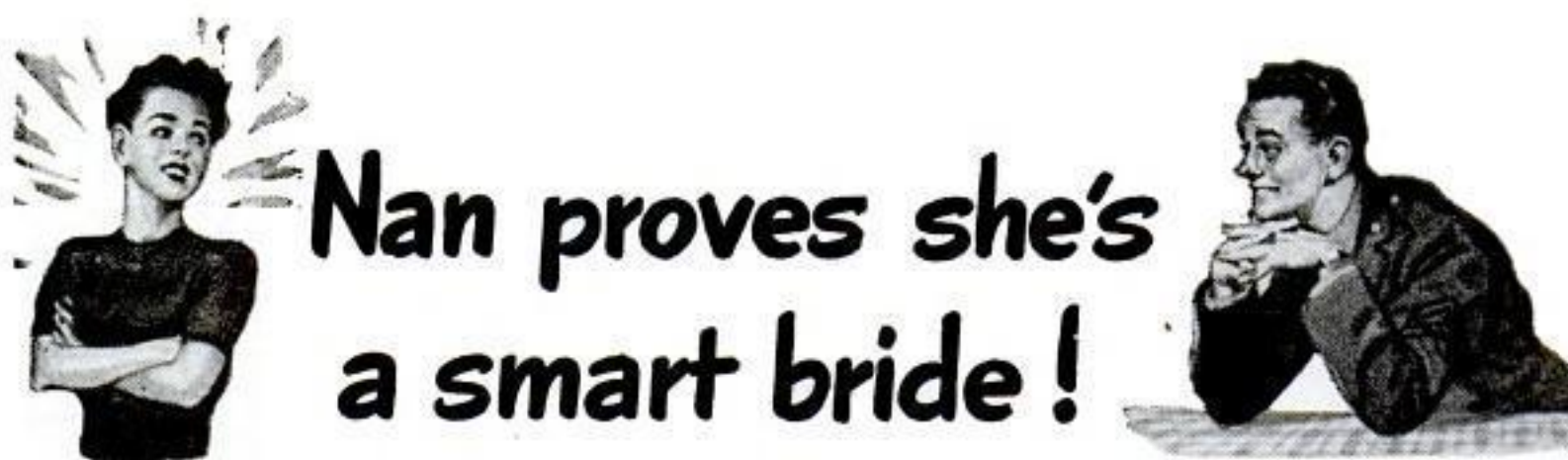
The White Cliffs of Dover

starring **IRENE DUNNE**
A **CLARENCE BROWN** Production
with **ALAN MARSHAL** and with
RODDY McDOWALL • **FRANK MORGAN**
VAN JOHNSON • **C. AUBREY SMITH**
DAME MAY WHITTY • **GLADYS COOPER**
Directed by **CLARENCE BROWN** • Produced by **SIDNEY FRANKLIN**
Screen Play by **Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel**
Based on "The White Cliffs" by **Alice Duer Miller**
A **METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER** PICTURE

*The little band-stand
in Dieppe—how much
it meant to them
in memories!*

*A romance—tender! glorious!
heroic!—that echoes the
heart-beats of all lovers today!*



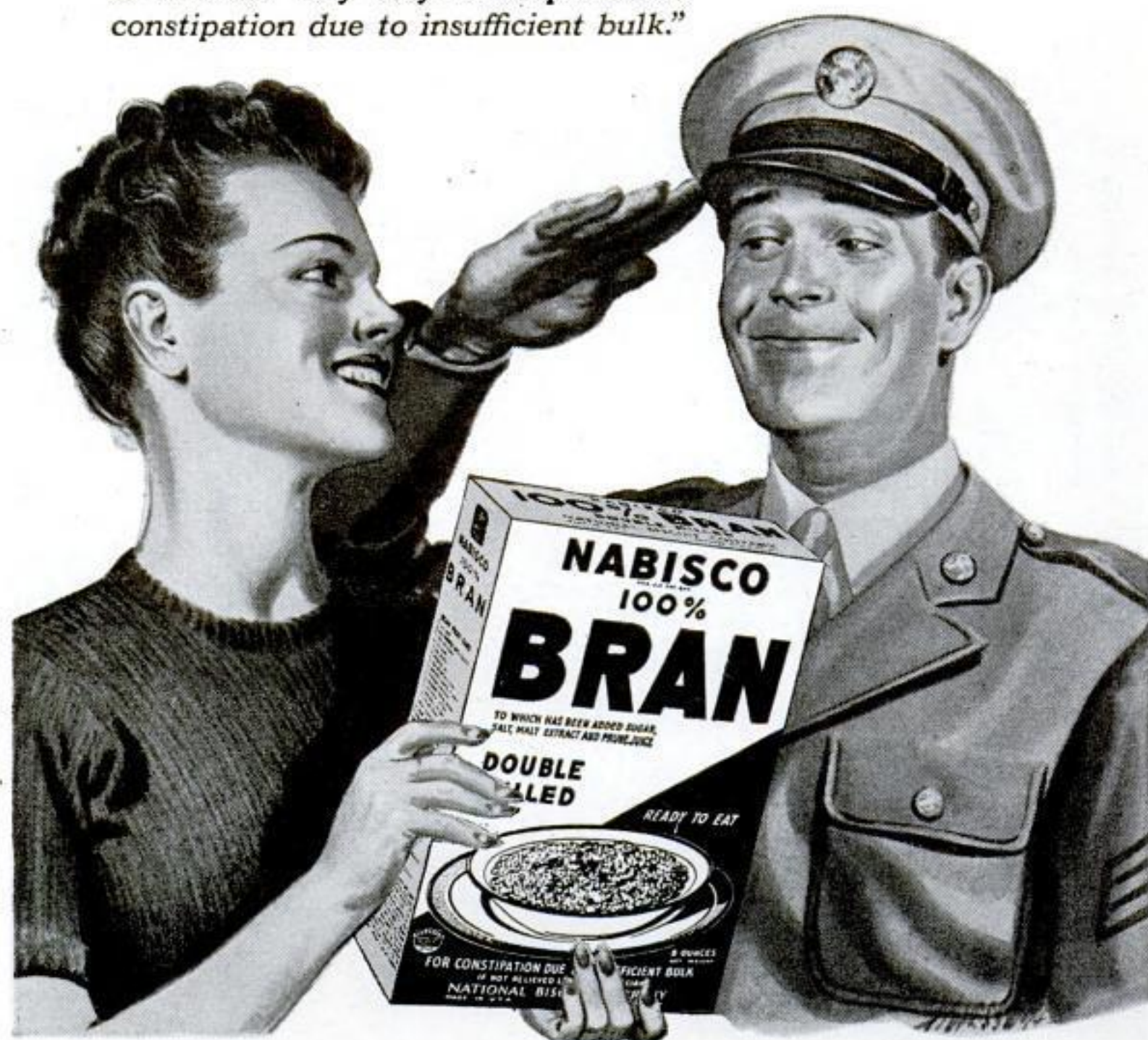


1. "OH, BUT BRAN CAN TASTE GOOD. That is if it's Nabisco 100% Bran, made by the folks who bake those wonderful Ritz Crackers. Come, darling, try some, you'll like it."



2. "DELICIOUS, ISN'T IT? And just notice how small each bran fiber is. That's because this bran is double-milled to make it finer, less likely to be irritating."

3. "YOU SEE... NABISCO 100% BRAN is such an easy way to help relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk."



SO EFFECTIVE, SO GENTLE BECAUSE IT'S DOUBLE-MILLED

Give three cheers for double-milling, the special process that breaks down each fiber of Nabisco 100% Bran making it smaller, less likely to be irritating. You and your family will enjoy this tasty bran as a delicious cereal or in flavorful muffins (the recipe is on the package). Look for Nabisco 100% Bran in the yellow-and-red package when you buy.



If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, see a competent physician.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



This seal means that the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and its advertising.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

TROPICAL DISEASES

Sirs:

You are due a great deal of praise for your splendid essay on tropical diseases (LIFE, May 1).

The world map was especially good and will be very useful to me as a teacher.

W. LLOYD HELLAMS

Gray Court, S. C.

Sirs:

May I offer a slight correction to your world map of the major tropical diseases (LIFE, May 1).

In the column under leprosy you state there has been no cure as yet for leprosy. But actually chaulmoogra oil is a specific for the disease.

MRS. MYRON WINSHIP, R. N.
Casper, Wyo.

● Chaulmoogra oil, although widely used, is not established as a specific and serves to arrest leprosy in some cases.—ED.

Sirs:

Your world map of the major tropical diseases is interesting but inaccurate. The map indicates that no malaria is found in any of the southeastern states. I wish this were true, but there are at least seven states where malaria is a serious problem.

You are doing a splendid job of acquainting the public with disease, but let's not fool ourselves into thinking we have no malaria to contend with in this country.

ALBAN PAPINEAU, M. D.

Plymouth, N. C.

● LIFE's pink coloring defined major malarial areas. Actually some 1,000,000 persons all over the U. S. suffered from malaria in 1936.—ED.

MR. YAMAMOTO

Sirs:

I don't often write fan letters to editors. But I want to tell you that I thought LIFE's story on Mr. Yamamoto (LIFE, May 1) was pretty fine. We ought to believe in ourselves enough to believe life in America would outbalance a bit of race. So many don't that it's pitiful. I don't know anything about Mr. Yamamoto but I think that treatment of those born in our west, of Japanese parents, is a kind of acid test, and we aren't meeting it very well.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

New York, N. Y.



MR. YAMAMOTO

Sirs:

I have just finished Faith Fair's article on Mr. Yamamoto. How can anyone read it without fear? These are American people who have been raised in a tradition of freedom, who have attended American schools and who attend



The
Fighter's
Lighter

LEKTROLITE
Flameless
Cigarette Lighters

NEEDS
NO PAMPERING
NO TAMPERING

LEKTROLITE is the fighter's cigarette lighter because it needs no pampering. It works anywhere, anytime, under any conditions because it's FLAMELESS. NO FLAME to blow out in the wind, gale or slipstream. It needs no tampering, either — no wheels to spin, no spark to fail. And in the dark, there's no revealing flame, flare or glare, thus enabling our boys to smoke at night. That's the kind of cigarette lighter service men need* — and they're getting it! Every LEKTROLITE goes to the front into the hands of a fighting man!

*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request



There is plenty of LEKTROLITE FLUID for those owning pre-war LEKTROLITES. So fuel up your lighter — the more you use it, the better it works!

IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER
TODAY... YOURS TOMORROW

LEKTROLITE
Flameless
Cigarette Lighters

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

LEKTROLITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 35, N. Y.

(continued on p. 11)

Five weeks out of the garden
-and still "as fresh as a daisy"



P.S. PLIOFILM is not just for foods alone. It has literally thousands of applications as low-cost protection for pharmaceuticals, chemicals, tobacco, precision instruments, wire cables and all moisture-sensitive products, as well as in the manufacture of raincoats, shower curtains and umbrellas.

You know how quickly cauliflower loses its daisy-whiteness if it's allowed to sit around for a while. It gets all rusty-looking, and shrivels up soft and spongy.

But not cauliflower wrapped in **PLIOFILM**! It stays white, firm and fresh as the moment it was picked.

For this tough, transparent, moistureproof, spoilageproof wrapping material has a way with vegetables and fruits that *seals* in all their garden-freshness, flavor, and vitamins — for weeks *and even months*.

Tests by leading agricultural colleges have proved that to even an epicure's taste.

Oranges, too, and grapefruit, apples, carrots, cabbage, celery, corn-on-the-cob, meats, bakery goods and soups — all keep tasty-fresh in **PLIOFILM**.

These and many more good things to eat will be yours — wrapped in **PLIOFILM** — as soon as the war's over. For, right now, **PLIOFILM** is doing war duty *exclusively*.

But, come Victory, when you walk into your market it can be almost like stepping right into a garden or orchard to get good things for your table. Happy day!

Buy War Bonds to Speed Victory

Pliofilm



A PRODUCT OF GOODYEAR RESEARCH



© 1944, The Studebaker Corporation

"Those engines sure have the power!"

THE brother of a waist gunner on a Boeing Flying Fortress wrote Studebaker quoting him as saying:

"Those Wright Cyclone engines that Studebaker builds are really dependable and sure have the power."

Comments like that are fully appreciated, of course. But Studebaker men and women know that what count most are the accomplishments of the stout-hearted air crews and rugged ground crews of our country's warplanes and the achievements of our fighting forces everywhere.

In fact, whatever amount of satisfaction

the Studebaker organization may derive from the extent and consequence of its war work is always tempered by the realization that Studebaker is only one unit in a vast American fighting and producing team where everyone's effort is important.

Studebaker takes pride in its assignments on that team. Huge quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—big multiple-drive military trucks—and other units of vital war matériel continue to stream forth from the five great Studebaker factories.



Unsung Hero

OF OUR NAVY

Aerial radio gunner in a Navy dive bomber! One of the toughest jobs of all! Let's show him we're for him and

BUY MORE BONDS

Studebaker *BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

KNOW YOUR ENEMY!



Learn this easy way to kill her quick . . . Spray with Flit! It's sudden death to every breed of mosquito. But more important, it wipes out Anopheles . . . the mosquito that carries dread malaria . . . the one mosquito that always lands *nose down*.

But don't let her land! For once she has taken a bite of blood from even *one* malaria victim . . . she may spread wracking chills and burning miseries throughout a whole community.

Arm yourself with Flit . . . and stop this vicious carrier of disease before she can reach *your* family. Spray Flit in dark corners, where she lurks. Spray it on stagnant water, where she breeds. Spray it on *all* mosquitoes in the air!

Remember, Anopheles strikes when you least expect it. So don't delay. Get a big supply of Flit, today!

FLIT

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.



Be sure it's Flit. Ask for the yellow package with the black band.

Copy. 1944, Stanco Incorporated

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

church weekly, but who have completely failed to realize what their country stands for.

BERNARD ROSENFELD
West Chester, Pa.

Sirs:

I have spent three years in the Army learning to fight Nazism only to get stabbed in the back in my own backyard by a bunch of rabble rousers in Great Meadows, N.J.—so have 10 million other servicemen and women who are fighting for democracy.

PFC. M. F. HERSEY
Fort Custer, Mich.

Sirs:

My husband, along with a couple of million other Americans, is now in the Army because a group in Germany took the attitude toward "Mr. Finkelstein" that Great Meadows, N.J. has taken toward "Mr. Yamamoto."

MARY A. KEATING, R.N.
Rochester, Minn.

Sirs:

I was very much interested in George Yamamoto, the Japanese farmer. I have had Japanese labor on my farm for almost a year now and have found them more than satisfactory. Their wives and children are here also and so far there has been no ill feeling in the countryside.

I intend writing Mr. Yamamoto and offering him a position here. And he can bring his family, too.

MRS. GAIL STEPHENS
Oxford, Mich.

Sirs:

The narrow-mindedness of some of our New Jersey citizens is unforgivable. Apparently they have forgotten the thousands of Japanese, Germans, Italians and others who are fighting with us side by side. We have faith in them. Why shouldn't anyone else?

Y2/c JOHN A. KWASOWSKI
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

There are many of us who believe that the deceit, treachery and bestiality inherent in the Japanese we are fighting in the Pacific are traits not automatically removed from members of the race merely by the accident of birth in the U. S.

There are many of us who believe, quite sincerely and simply, that Japanese immigrants to the U. S. and their American-born children will deliberately live an impeccable American life while awaiting an opportunity to perpetrate a Pearl Harbor of their own dimensions.

Cheers for the public-spirited citizens of New Jersey who ran Mr. Yamamoto away.

WILLIAM M. HINDS
Birmingham, Ala.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

Relay on
Reliance



Follow the Leader for Quality

Junior Yanks play rough—but Reliance-made garments can take it! Yank Jr. Jumpers and Shortee Pants, long famous for their easy fit and dependable fabrics. Ensenada Shirts—the quality mothers like because they're so serviceable. Here's the perfect outfit for the whole summer long. Sold at attractive prices by better stores everywhere.

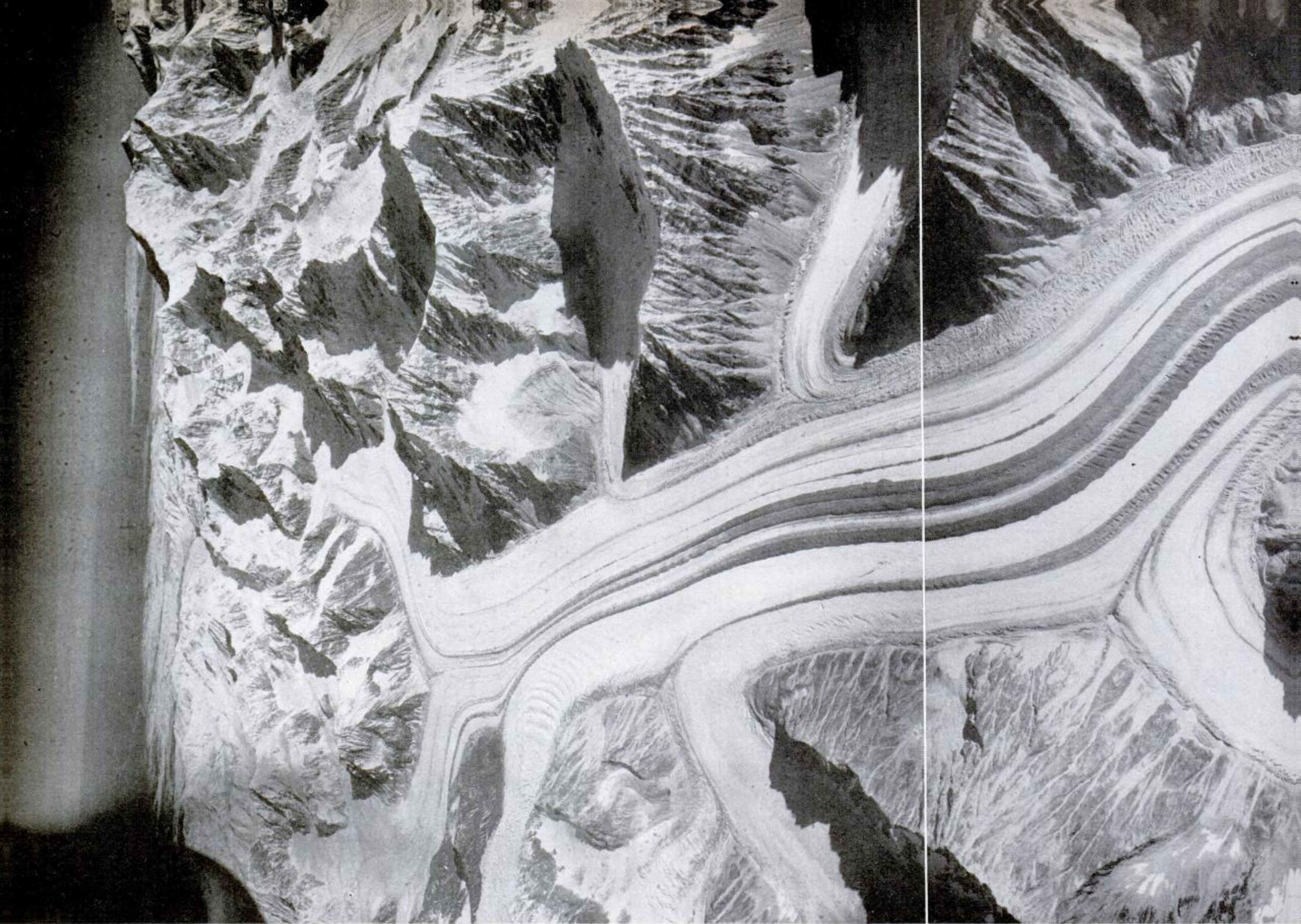
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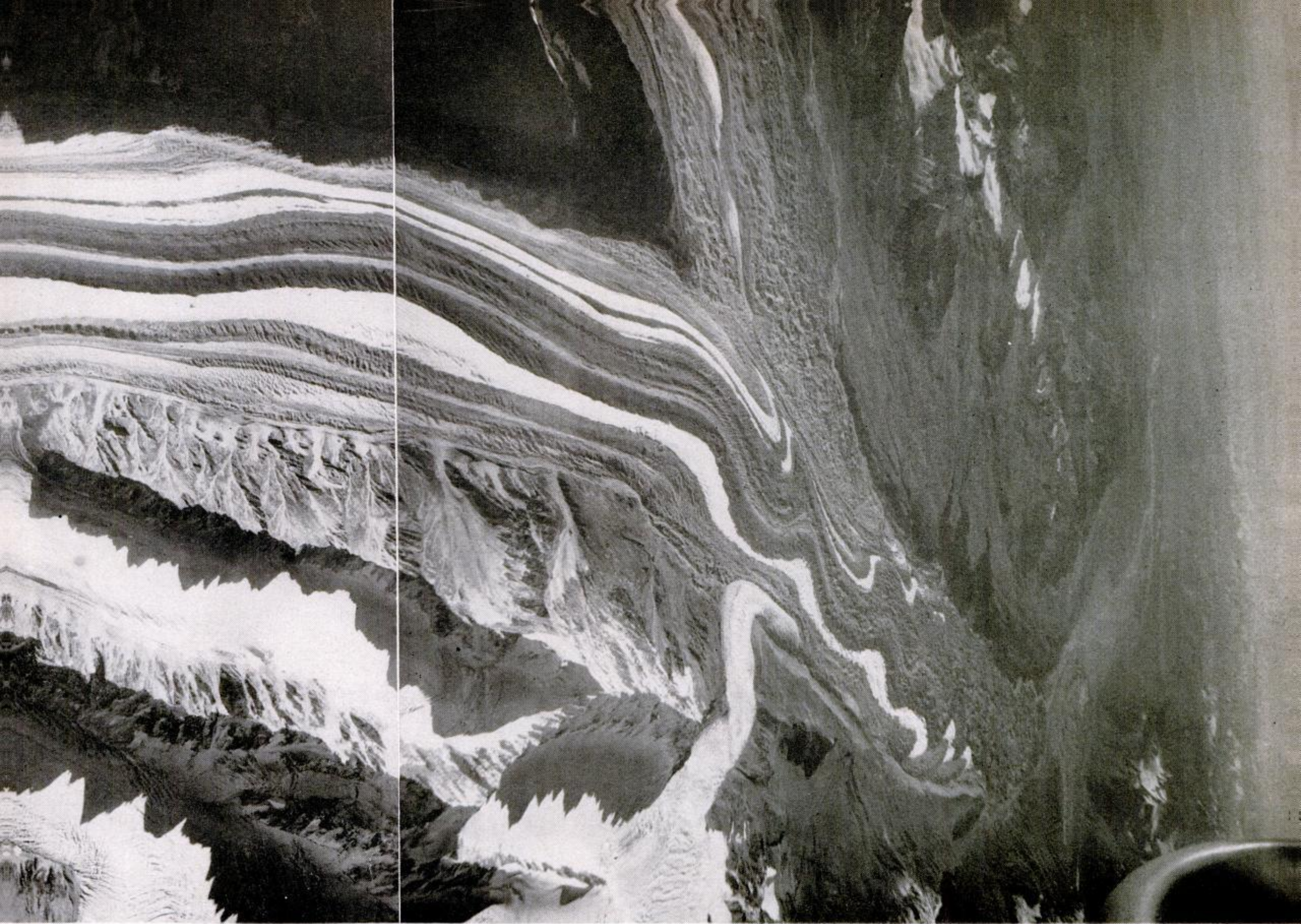
THE GLACIER STARTS IN THE SNOWFIELDS OF ALASKA'S TALKEETNA MOUNTAINS IN THE PICTURE AT LEFT. CENTER PICTURE, LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN, SHOWS THE CONFLUENCE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... TRI-METROGON PANORAMA MAPS AN ALASKAN GLACIER

TRI-METROGON PICTURES CANNOT BE PASTED TOGETHER IN MOSAIC TO PRODUCE A MAP, BECAUSE SIDE PICTURES (ABOVE) ARE IN OBLIQUE PERSPECTIVE. POINTS LOCATED





OF THE MAIN GLACIER WITH A TRIBUTARY GLACIER. AT RIGHT, THE GLACIER MELTS DOWN IN ITS TERMINAL MORaine. DARK STRIPING THROUGH GLACIER IS ERODED RUBBLE

The three aerial pictures matched into a single picture above show a large Alaskan glacier from its source in mountain snowfields to its terminal moraine, where it melts and deposits its burden of boulders, rocks and earth. The panorama of terrain can be seen in correct perspective if the reader bends up the two outer pictures to an angle of 45° , keeping the middle picture flat, and scans the pictures from left to right.

The center picture looks straight down and the two outer pictures look out obliquely to the left and right. These pictures were made by a Tri-Metrogon aerial camera, the three lenses of which were aimed respectively straight down and left and right from the nose of a U. S. Army Air Forces photographic plane flying on an east-west survey strip. A series of such triplet pictures taken along a single line of flight yields accu-

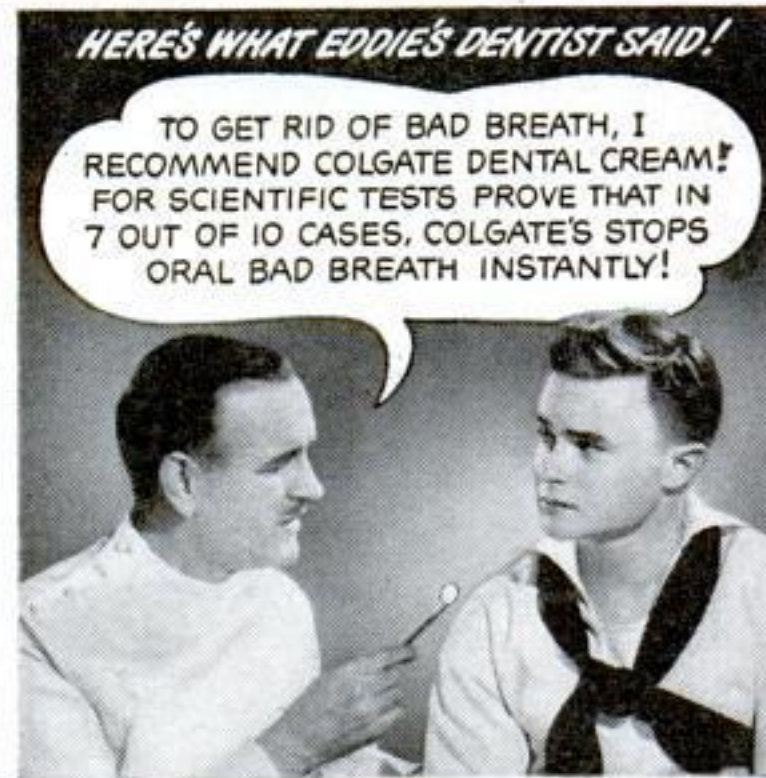
rate topographical data on a strip of territory 25 miles wide. Information in the aerial pictures is reconstructed into a base map by a process which involves complicated grid of templets shown below. With this system, since 1941, the USAAF and the Geological Survey have mapped 292,000 square miles of *terra incognita* in northern Alaska and are engaged in mapping 5,000,000 square miles of strategic terrain throughout the world.

IN OBLIQUE PICTURES ARE TRIANGULATED TO POINTS OF KNOWN LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE BY MEANS OF TEMPLETS AS SHOWN BELOW. TERRAIN FEATURES ARE THEN DRAWN IN



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network



Another glacier in northern Alaska is shown in Tri-Metrogon pictures. Three pictures are snapped simultaneously. A series of such pictures assembles into a survey strip.

Four heavenly honeys—and dat ol' debbil Fred MacMurray—spell trouble in Paradise, a Paramount paradise of singing, dancing, romancing fun called

"And The Angels Sing"



These angels haven't got wings and they haven't got halos—but what they *have* got is one of the most delightful stories that even Paramount ever set to music!

They're a close harmony sister act with no harmony in their love lives and mayhem in their hearts for Fred, a big, bad band leader who tries to make passes at all four lasses, including—

Dottie Lamour, who swings a guitar where her sarong used to be . . .

Betty Hutton, the miracle gal of "Morgan's Creek," singing again as you've never seen songs sung before . . .

Diana Lynn, sassy sensation of "Morgan's Creek," who's sassier than ever when she tangles with a wolf in saxophonist's clothing . . .



And dreamy Mimi Chandler, who sings just as pretty as she looks!

Threaded through the fun are 8 great tunes you'll be hearing soon wherever you twist your dial—most of them by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen.



And Director George Marshall has devised a finish that is really spanking good comedy—with all four "angels" sharing the spanking. Be there to lend a hand.

And meanwhile watch very, very carefully for Cecil B. DeMille's "THE STORY OF DR. WASELL," in Technicolor, starring Gary Cooper. This great picture will convince you—as though you weren't already!—of the superior entertainment qualities of

Paramount Pictures

LIFE'S REPORTS

AMERICA WAITS FOR THE NEWS

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

The following article, condensed from special reports of 25 LIFE correspondents, tells some of the things that people in the U. S. did, saw and felt during the pre-invasion weeks of late April and early May:

There were flowers blooming everywhere, and everywhere the people waited for the news from England. It was as though the whole nation stood on tiptoe, straining to hear the thunder of guns; and the beauty of the American springtime only made the waiting harder. People hurried to their radios in the morning and stayed beside them until late—and lay awake, listening, in the soft spring nights. People who lived in small inland towns said they heard more trains than ever before, and they all seemed to be going toward the coasts far away.

In Dallas, Texas, many churches announced they would ring their bells and open their doors for prayer as soon as the news came. In New York City, Bishop Henry St. George Tucker of the Protestant Episcopal Church made public a special prayer that he had written for Invasion Day: "O righteous and omnipotent God, Who, in their tragedies and conflicts, judgest the hearts of men and the purposes of nations, enter into this struggle with thy transforming power, that out of its anguish there may come a victory of righteousness. May there arise a new order which shall endure because in it Thy will shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven. . . ."

Meanwhile life went on, but rarely as usual. Plowing started very late in the corn belt, where fields stayed sodden and brown under dripping skies until the first week of May. Then there was a freakish freeze; in Des Moines a man cut the grass on his lawn through a half-inch of snow. As the big April floods subsided slowly throughout the Middle West many farmers returned to washed-out fields and houses splashed with silt; they built fires in the basement to dry things out, shoveled away the mud, brought down machinery from the hilltops and cleaned off the rust. In Arkansas two Nazi prisoners who had escaped surrendered to a bus driver and went back to their warm dry camp; they told an American officer that they could not stand the continual rain.

The cotton-growing South had its floods and late rains too; great stretches of red-clay soil were under standing water. But the tractors were working day and night in the higher places, stirring up millions of fireflies with their yellow headlights; everybody was trying to make up lost time, and a correspondent wired from Georgia: "White women for the first time in my memory are working in the fields in large numbers." The heavy rain was wonderful for the winter wheat, which was almost waist-high in Oklahoma and halfway up a farmer's boot in Nebraska. But in downtown San Francisco the rain was just a dreary nuisance; morning after morning it drenched the girls hurrying from streetcars to their offices, slipping on smooth-worn rubbers, in the teeth of a cold monotonous wind.

On one block of Birchwood Avenue, in suburban Louisville, the Spiraea bushes were just bursting into small white blooms like popcorn when word came of the second casualty in the block—an anti-tank gunner missing, apparently a prisoner at Anzio. Birchwood Avenue's first casualty was a tankman wounded at Casablanca. There are no gold stars on the block—not yet. Last week an 18-year-old sailor came home to Birchwood Avenue from boot camp, boasting of the big chocolate malted milk he could buy at Great Lakes for 11 cents. Across the street the man of the house had just finished basic training in chemical warfare and expected to go overseas shortly; his wife was running his business. Down the street a few doors an Army doctor's wife got word her husband could not come home from the tropics, as they had hoped—he was leaving at once for an unknown destination.

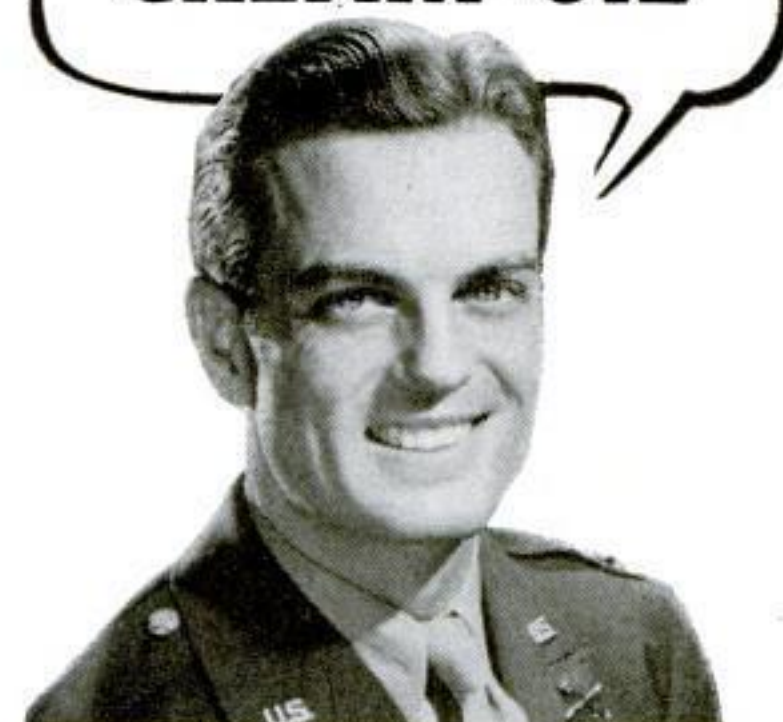
That was the way life moved, while people waited for the news. Some homes were hit harder—at 47 East Linwood Avenue, Maple Shade, N.J. for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reilly got two messages in quick succession: one son missing over Hungary, the other killed in a crash in South Carolina. But all over the U. S. many soldiers

CAN YOUR SCALP
PASS THE
"FINGERNAIL TEST?"



1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANO-LIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or druggist.



NEW!
**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The flavor that sparkled at Grandma's debut



is America's favorite today!



After more than half a century, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is more popular than ever! Why? Because it's *flavor-aged* for extra goodness. Jamaica ginger—the finest that can be grown—is blended with other ingredients, then allowed to age and mellow and ripen. That's the secret of Clicquot Club's sunny-smooth flavor. In thrifty full-quart bottles or smaller sizes.

CLICQUOT CLUB *Ginger Ale*

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Try Clicquot Club Sparkling Water for the mixer that means long life to any drink . . . because of its life-giving Bonded Carbonation!

H. W. AYER & SON

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

were coming home after hard fighting. Veterans of New Guinea walked the streets of Detroit. Wounded survivors from Italy, wearing the famed Red Thunderbird of the 45th Division, were back in small Oklahoma towns; 4,000 discharged soldiers and sailors were working for Henry Kaiser in his Portland shipyard; and a soldier who had lost both feet got a county job in Pittsburgh. In Macon, Miss., the *Beacon's* "military-society editor" reported: "In roaming around town I saw Webb West back at work in his barbershop. He looked very happy and everybody is glad he is back . . . 'Mc' McGee . . . was having a time trying to run the shop while Webb and Dossett were off to the war."

The Grenada County weekly, also in Mississippi, carried a picture of Sgt. Jack Gray of Mt. Nebo, home on furlough, with a story saying he had breakfast one morning on Guadalcanal and the next morning in Memphis, Tenn. And the editor of the Crystal Springs *Meteor* gave front-page space to the following item: "On our rounds about town Wednesday morning we saw something we had not observed in some time . . . baby buggies on display at Biggs Hardware Store. Only two were in sight."

People clustered together and talked in the air-cooled bars of New Orleans, sipping Sazerac cocktails in the semidarkness; they talked on the park benches near the Wisconsin State Capitol in Madison; and, sprawling, eating their lunches in the sunshine, in the shipyards of Seattle and Tampa and Brooklyn. But wherever they talked, there was the same tautness in their minds and words. They talked about the invasion and the Montgomery Ward case in Chicago and the changes in meat rationing. In the South they talked about Negroes voting in the 1944 primaries and elections. White politicians talked angrily about "white supremacy," and Lonnie Smith, the Houston Negro who won the right to vote in a Democratic primary from the U. S. Supreme Court, talked to Negroes in New Orleans. He urged them all to vote. Nobody started a riot.

Outside of the South people did not talk much about votes and politics. It was generally agreed that the Republicans would nominate Thomas E. Dewey in June and the Demo-

JOHN WAYNE

Starring in the Republic Production
"THE FIGHTING SEABEES"



IT SURE IS A **WOW**—
THIS TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL TASTES
LIKE MORE!

Made with
FRENCH'S
WORCESTERSHIRE
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WOW your friends with this zippy, zesty drink. Add a little salt and pepper and a tsp. of French's Worcestershire to a glass of tomato juice. Mix well—serve cold. The blend of fine ingredients in this famous Worcestershire Sauce gives a rich new flavor.

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AFTER DINNER
MINT
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Same Big Package of
Richardson's Quality for 10¢
THOS. D. RICHARDSON CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



Delicacy with a Wallop

MANY people have heard it said that "refined" foods — made to appeal to the eye and the appetite — are likely to be weak in nutritive values.

But too often they forget the ingenuity of our food manufacturers. Take such a famous cereal as Kellogg's Rice Krispies. It is common knowledge that these bubbly morsels of crispy goodness are just about tops in taste-appeal.

But what you may not know is how *nutritionally important* Rice Krispies are. For this delicious cereal, made the Kellogg way in Battle Creek, is the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the protective food elements that have been declared essential to human nutrition.

If you are interested in food values, read that last sentence again. It is a fact that is true of *all* Kellogg cereals.

The Grains are Great Foods — W.K. Kellogg

40th Anniversary



... a leader for 40 years

More important today than any time in the history of motoring is the quality of lubricants you use in your car.

That's why it should interest you to know that there are 40 years of refining experience — 40 years' effort to make only the finest motor oil — behind every drop of Insulated Havoline you buy.

In '44 as in '04, it's the best "care" you can give your car. Insulated Havoline makes possible a

cleaner engine, more power and "go", more mileage per gallon of precious "gas", easier starting, added battery life, longer periods between engine overhauls — *longer car life*.

Change today to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil at your Texaco Dealer's.



TUNE IN: FRED ALLEN every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

**For
"LENGTH OF SERVICE"
you can always depend on
BRASSIERES by MAIDEN FORM**

To those important buying questions, "Does it suit me?" "Will it last?" the answer is emphatically "Yes!"—when you select the brassiere Maiden Form created especially for your bosom-type. Beauty, support and comfort are instantly obvious. Long service is assured—because Maiden Form uses such fine quality materials and tailors each brassiere with such painstaking care.

Don't be discouraged if you can't immediately find the style you require. Dealers receive regular shipments, so try again. Send for free Conservation and Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16.

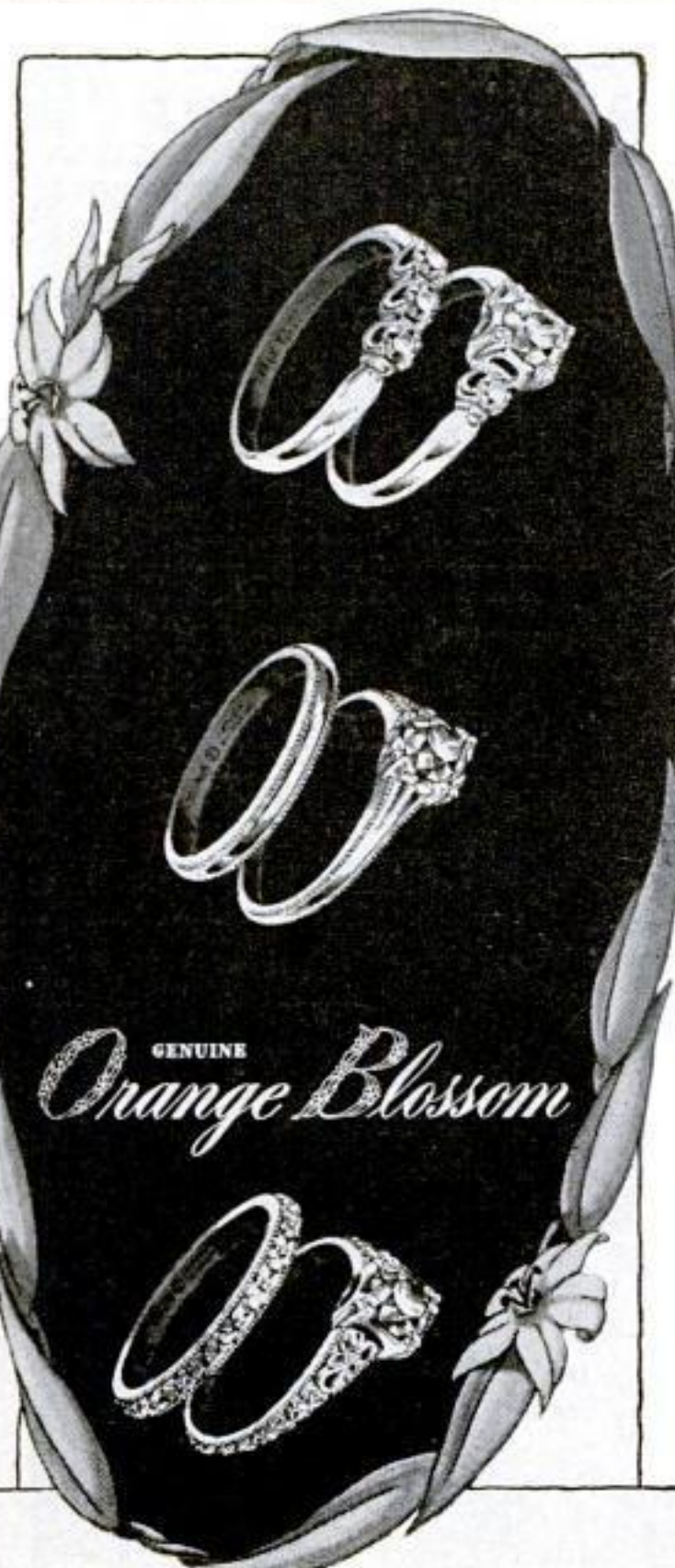


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LEADING
STORES**

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Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON
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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"



**GENUINE
Orange Blossom**

The finest in craftsmanship and precious materials for those who appreciate quality.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY DETROIT 8, MICH.

LIFE'S REPORTS

crats would renominate Franklin D. Roosevelt in July. Denver reported "public apathy" so far as Presidential politics were concerned. In Nebraska many Democrats were dismayed to find their party had nominated George Olsen, a bus boy in a bomber plant cafeteria for governor; it happened because Nebraskans cannot resist voting for anyone with a Scandinavian name. An Air Forces captain and a Navy lieutenant, both on active service, were candidates for Congress in Texas and California, respectively. Donald B. Smith of San Diego, Calif. was campaigning for Congress in a surrey with a fringe on top.

There were a number of strikes which closed plants belonging to General Motors, Ford, Bethlehem Steel, Republic Aviation, and Curtiss-Wright, among others. At the Dallas Tank and Welding Co. CIO workers stopped making welded gasoline tanks which had been especially requested for the invasion by General "Ike" Eisenhower, because the company would not let them smoke at work. After one day they went back to work, but 15 of the tanks, known as "Eisenhower's Pets," were lost—or at least one day late. In Los Angeles the Douglas Aircraft Co. suddenly discovered and dragged into the limelight one Leslie Hines, a drill-press operator who had missed only one day's work in seven years.

In Detroit it was said that the people talked about the second front as though it were a great sporting event, like the World Series. In Pittsburgh the streets were jammed with traffic and crowds intent on having all the fun they could, while they could. In Indianapolis, as casualty lists lengthened in the newspapers, people lived "faster," went to more ball games and drank more liquor—when they could get it.

But in Jasper, Ala., early one morning, a tired overworked doctor in his late 40's drove up to his home after being out on an all-night call. His coupe was splattered with mud and his eyes were red-rimmed; he was all in. There were nine patients waiting for him, one the pregnant wife of a soldier. The doctor tiptoed around to the back door, went into the kitchen and wearily ate a plateful of food. Then he went into his office and began another day's work. Some of his patients should have gone to a hospital, but there were no empty hospi-

**For Better Weather Protection—
Look for the Du Pont "Zelan" tag**

PRIVATE JIM and little Anne share a secret—how to stay dry when it's wet. The secret? "Zelan"-treated rainclothes. Rain splashes right off—for "Zelan"...

SHEDS WATER!



INTO THE WASH go overalls, rainclothes, playclothes. Yet they keep their "Zelan" rain-and-stain protection. Standard Army spray test proves that, unlike ordinary water repellents, "Zelan"...

WON'T WASH OUT!



JACK'S MOTHER never scolds about splashes. She looks for playclothes, rainclothes, workclothes with the "Zelan" tag. Spots and spills that aren't greasy will sponge right off. For "Zelan"...

RESISTS STAINS!



**weather protection
that won't
wash out**



Du Pont Zelan

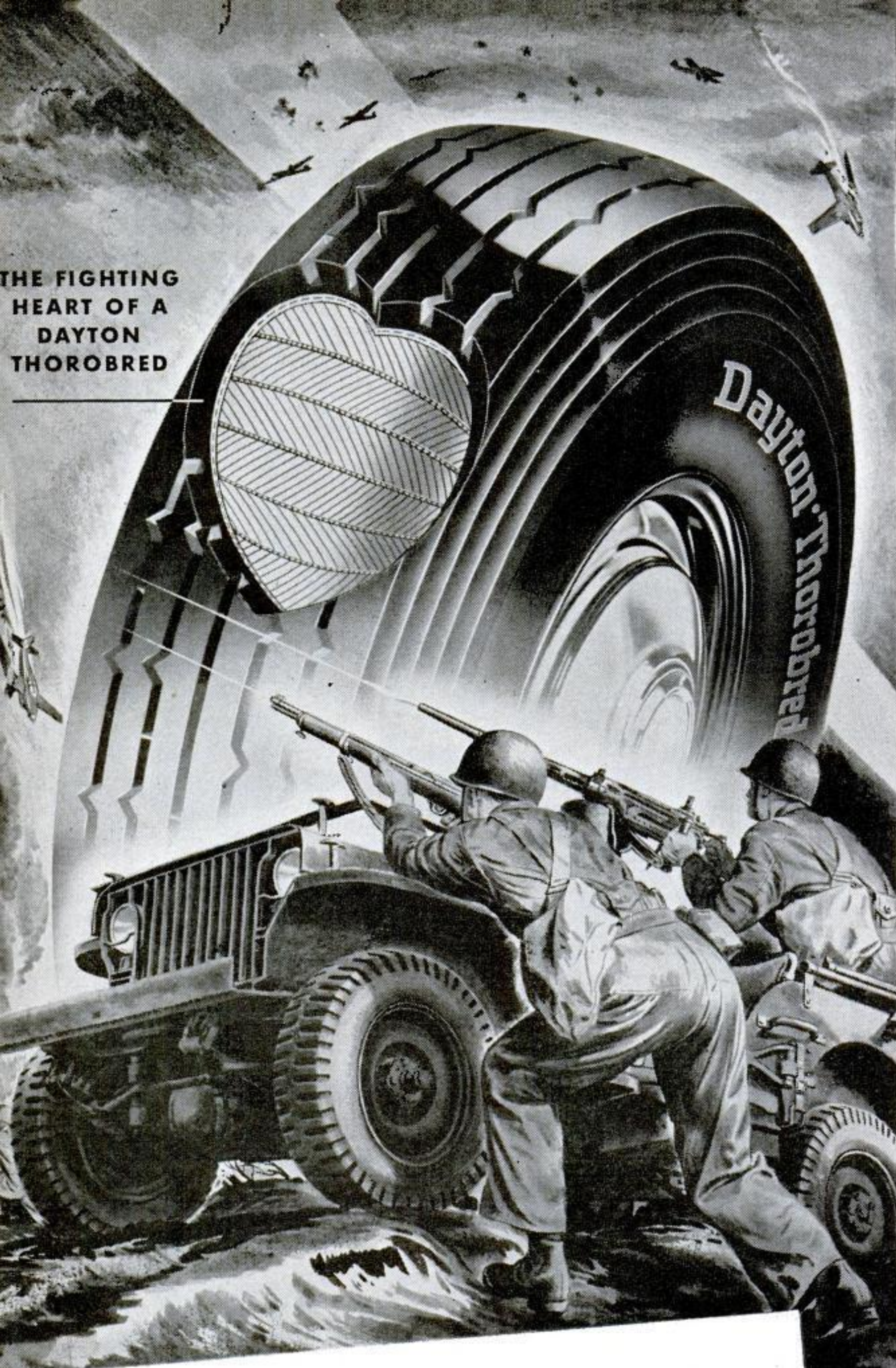


DU PONT, WILMINGTON 98, DELAWARE

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE FIGHTING
HEART OF A
DAYTON
THOROBRED



DOWN THE STRETCH *with Fighting Hearts!*

Every fighting Yank well knows that in the final furious drive *down the stretch*, it's the fighting heart that counts.

In *battle-proved* Dayton Thorobred tires you will find a fighting heart. It's a mighty combination of synthetic rubber and strong, heat-resisting cords. They are welded together by a special Dayton process, into an inseparable union that takes the stress and strain of life-threatening road shocks, impacts and heat.

Now available for essential civilian service Dayton Thorobreds have everything—including a *fighting heart*—to give you

priceless, *extra, down-the-stretch* miles of driving life—and better non-skid safety traction than you ever had before.

So, look for the name Dayton Rubber when you are eligible to buy tires. It stands for Technical Excellence in natural and synthetic rubber and fabric development—continuously demonstrated for 38 years in war and peacetime products.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
DAYTON 1, OHIO

Also Co-operators of a Government
Synthetic Rubber Plant

MAINTAIN VICTORY SPEEDS—
CONSERVE YOUR TIRES

Dayton Rubber

TIRES, V-BELTS FOR
INDUSTRIAL,
AUTOMOTIVE AND
RAILWAY USE.
PRODUCTS FOR
PROCESSING OF
TEXTILES.
PRINTING ROLLERS

The Mark of Technical Excellence in Synthetic Rubber

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

tal beds for 100 miles around, and he took care of them.

"I realize I won't hold out much longer this way," Dr. James C. Gladney told a correspondent. "And yet I can't slow down because there are so few doctors left in the county. The ones who are left are dying off fast."

While they waited for the news, people did bad and foolish and human things. In Philadelphia two men were fined for stealing 59,000 second-hand books which had been collected for soldiers' libraries and selling them to junk dealers. In South Carolina officials found that 53% of all gasoline tickets turned in were counterfeit. On Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles Sunday afternoon traffic was at a peacetime normal; the air was blue with exhaust fumes. The student paper at the University of California in Los Angeles complained that college students generally seem to have "no interest in the fate of the world" this spring. In East St. Louis, Ill. a nurse spanked 4-day-old Robert La Buoy Jr., so his soldier father in the South Pacific could hear him holler over the radiotelephone.

In Dalhart, Texas, soldiers' shirttails were hoisted to the flagpole to remind their home folks to write letters. In Omaha society women broke and sniffed at thousands of eggs; they were helping to get rid of an egg surplus that glutted processing plants; a girl reporter wrote a story about egg-breaking, saying it was lots of fun. Earl Carroll opened a revue in Detroit with ushers who jitterbugged up and down the aisles, and a young actress won a judgment of \$8,180 against the Hollywood Canteen, claiming that a jitterbugging marine had injured her coccyx. In Iowa a traveling salesman was reported to have developed a wingless chicken, with extra breast meat. The girl Marines in Washington put on light green seersucker uniforms, with short sleeves.

Near Coatesville, Ind., on their 100-acre farm, Mr. and Mrs. Lige Allen Walden waited as anxiously as any for the big news. Their six-foot farmer son, Herman Edwin, 21, was in the Army in England, and it was natural that they should worry and try to forget their worry in work. Every morning Mrs. Walden was up at 4 o'clock, making a breakfast of hot biscuits, ham and eggs and fruit, tending 400 chickens,

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BUY WAR BONDS

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A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
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MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

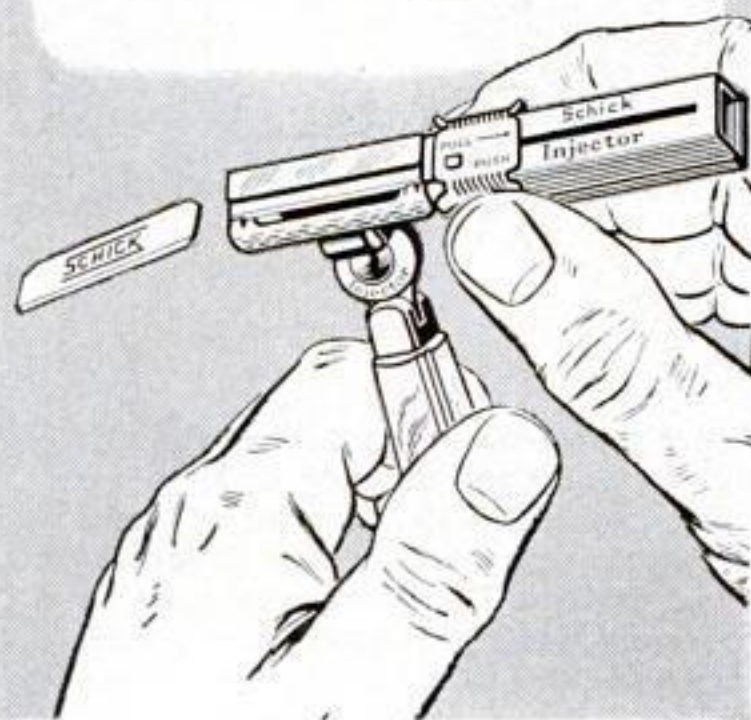
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WORLD'S GREATEST
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ENGINEERED FOR
ENDURANCE •
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PRESS-IT'S LIT
RELEASE-IT'S OUT

RONSONS made today are supplied only to our Government for our Armed Forces overseas. Individual orders cannot be filled.
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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

DID YOU KNOW
You Can Do
This Again?



Schick Blades Are Back

How long since you've enjoyed the ease and comfort of a Schick Injector shave?

Stop figuring right now. Your Schick Blades are back... back in force at your dealer's. We're now able to meet all demands... civilian as well as military... for these smooth-shaving, keen-edged blades.

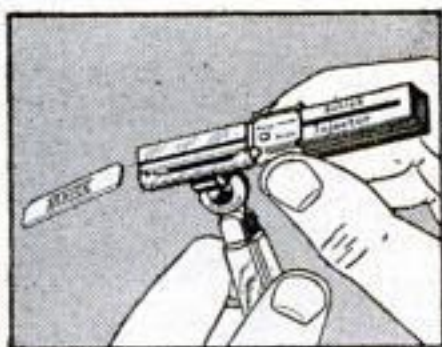
So put your Schick Injector Razor back to work tomorrow morning. Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features that make shaving a pleasure instead of a chore!

Here are the only basic safety razor improvements in over 40 years.

Each is a revolutionary Schick Injector improvement... designed to take the pull, discomfort and inconvenience out of shaving. Yours to enjoy once more...

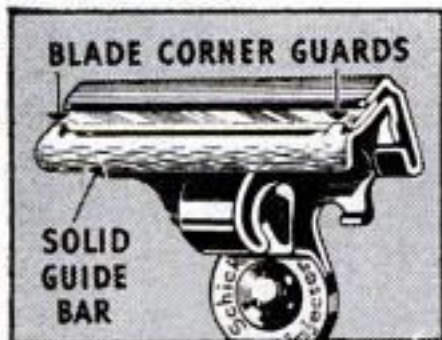
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



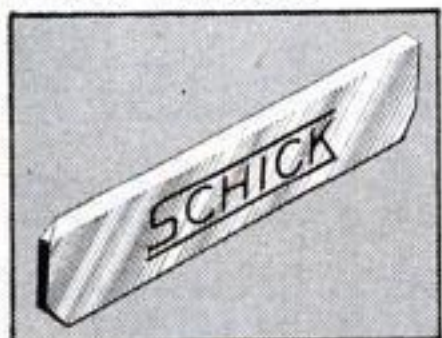
SOLID GUIDE BAR

...has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicks and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

...just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

helping with the milking. Her husband had the milk cans ready for the collection truck at 7:15 and was set for a day's work in the fields, but the rain gave him little chance. One evening in early May a correspondent drove into the Walden's yard. A rabbit ran across the road, and a bird dog came out barking. Mrs. Walden was hanging up milk-pail cloths on the line behind the house. Lige was walking across the muddy fields, sizing up the weather; he came over to the barn and talked.

"I believe I can get my oats in tomorrow, if it doesn't rain again," he said. "I've disked twice for them and been rained out each time."

"Sure, I could use another hand here but I can't get one. The boy here [Lige Jr., 13] will have to help me this summer. I'll need an extra man for haying and I'll borrow a combine for the soybeans. We'll shuck the corn ourselves."

"Machinery's all fine, overhauled the tractor last winter, bought a new disk, fixed up the manure spreader after they turned me down on a new one. Food is something we don't worry about—we can beef and pork and chicken and last year we put up 1,000 cans of fruit and vegetables. All we buy at the store is just sugar and salt."

They went into the living room to talk some more. The coal stove in the center of the room was cold; on the wall hung a picture of Jesus and a religious motto: "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee." Lige admitted that he had the Purple Heart medal for wounds he got in France, in the last war.

"I wish they'd get started, over there," he burst out. "It will be the turning point of everything. Maybe it will mean our boy will come home again."

"The worry is the terrible thing," his wife said. "The way it is with me, I do my work, and I go to church every Sunday, and that starts the week right for me. I pray for my boy and the neighbors' boys."

Lige nodded: "I pray too." The room was silent, except for some baby chicks, chirping in their box in the corner.

Suddenly the cedar trees began to sway outside, and Mrs. Walden exclaimed, "It's raining again, Daddy—you'll not get the oats planted tomorrow."

Lige looked toward the window; there were big drops on the glass. "My, I believe you're right," he said.

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LIFE'S COVER: Mrs. Edward Reid (Natalie Reid, 24) is a popular professional model whose career—like those of other model mothers shown on pp. 65-72—has not been at all hampered by motherhood. Wife of an associate editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, she is mother of 2-year-old Michael who appears with her on cover. Having a baby kept her from work nine months—five before his birth and four after—but it improved her looks.

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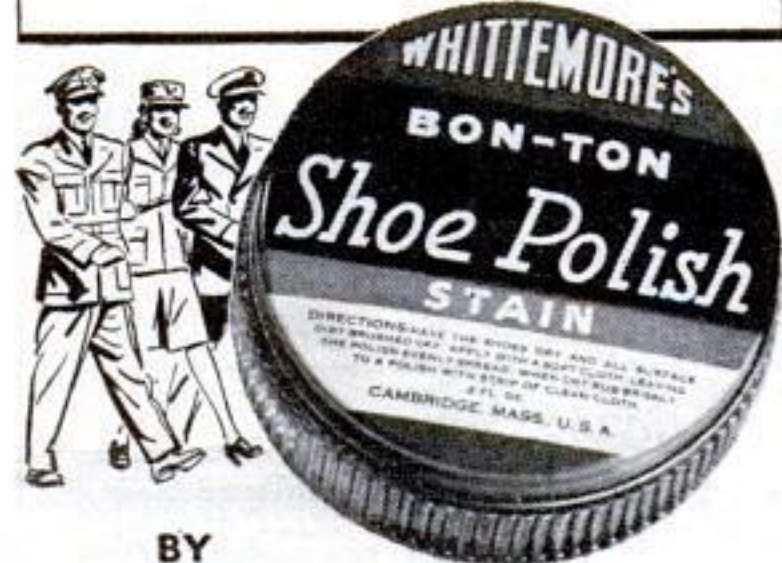
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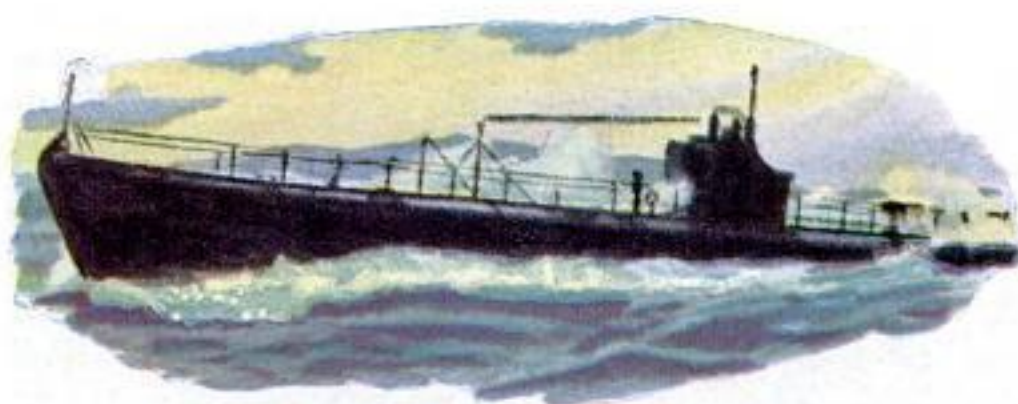
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service, as well as in tanks, landing barges and all types of naval equipment.

One of the reasons they were ready to come through was that in normal peacetime work General Motors men, seeking to provide more and better things for more people, had built up a backlog of experience in their production.

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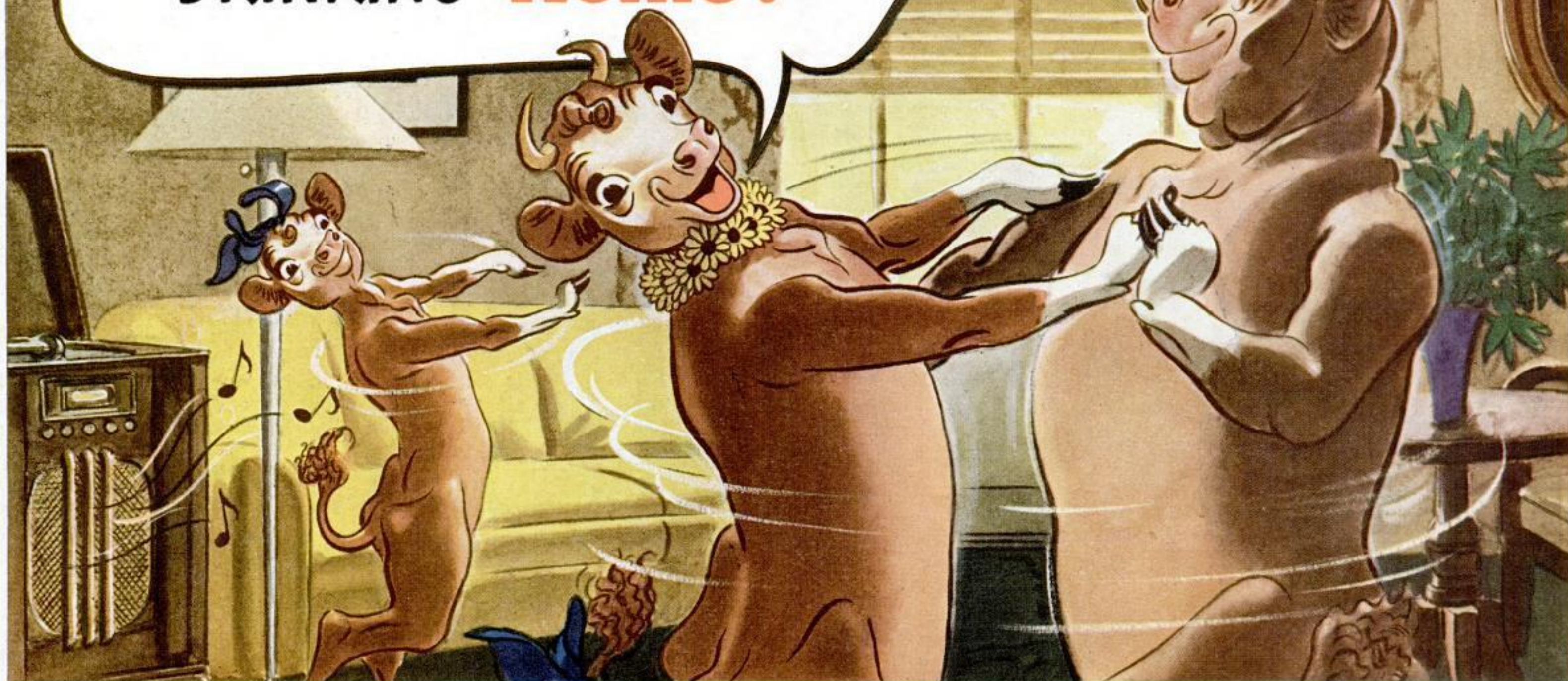
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PLUS

The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



"**E**LSIE, DEAR," murmured Elmer, the bull, dreamily, "you always were the apple of my eye!"



"It's not your eyes—it's your feet—I'm thinking about," teased Elsie, the Borden Cow. "HEMO's certainly put swing in your waltz!"

"Blow my horn!" groaned Elmer. "Is there no protection against your ravings about HEMO?"

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"Wait—don't tell me!" twitted Elmer. "On top of that, HEMO is the most delicious chocolate milk drink ever—*smooth* as a Viennese waltz!"

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"I guess," speculated Elmer, "that's why folks keep saying HEMO's *the way to drink your vitamins and like 'EM*!"

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

The Allies Advance in New Guinea	27
Editorial: Advice to the Republicans	34
Pacific Theater Souvenir	35
The British Commonwealth	36
Explosion in India	38
Four Poems on the Eve of Invasion, by Joseph Auslander	40
Garden Party in Washington	43

ARTICLES

Death of the Hangman, by An Eyewitness	49
The Gilberts & Marshalls, by Commander Samuel Eliot Morison, USNR	90

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

The Mother of Parliaments	81
---------------------------	----

ART

Airmen in the Aleutians	56
-------------------------	----

MODERN LIVING

Model Mothers	65
---------------	----

MOVIES

"Gaslight"	75
------------	----

SPORTS

Pericles	102
----------	-----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

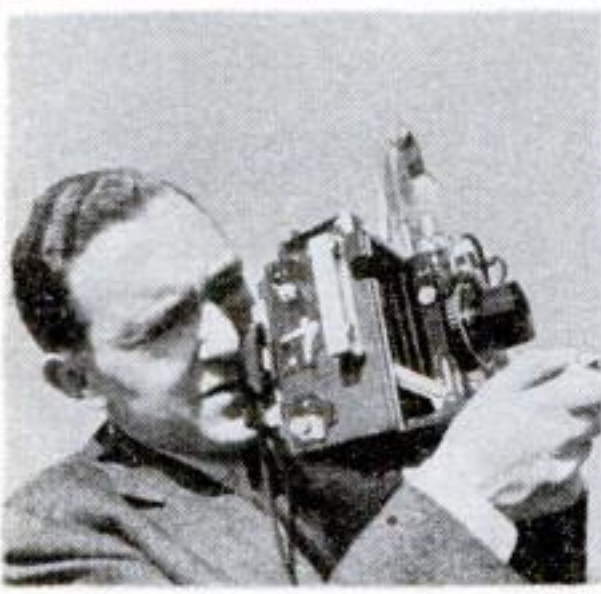
Letters to the Editors	4
Speaking of Pictures: Panorama of an Alaskan Glacier	12
LIFE's Reports: America Waits for the News, by Roger Butterfield	15
LIFE Visits the Hatfields-McCoys	108
Pictures to the Editors	118

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LIFE'S PICTURES

By the time Hans Wild had finished photographing the Houses of Parliament, it is said that he was "as well-known in Parliament as Winston Churchill." His very thorough coverage is shown on pp. 81-89. The King's Bodyguard graciously re-enacted the Guy Fawkes search through the cellars. He was assisted by Ann Whyte, the daughter of a former Member of Parliament. Hans Wild is one of a staff of seven LIFE photographers now working out of the London office.



The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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28, 29—J.R. EYERMAN exc. bot. lt. U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS	78—M-G-M—W. EUGENE SMITH from B.S.
30—J.R. EYERMAN	81 through 89—HANS WILD
32—TOM SHAFER for ACME	90—Map by FRANK STOCKMAN & ANTHONY SODARO—BORIS, BOSTON
33—J.R. EYERMAN	94, 95—Courtesy "THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE—A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY, SALEM, MASS."
35—RALPH CRANE from B. S.	96—CULVER
36, 37—GRAPHIC PHOTO UNION	99—From "VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD" BY CHARLES WILKES from U. S. NAVY
38, 39—T. RODGER-BOMBAY exc. cen.—bot. cen. TIMES OF INDIA, BOMBAY, bot. rt. RODGER-BOMBAY	101—From "STEVENSON'S WORKS," SWANSTON EDITION (CHATTO & WINDUS)
43, 44, 45, 46—GEORGE SKADDING	102, 105, 106, 107—VICTOR DE PALMA-PIX
ARTICLE ON PAGES 49 through 55 RELEASED THROUGH OVERSEAS PRESS, INC.	108—WALTER SANDERS
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56—PAUL JULEY	118—BOB SMITH-TAMPA MORNING TRIBUNE
57 through 62—Paintings by OGDEN M. PLEISSNER	120—T. PETER KOCH

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; EUR., EUROPEAN; M-G-M, METRO-GOLD-WYN-MAYER; USAAF, U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES



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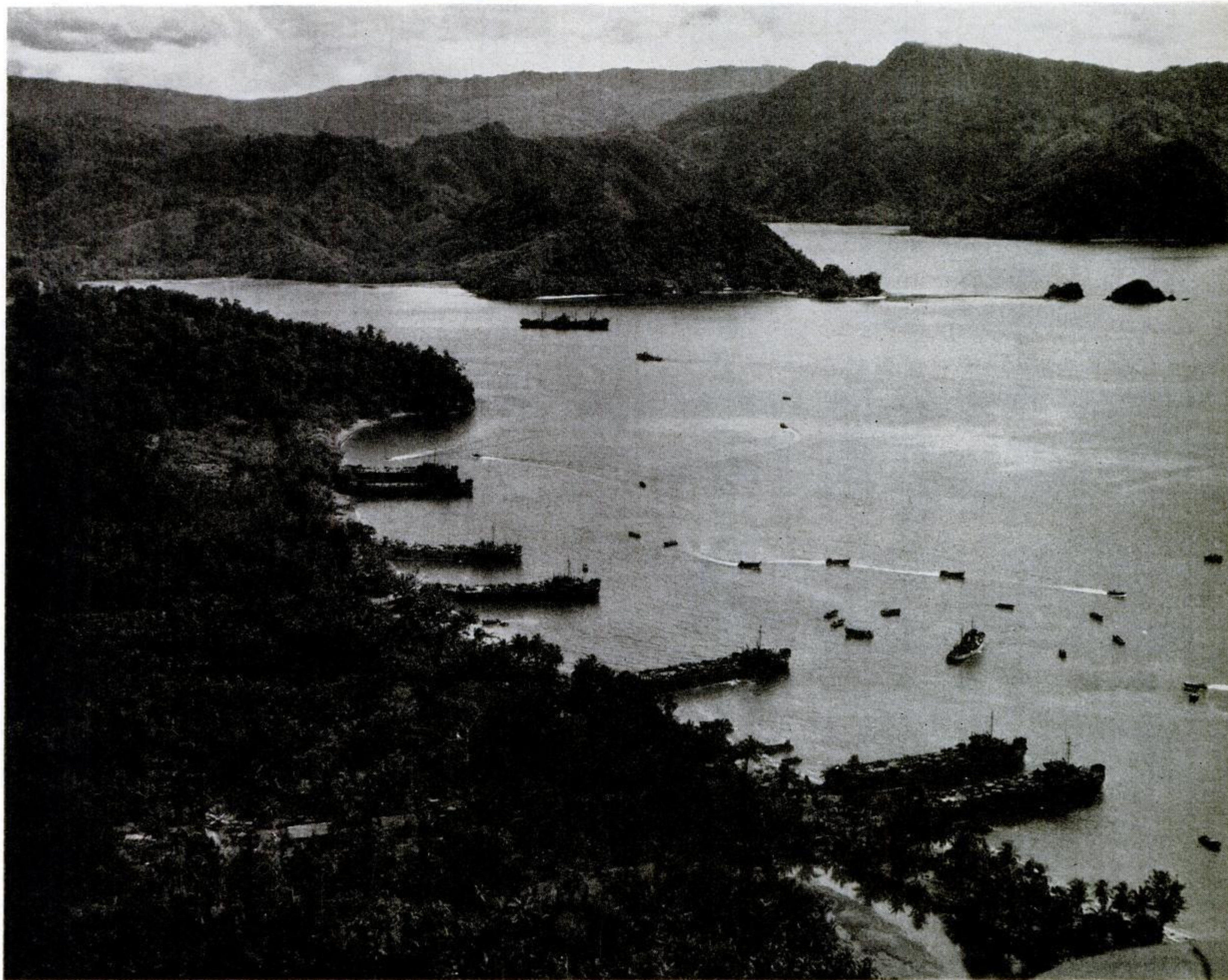
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LANDING CRAFT UNLOAD PART OF AN INVASION ON THE BEACH AT TANAHMERA BAY, WHERE WESTERN ARM OF THE U. S. PINCERS AGAINST HOLLANDIA AIRFIELDS WENT ASHORE

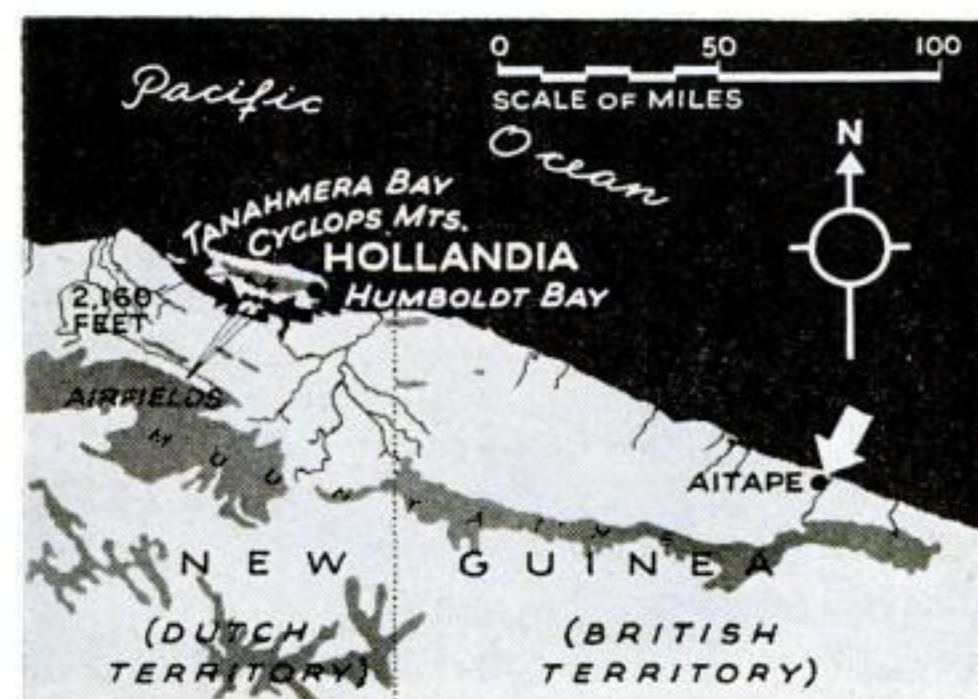
THE ALLIES ADVANCE IN NEW GUINEA

In one great bound last month the allies took control of 450 miles of New Guinea coastline. By seizing the Japanese airfields at Hollandia (see map at right), they gained as much ground as U. S. and Australian troops had taken in almost two years of slow misery in the jungle. There were still elements of six Japanese divisions and one brigade (about 60,000 men) strung along the coast to the rear, but this force received scant attention from the allied command. Cut off like the Japanese in the eastern Marshalls and on Bougainville, it will have little strength for offensive fighting. Allied plans turned to the north and west, using Hollandia as a new point of departure.

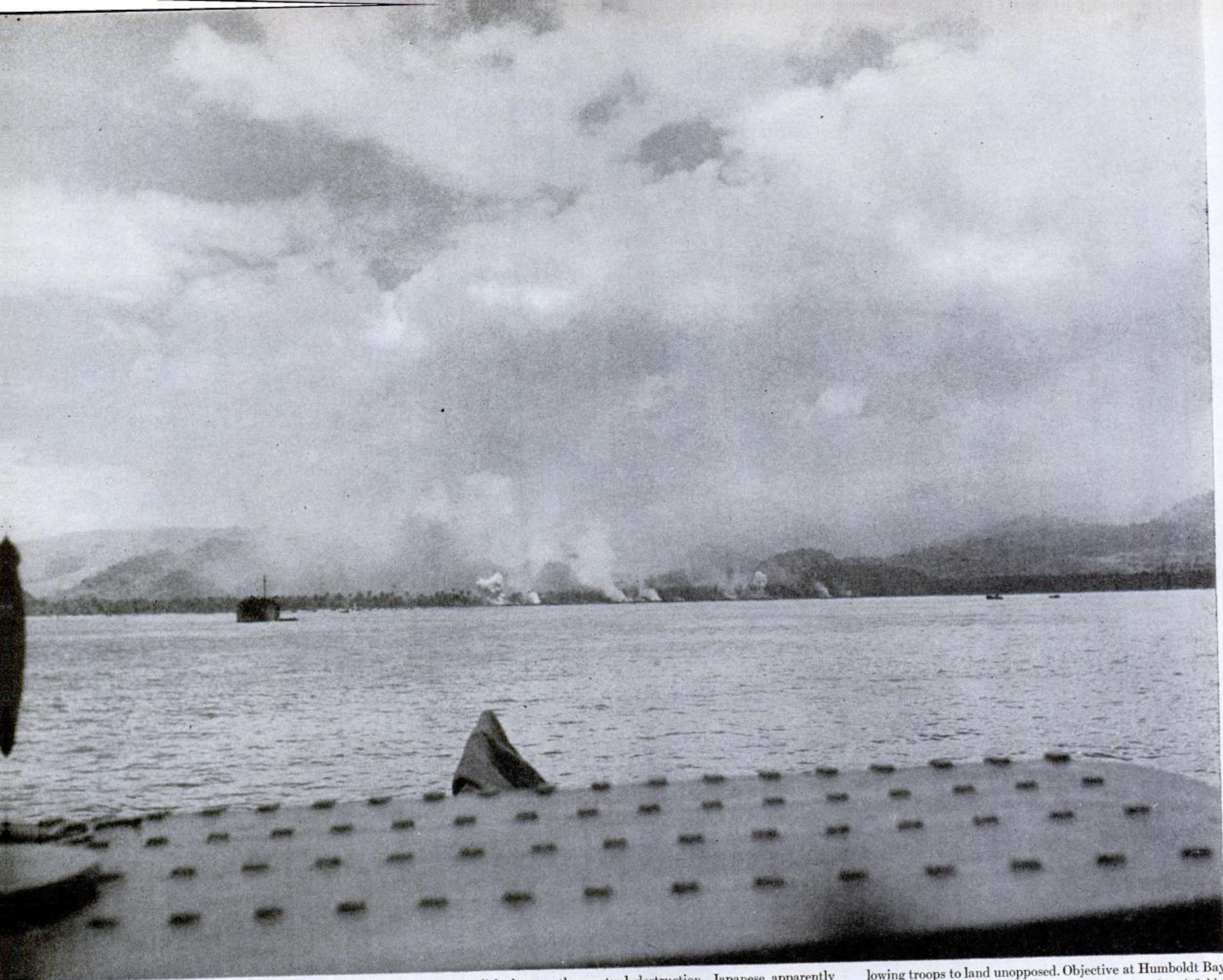
Hollandia was not a victory won in pitched battle. The airfields fell in six days of light skirmishing. It was, however, a victory for U. S. strength and brains.

Curiously, the Japanese were pulled out of position by the enormous power which had been focused on small objectives like Kwajalein and Eniwetok. In New Guinea, the Japanese reasoned, such an attack would come at Wewak, only 175 miles from the allied lines. They concentrated their forces, including 3,000 marines withdrawn from Hollandia, at Wewak to meet this threat. It was a disastrous guess. Defended by disorganized service troops, Hollandia was taken with a loss of only 28 U. S. lives.

While the U. S. troops went ashore at Hollandia, another force made a secondary landing 125 miles down the coast at Aitape (pronounced Aytapay). Four days after this landing LIFE Senior Editor Noel F. Busch arrived at the beachhead. His eyewitness account on page 31 describes how things went there.



Troops landed at Tanahmera Bay, Humboldt Bay and Aitape on April 22. By April 28 Hollandia airfields were captured.



At Humboldt Bay naval shells land on shore while the first wave of landing boats moves in. Threat of this fire accom-

plished more than actual destruction. Japanese apparently took one look at the task force and retreated to the hills, al-

lowing troops to land unopposed. Objective at Humboldt Bay was road which curved around mountains to the airfields.

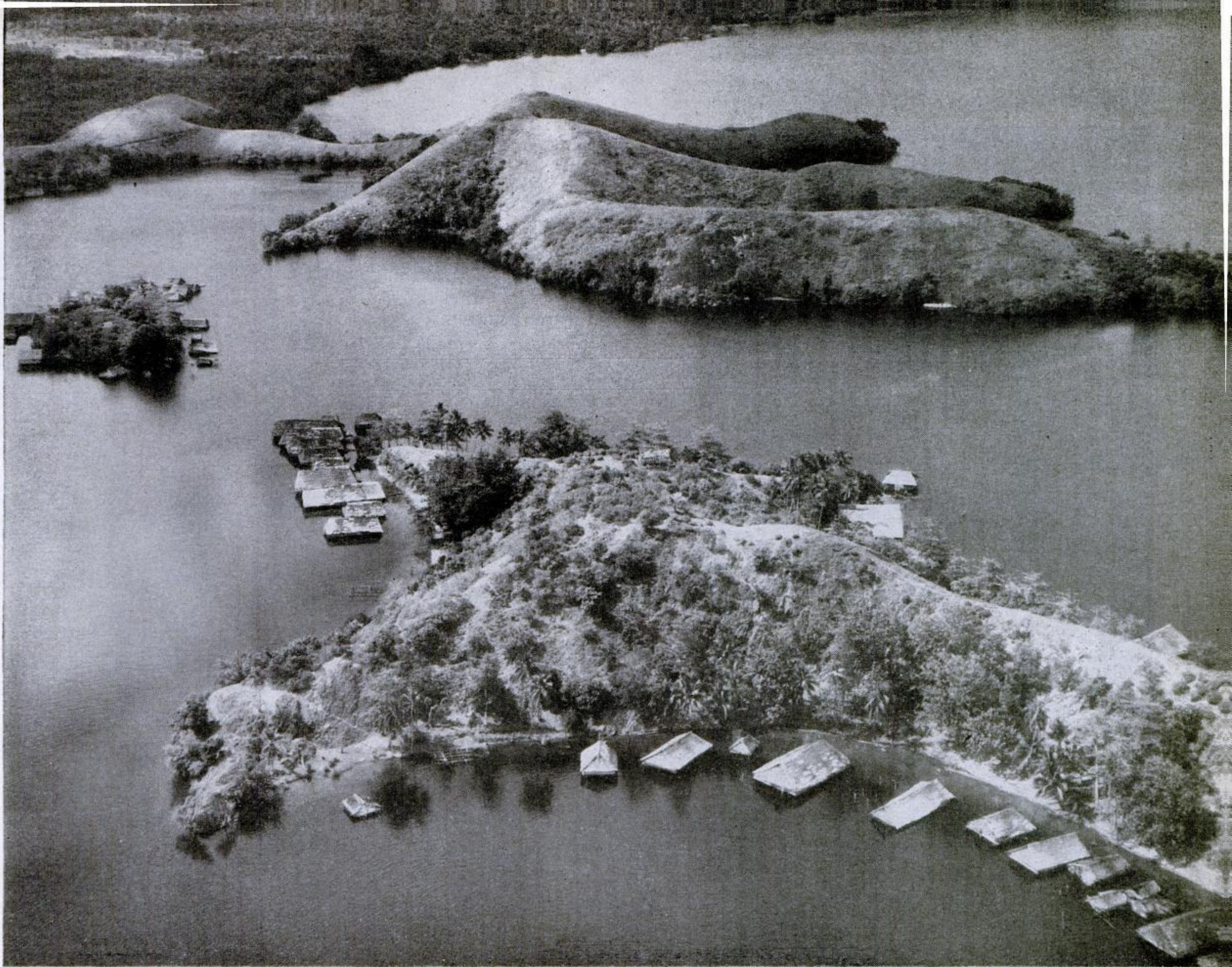


Loading for the landings, LST's line beach in eastern New Guinea. The coast at Hollandia and Aitape looks almost ex-

actly like this. The jungle grows down to the edge of the water, and beach, like this one, has to be cleared by bulldozers.



Helcats on carrier warm up for prelanding attack on Hollandia. Man in cap at right is Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher.



Native villages on Lake Sentani are built on piles in water. Airfields were between Cyclops Mountains, a short range ris-

ing from the coast, and Lake Sentani, a long, narrow body of water five miles inland from Humboldt Bay. Troops crossed

the lake in assault boats to encircle Japanese. Aborigines who built these villages are sometimes hostile, even cannibalistic.



who commanded the carrier task force. His carriers feinted at Palau, turned south to Hollandia where planes hit airfields.



One of three airfields is covered with huge revetments and wrecked planes. Before landings Japanese planes were kept on

ground by low ceiling. U. S. planes, orienting themselves by mountain peaks, dived through clouds and destroyed them.

Allies Advance in New Guinea (continued)



Road from Humboldt Bay winds over the hills to Lake Sentani, just visible at top of picture. Road passes through jungle and swampy flats where the Japanese made most of their

ineffective and disorganized resistance. Water-filled bomb craters at left in the middle distance show where U.S. planes hit Japanese supply dump strung along the road. The planes also

dropped sticks of fragmentation bombs in jungle by the road to clean out snipers who harassed advance. In six days of this kind of fighting the Japanese lost 871 dead and 183 captured.

D PLUS FOUR

A LIFE EDITOR AT AITAPE REPORTS ON, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A JAP PRISONER "FISHED" FROM DUGOUT

by NOEL F. BUSCH

Owing to the absence of the enemy, the recent landings at Aitape and Hollandia in New Guinea were considerably less spectacular than had been expected. Aside from the superb naval and air bombardment which was delivered on schedule to the second and drove what few Japs there were back into the jungle behind the beaches, very little actual firepower was expended. However, all the more for this reason the landings were good examples of the special idiom of warfare in the South Pacific. In this area war is primarily a sort of gigantic experimental combination of engineering, exploration, scientific research and modern transportation, which would be unique in itself even if there were no enemy at all to be considered. This does not mean, of course, that the Japs are a negligible factor, but it does make the operation in question, where this factor was reduced to a minimum, an especially good illustration of the difference between the paradoxical Pacific war and all other wars in history.

Aitape, on D plus 4, or Wednesday, April 26 according to the nonmilitary calendar, was as good a place and time as any to serve as a case in point. I arrived there after an agreeable two-day journey in a landing ship, dock. This ship had been present at the original landing and was now making its second visit to Aitape. By the time it anchored at Aitape it was about 7 a. m. By 7:45 the barge in which Colonel Benoit had invited me to accompany him to shore slid onto the beach. The Colonel's jeep pitched down the bow ramp and promptly stalled in the surf. Equally promptly a huge bulldozer, engaged in scooping a roadway above high-water mark, detoured to throw a hook over the jeep's bumper and yank it onto dry land with the comically superfluous power of an elephant picking up a peanut.

On the beach I extracted my jungle-camouflaged knapsack from the back of the jeep and set out to hitchhike to task force headquarters, while Colonel Benoit stayed on to organize his party. Before I had taken a dozen steps along the dusty road, which ran parallel to the beach a few steps behind it, another jeep stopped to pick me up. The occupants of this turned out to be a Colonel Di Pasquale, the chief surgeon of the force, and his driver. As we lurched along the road the Colonel explained that he was on his way to look in at a field dressing station.

Construction in the jungle

The drive of about four miles to the command post took us first along the beach and then, where the shore line curved out in a little cape, through thick jungle. In spots where the road was narrow, tractors were engaged in mowing down this jungle as though it were a wheat field. Elsewhere along the road signal-corps workmen were stringing wires, road machines were scooping sand into soft spots and miscellaneous hundreds of soldiers were pitching tents or hacking out clearings. The air was filled with thick dust, shots and the heavy roar of motors, all punctuated occasionally by the forlorn and lonely cries of some invisible birds. The scene and its sounds somehow suggested a

vast, improbable real-estate development mushrooming along the shore, and this impression was reinforced by Di Pasquale's remarks, which he shouted back to me from the front seat of the jeep, concerning his efforts to pick out a good permanent site for his surgical unit.

Headquarters, which we reached after a brief visit to the field station, produced another impression, which was that of a village carnival pitching its shooting galleries and shell-game tepees. It consisted of 20 or so large tents, their bottom flaps raised to let the breeze in and each with a sign in front designating its business function. I entered the tent marked G-2, where I found the task force intelligence officer.

At lunch I re-encountered Colonel Di Pasquale, who offered to drive me to another hospital unit with him. Since I wanted to have a look at as much of the area as possible and since the road he was taking led through Tadji airdrome, which has been the chief tactical target of the landing, I accepted. The airdrome, when we reached it after another arduous five miles along a jungle track cleared in the past 24 hours, was a marked contrast to the conquered airdromes I had seen in Tripoli and Tunis. There, one distinctive feature of such establishments had been the mournful chime of torn, tin hangar walls clanging against each other in the Mediterranean wind. Here, under an oddly similar hot blue sky, the clearing in the jungle had an ominous stillness. The abandoned Zeros around the field's edges, their propellers bent or melted at the tips by the heat of the fires started by our previous bombing, stood in grass grown waist-high in the few days since the Japs had stopped using the field. The woods around the field, of course, were still infested by snipers left behind by the main Jap forces which had taken to the hills, of whom about 200 had been killed and 25 captured in the previous three days. Guards with rifles in their hands walked slow patrols along the track as we drove along the runway and into the jungle on the other side. Colonel Di Pasquale found his unit, had a long professional chat with its chief and then drove me back to camp along a shorter beach road. As we neared headquarters about 5 o'clock the sun was almost setting. Along the curve of beach hundreds of naked soldiers could be seen enjoying a swim in the late afternoon sun in the warm, shallow surf, while jeeps and trucks drove smoothly past along the water's edge on sand packed by the ebbing tide.

Supper conversation at the headquarters officers' mess gave me a fairly clear picture of the Aitape operations. During its first few days Jap resistance to the landing, except for one pocket of 50 or so soldiers who were killed in the first hour on the beach, had consisted of isolated stragglers who kept turning up inside the perimeter. Some who announced their appearance by taking pot shots from the underbrush had to be put out of the way; others were put into the prisoners' stockade. One, whose presence was detected by low, mewing sounds that issued from a concealed dugout near the beach, refused to come out in response either to cajolery or threats. A sergeant was preparing to exterminate him with

a hand grenade, when a private who happened to be passing by with a fish he had just caught in a nearby lagoon thought of a better notion. The private tied the fish to a string and tossed it down into the dugout. When he pulled on the string a minute later it proved to be taut. He pulled harder and the Jap came out, clinging to the fish, which he had already eaten halfway down to the tail.

The incident of the fish occurred on the afternoon of my arrival at Aitape. Elsewhere, however, at the same time other developments had taken a less comical turn. After supper I was introduced by Lieut. Colonel H. C. Brookhart, chief of staff to General Jens A. Doe in command of the whole task force. From Colonel Brookhart I gathered that the resistance might presently become more formidable. The first patrols sent out eastward from the Aitape perimeter had encountered small knots of Japs straggling westward, totally unaware that this section of the coast was no longer in their hands. These stragglers had begun to travel in bigger parties and to circumvent the Aitape task force by using jungle trails which by-passed it through the interior. On the afternoon of D plus 4 one of these groups, numbering about 200, had surprised and surrounded an American patrol of about 70 men 15 miles inland. After killing 50 Japs for the loss of one American, the patrol's ammunition began to run short. More had been flown out to them and dropped. At the same time reinforcement of a full company had set out to reach them by means of a full day's march. The situation of the surrounded platoon, which expected Jap bayonet assaults during the night, was by no means an agreeable one, but it was not, Colonel Brookhart assured me, nearly so alarming as it sounded. He confirmed this impression by calling the platoon's commanding officer by field telephone. From Colonel Brookhart's end of the conversation I gathered that the platoon commander felt that with machine guns of his own, backed up by telephone-directed artillery, his force could take complete care of itself till the reinforcements had time to reach it the next morning.

A visit to the general's tent

After his telephone conversation Colonel Brookhart, who had suggested that I might want to talk to General Doe himself, escorted me to the General's tent a few yards away from his own. As it was by now about 9 o'clock and I supposed that the day had been a fairly active one for the General, I cut my visit short, but managed nonetheless to pick up several points of interest. One of these was that General Doe had no particular respect for amateur military experts who hold that jungle fighting against the Japs resembled the eccentric pattern of our earlier Indian wars. Quite aside from the amphibious preparations required, General Doe pointed out that on the contrary the greatest advantage Americans have in jungle warfare is not an atavistic ability to cope with the wilds so much as an acquired ability to cope with the intricacies of modern machinery. By the apparently impossible procedure of tak-

D PLUS FOUR (continued)

ing our bulldozers and diesels into the heart of the jungles we have attained eventual superiority in firepower which must be quite unimaginable to the Japs habituated to mowing down the comparatively defenseless Chinese with rifle bullets. It was, General Doe suggested, the Japs' inability to appreciate the ultimate implications of the very devices which they had adopted so assiduously that was now causing their downfall. They copied us in everything except common sense, the General remarked.

I wanted to see how enlisted men fared at Aitape, and consequently arranged to billet myself in a tent where the other occupants were a warrant officer, a first lieutenant named Carter and a buck private who, to judge by the spot on his sleeve from which three stripes had been removed, had been recently demoted from the rank of sergeant. After my chat with the General I retired to their tent and found them engaged in a conversation about the incident that had led to the sergeant's demotion. The conversation was still going on in the dim aperture at the front of the tent when I crawled under the mosquito net that Brent had rigged up above my cot. The last words I heard before falling asleep were spoken by Carter. He was somewhat amazingly touching the kind of topic upon which propagandists like to believe that soldiers devote a good many of their waking thoughts. That is the difference between Americans and all these other people. He was saying: "It's like I always say. You can't drive an American to do something and I don't care what it is. You got to lead him."

When I fell asleep a cool breeze had started to blow in from the Bismarck Sea. When I woke suddenly two hours later, it was to the sound of rain falling in such a roaring flood on the roof of the tent that it took me several moments to realize that there were other unpleasant sounds in the night as well. One was the sound of gunfire, the other was that of airplane motors which suddenly seemed to come from no distance at all, directly overhead. Aware from the gunfire that the planes must be Japanese, though I had apparently slept through the alert, I nonetheless rejected in the instant of awakening the prospect of taking a bath in a foxhole. A few seconds later the sound of a muffled explosion somewhere about half a mile away convinced me that this would be unnecessary and as the gunfire dwindled again I went back to sleep.

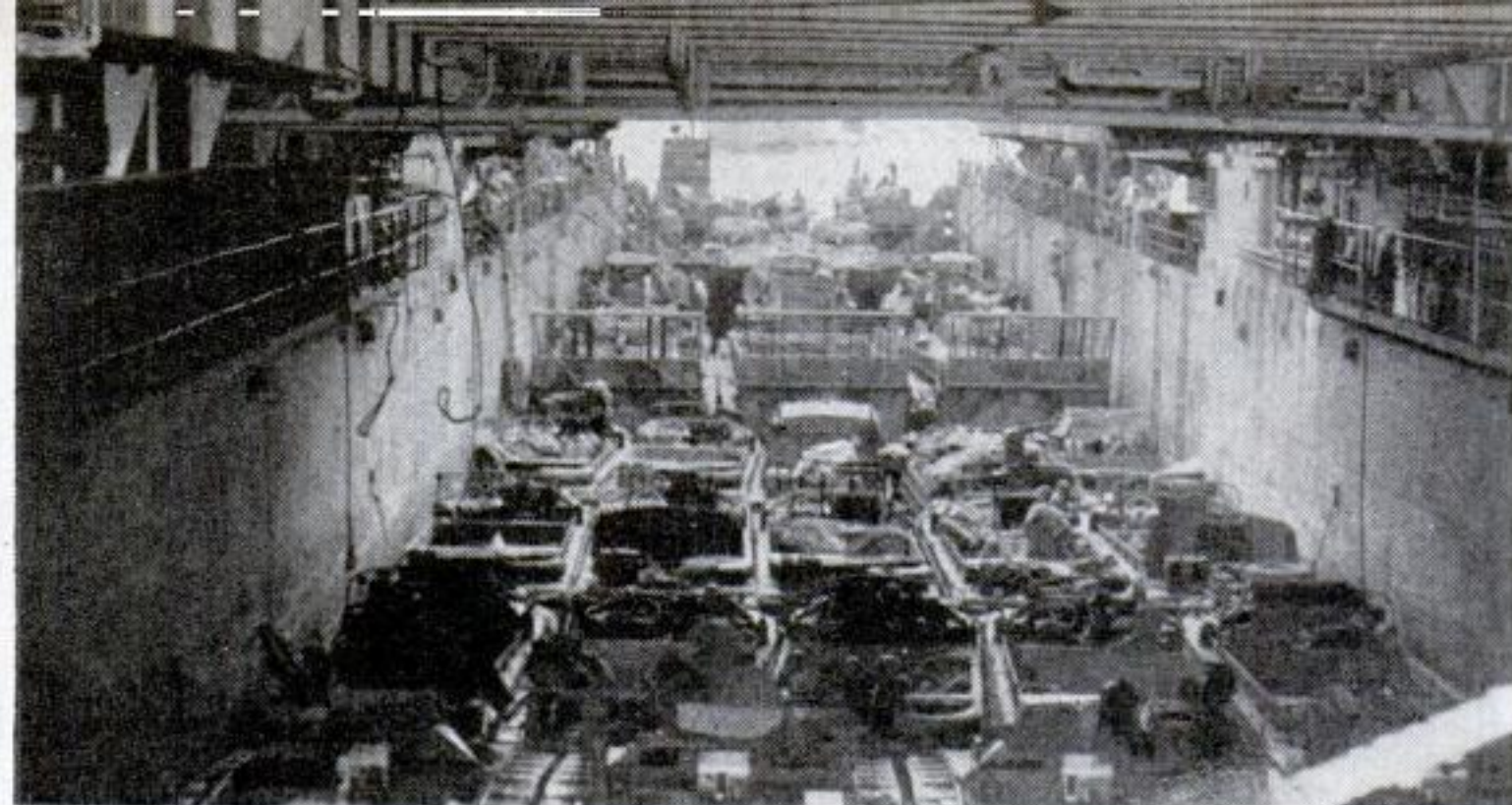
Results of the Japanese raid

We were awakened by two more alerts later in the night, the last one just before dawn when the rain had stopped. At breakfast the next morning news of the consequences spread quickly through the camp. The raid, so far the only sign of really efficient opposition at Aitape, had been conducted by three bombers. One of these had circled the harbor, dropped a flare above a Liberty ship, and then circling again dropped a bomb by the light of the flare which drove a hole in the ship's side. Since such ships are built in watertight compartments the damage was minor, but it was generally agreed that to fly a plane through rain as heavy as that which had been falling at the time, let alone to score a hit with a bomb in it, argued considerable competence on the part of the Jap pilot. He had, however, been shot down by another ship as he flew out to sea.

Shortly after breakfast, at the invitation of Colonel Brookhart, I attended his staff conference. Here I learned, first of all, that the platoon in the jungle had indeed weathered the night in good style, killing another 30 Japs when they staged their bayonet charge and wounding an undetermined number. The rest of the conference concerned matters of administration. At the end of the conference the chief of staff expressed his satisfaction at the way things were going generally and made two small admonishments. One was not to park cars in the roadways, a procedure which impeded the widening of the roads necessary before engineering equipment could utilize them to put the air strip in top-speed operation. The other was that all motor transport in need of maintenance service or repairs be reported promptly to avoid a possible bottleneck in transport later on.

After the conference I went to Mr. Brent's tent to gather my gear and then walked over to lunch. The mess tent was pitched near the only real building, as distinguished from Army tents, thatched native huts and Jap dugouts with log roofs that I had seen in Aitape. It was, I learned, an old mission which, since the Japs had used it as a headquarters, had been strafed before our occupation and I resolved to inspect it before going out to board my ship.

During lunch an ambulance arrived at the mission house and the bearers carried a stretcher through the door. When I followed them a few minutes later I met Colonel Di Pasquale and a chaplain whose name was O. K. Davidson, on the porch steps. We entered the bare interior, of which the thin, unpainted wall boards were perforated by bullet holes. The chaplain bent on one knee beside the stretcher and lifted the white cloth which had covered the face of the figure on it. He then reached gently beneath the uniform collar and lifted the dogtag to read it. "Maloney," said the chaplain, slowly turning the tag to the light so that the punched-in printing would be legible, and then added: "That's Irish but it says here he was a Protestant." Maloney had been an ack-ack gunner, one of the men killed in the bombing of the Liberty ship.



Interior of LSD, type of landing ship described by LIFE Editor Busch, is filled with smaller landing craft, amphibious trucks and tractors. In landing operation, LSD unloads offshore.



Acres of supplies are piled on a New Guinea beach. Normally these dumps would be vulnerable to air raids, but Japanese airfields in the area were knocked out by great pre-invasion bombings.



Grinning prisoners are questioned by Australian Navy man (left) and U. S. officer. These Japanese are healthy and husky, in contrast to emaciated bodies of laborers in picture below.



Starved laborers at Aitape were probably Chinese or Javanese. More than 700 allied prisoners were recaptured at Hollandia and Aitape. Allied manpower actually gained in the landings.



Four U. S. commanders at Hollandia meet during landing aboard a U. S. destroyer. At the right is Lieut. General Robert L. Eichelberger. Two-star officers are, from the left, Rear Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, in charge of all the amphibious forces; Major General Horace Fuller, commanding U. S. 41st Division; Rear Admiral William M. Fechteler, deputy commander of

the amphibious forces in the area. Hollandia was General Eichelberger's first major action since his victory at Buna in 1942. In that battle his green and poorly equipped troops destroyed a Japanese army of jungle veterans. Other high-ranking officers who came to Hollandia beach-head were Lieut. Gen. Walter Krueger, commanding U. S. 6th Army, and General MacArthur.

ADVICE TO THE REPUBLICANS

BEFORE STAMPEDING TO DEWEY THE DELEGATES SHOULD CONSIDER THE CLAIMS OF THE MIDWEST

As a magazine, LIFE is neither Democrat nor Republican. If and when this magazine comes out for a candidate in the 1944 campaign, it will do so from a nonpartisan base. Thus, in giving some advice to the Republican Party, which we now propose to do, we are not adopting that party, or asking it to adopt us. We are giving it the kind of advice which any outsider has the right to offer to any party whose affairs are, after all affected with a public interest.

The delegates to the Republican National Convention seem at the present moment to be hell-bent on nominating Governor Dewey as fast as possible and then hell-bending home. This may turn out to be a good thing for them to do. But our advice is: think it over. A case can be made that the best thing the Republicans can do is to nominate a Midwesterner. And not only the best thing for the Republicans, but—more to the point—the best thing for the country in case they win the election.

The Republican Renaissance

The average delegate entraining for Chicago next month knows there is a widespread reaction against Washington bureaucracy, against OPA, against 12 too-exciting years of personal and theatrical government. He figures it's a Republican year, so what the hell. It is true that this may be an anti-Roosevelt year. But if it is also a Republican year, what made it so? What and who revived the Republican Party? How does it happen that the anti-Roosevelt sentiment, instead of skulking through the streets, has a respectable vehicle?

The mainspring of the Republican renaissance is the Middle West. Here, in the birthplace of the Republican Party, the land of corn, wheat and Lincoln, the Republican renaissance got its start. Since 1938 the Midwest has been returning Republicans to Congress in an ever-widening stream. It gave Willkie 68 of his 82 electoral votes in 1940. Even those Midwestern states that went for Roosevelt that year went Republican in their state governments. To be sure, other sections did their share to keep the party together, notably New England. Nevertheless the spearhead of Roosevelt's Congressional opposition is 22 senators from the Midwest. The Midwest is the one section which can be counted on to go Republican this year.

For that very reason, many leading Republican politicians feel that it is unnecessary to take the Midwest's mood into account. They concentrate their calculations on the problematical East and West. Hence: "Dewey and Warren." Although the Midwest would support this ticket, it would rather have some recognition for its years of loyalty and hard work. But quite apart from that, there are serious national reasons why a Midwesterner, if the country goes Republican, should take the responsibility that

goes with the victory the Midwest will have earned.

Whoever is President during the next four years will not have an easy time. While he is trying to conclude the peace treaties with one hand, the other will have to deal with a turmoil of demobilization. For a while the economic pie will be smaller; inevitably there will be renewed bitterness over who gets what. In that bitterness, group and sectional rancors will come boiling to the top.

Of sectional prejudice, the Midwest has perhaps a little more than its share. At its worst, it is suspicious of foreigners, of the East, of big cities (including its own), of Wall Street and of Big Business. The only thing the Midwest completely trusts is itself. The Midwest is just like the rest of America, only more so.

How can the Midwest be kept at its best during the next four dangerous years, instead of at its worst? By giving it responsibility, which is the surest antidote to prejudice. With 22 Senators, the Midwest is bound to exercise a great deal of power. If it does not enjoy responsibility commensurate with this power, it may become more self-sufficient, self-regarding and exclusively regional than ever.

Republican Foreign Policy

Among the serious consequences of such a withdrawal would be its effect on U. S. foreign policy. This would be the first target of the Midwest's suspicions.

A lot has happened in the last few weeks to change the Republican position on foreign policy. Soon after Willkie's withdrawal from the race, Governor Dewey came out for Secretary Hull, Governor Bricker came out for postwar credits abroad, and both came out for a joint peace-keeping deal with Britain, Russia and China. Meanwhile Senator Taft has written a blueprint for a new League of Nations and, of course, ex-Governor Stassen went on record with his famous seven-point program way back in January 1943. Throw in progressives like Senators Ball and Burton and throw out the Illinois crowd (who though powerful are not candidates) and you emerge with a wholly new Republican orientation: its leaders, even without Willkie, are all on record against anything that could remotely be termed "isolation."

Now, the Midwest is the old home of isolation. The Midwest today is not against America's participating in world affairs; but it is still very skeptical about any program of participation that has been offered to it to date. It is still isolationist in a relative sense; it is capable of supporting an active foreign policy, but only after its doubts about the motivation of that policy are completely removed. And the doubts of the Midwest spring from its prejudices—its suspicions of all foreigners and their supposed influence on the East.

A vocal handful of diehard Willkieites may say, "The Midwest is hopeless. No appeasement!" That is tantamount to saying that on foreign policy, the Republican Party without Willkie has no case.

But the Republicans have a foreign-policy case. Their case is that internationalism will be not so much an issue as a fact of postwar life. Given this fact, U. S. foreign policy should be one of enlightened and responsible selfishness. Their case is not that Roosevelt is too inclined to make commitments, but that he cannot make his commitments stick. Congress will probably be Republican and certainly anti-Roosevelt; therefore only a Republican President can make any foreign policy responsible and effective.

The Republican case is that when a Republican President sits down with Stalin, Churchill, Chiang K'ai-shek and whoever else, the meeting will get somewhere; for Stalin *et al.* will know that the Presidential signature on a treaty will not be written in vanishing ink.

Keep It Clean

But if this is a good case for a Republican President, why is it not an even better case for a Midwestern Republican President?

If a Republican foreign policy were administered by a Midwesterner, its selfishness would never be open to doubt. For the Midwest trusts its own—especially those whom it has elected to office. With both the selfishness and the responsibility of our foreign policy assured, the debate could then be conducted on one level only: is it enlightened? This debate will go on forever. Our problem will be not to end it, but to keep it on this high plane.

The best way to keep it on this high plane is to stage it at the corner of Main and Elm. To the Midwestern eye, America is merely an extension of these two streets, and maybe the Midwest is right. In any case, they are long, straight streets, and they can lead to all parts of the world.

By naming a Midwestern candidate, the Republicans will assure the country that the great postwar debate will not degenerate into a sectional brawl. Yet to name a Midwesterner would not turn the Republicans into a sectional party, or an isolationist party, or otherwise narrow its base. There are at least four candidates—Bricker, Burton, Stassen, Taft—who are not only representative Midwesterners, but also men with a national viewpoint, and an expressed realization of America's need to participate in world affairs.

The political case for Dewey is a strong one: his state is doubtful, while the Midwest is not, and any party has to figure things very closely when it is up against The Champ. But the delegates to Chicago will perform a patriotic service if they delay the stampede at least long enough for the Midwest's case to be heard.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

When he said goodbye two years ago to Natalie Nickerson, 20, a war worker of Phoenix, Ariz., a big, handsome Navy lieutenant promised her a

Jap. Last week Natalie received a human skull, autographed by her lieutenant and 13 friends, and inscribed: "This is a good Jap—a dead one

picked up on the New Guinea beach." Natalie, surprised at the gift, named it Tojo. The armed forces disapprove strongly of this sort of thing.



Arizona war worker writes her Navy boyfriend a thank-you note for the Jap skull he sent her



REAR: STEPHENSON (DOMINIONS UNDER SECRETARY), ROBERTSON, HOPKINS (TREASURY), SHEDDEN (CABINET SECRETARY), BLAMEY (AUSTRALIAN COMMANDER), STUART, **CENTER:** BROOKE (CHIEF OF STAFF), REITZ (SOUTH AFRICA), CHERWELL, BRUCE (AUSTRALIA), CRIPPS (AIR PRODUCTION), GRIGG (WAR), NOON, MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR, HUGGINS, **FRONT:** BEAVERBROOK, WOOLTON (RECONSTRUCTION), LYTTLTON (PRODUCTION), ANDERSON (TREASURY), ATTLEE, NEW ZEALAND'S FRASER, CANADA'S MACKENZIE KING, CHURCHILL.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

Four dominions premiers sit for a portrait in London
May 1 with Churchill and the Imperial War Cabinet

The meeting of the premiers of the British Commonwealth's family of nations in London May 1 was taken as a good opportunity to have the whole War Cabinet's picture made. Actually the inner War Cabinet consists only of Churchill, Attlee, Anderson, Eden, Morrison, Lyttelton, Bevin and Woolton. But in this great picture of very busy men on camp chairs, the whole complex but smooth-working hierarchy of His Majesty's Government, the Dominions, Empire, civil services and armed services is neatly packaged and tied up. Missing from this picture is the only man who in his person unites them all, the British King, whose titles include "of Great Britain . . . and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King . . . Emperor of India."



ISMAI (CHURCHILL MILITARY ADVISER), PUTTICK (NEW ZEALAND COMMANDER), FORSYTH, MACHTIG (DOMINIONS UNDER SECRETARY), MACKINTOSH, BRIDGES (CABINET SECRETARY), STANLEY (COLONIES), ALEXANDER (NAVY), SINCLAIR (AIR), MASSEY (CANADA), BRACKEN (INFORMATION MINISTER), JORDAN (NEW ZEALAND), CUNNINGHAM (NAVY), PORTAL (RAF), AUSTRALIA'S CURTIN, SOUTH AFRICA'S SMUTS, EDEN (FOREIGN), BEVIN (LABOR), HERBERT MORRISON (HOME SECURITY), CRANBORNE (DOMINIONS), AMERY (INDIA AND BURMA)

The contract now uniting the Dominions is the 1931 Statute of Westminster which makes all the Dominions "autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status . . . united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

The heart of this Commonwealth is centered here in Mr. Churchill and the four men who flank him, Premier Peter Fraser of New Zealand, Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada, Prime Minister John Curtin of Australia, Premier Field Marshal Jan Smuts of South Africa. On May 1 they began to talk. Immediately, though they are basically in accord and in union, they began to develop differences.

The Australian and New Zealander, remote from help, want a stronger Commonwealth union. The Canadian, close to the U. S. and Russia, wants a vaguer one. The South African wants to take all the British blacks from Kenya to Southwest Africa into one U.S. of Africa. The Englishman wants to keep most of that out of the hands of English-hating and black-despising Afrikaaners. The Canadian, who has a large French population at home, favors settling up with De Gaulle. But all seemed opposed to free trade and in favor of a revived League of Nations.

The terrible task of Mr. Churchill was to get from all this some minimum united front which the five British nations can all present together at the final peace table.



Behind Victoria Station, close to the docks, a maelstrom of smoke rolls across the sky at 4:35 p.m., as trolleys, cars, buses

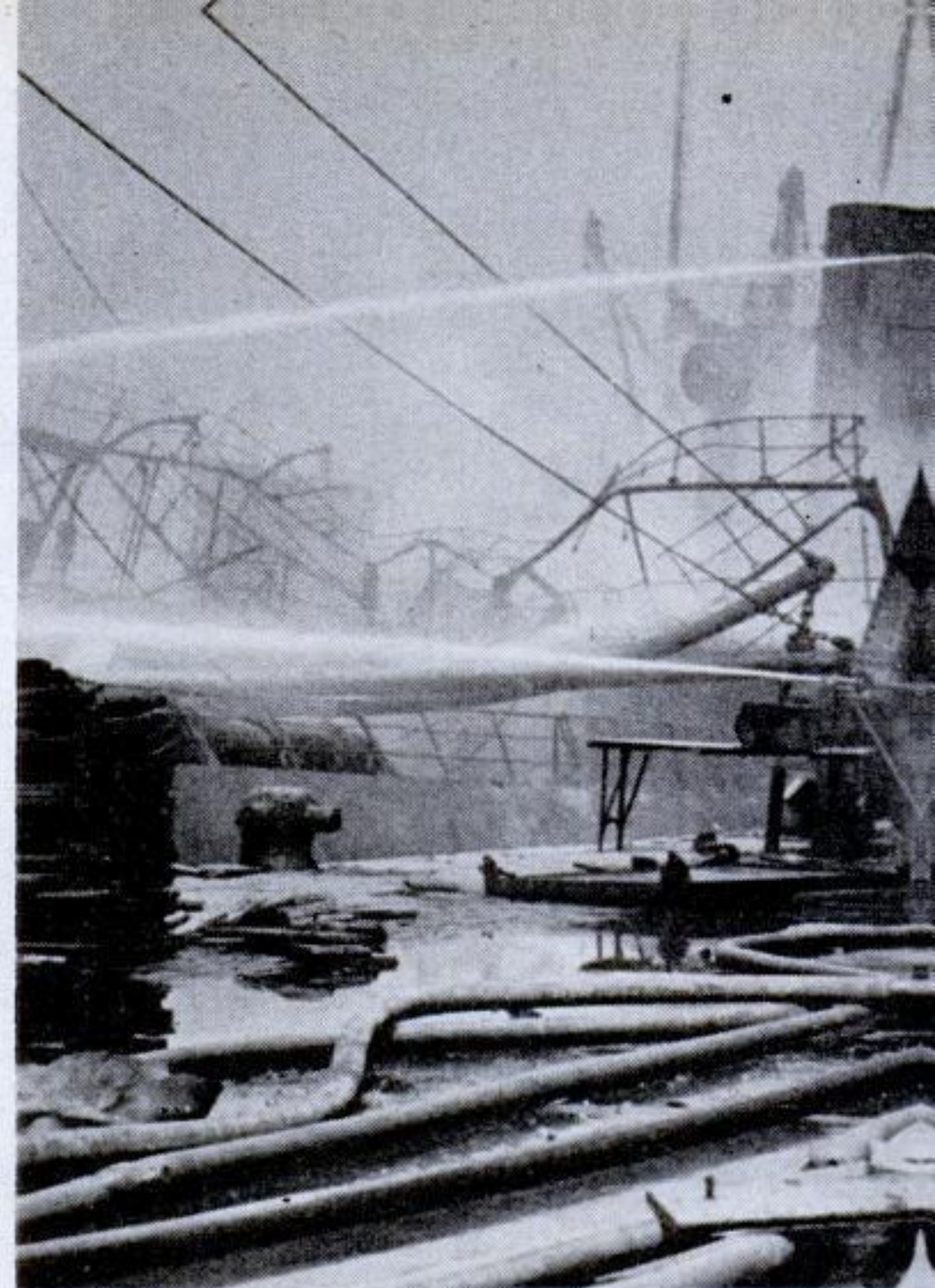
and bullock-carts fill Cruikshank Road. Victoria, built in monogrel style, is called one of the world's most beautiful stations.



BRITISH INFANTRY AND ROYAL INDIAN NAVY MEN WORK IN HIGH WIND TO CLEAR BUILDINGS IN PATH OF FLAMES

In the wake of the conflagration, there remain only charred shells of buildings, with in this case the flames still licking at

the burnable residue. Some of the most important and modern section of the city of Bombay was wiped out by the fire.



Along the docks, a dozen great hoses pour water into a burning ship, not the one that blew up. The first explosion tossed

WAR EXPLODES

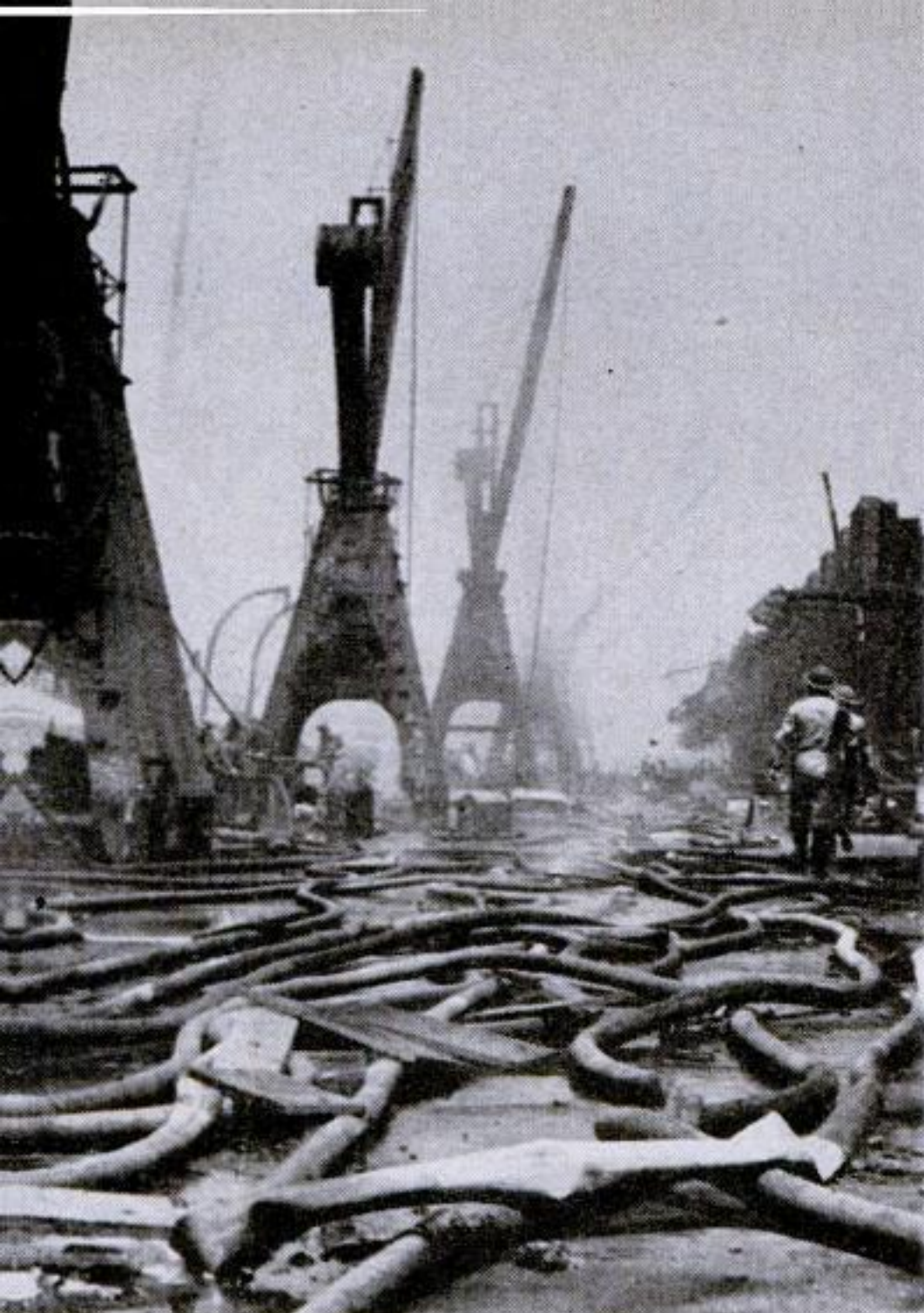
Two munitions blasts set big fires

Apparently far from the war, the British in Bombay on April 14 abruptly found themselves on a serious fighting front, in deadly peril of their lives. A Liberty ship put in at the port and began unloading cargo. Among the cargo were 155 gold bars, bales of cotton and a deadly load of TNT and gray ammonal. In the early afternoon of the 14th, the baled cotton somehow caught fire. Without hesitation, the British of Bombay threw themselves into the attack. Some 30 hoses poured four tons of water a minute into the explosive hold. The general manager of the Bombay Port Trust of Docks and Railways, Lieut. Colonel J. R. Sadler, and his subordinates rushed down to the docks. Suddenly the black smoke changed to a more ominous milky white. At 4:07 p.m. the thing blew up.

No fragment was ever found of seven fire engines on the dock or of any of their crews. Four officers and 66 men of the Bombay fire brigade were dead. Colonel Sadler was dead. The explosion was heard for 50 miles.

These warehouses are said to have held stocks of ghee (Indian name for clarified butter) and kerosene, which made the





one 4,000-ton vessel up on the wharf, twisted the big dock cranes, cracked the concrete docks and ignited a dozen ships.



On second explosion, antiaircraft shells and tracer bullets curvet around in the sky, below the startled birds who hastily

gain altitude. Cause of this explosion has not been satisfactorily determined. It was even more spectacular than the first.

INTO BOMBAY

in the Empire's third biggest city

Whole blocks were blown flat. A rain of white-hot steel bombarded Bombay.

The survivors along the shore returned to the attack. Within half an hour there was another explosion, even more terrible than the first. What caused it is still not clear, but it was ammunition. Again the city quivered and rocked. And now the fires spread all along the great warehouses of Bombay, holding grain, paper, paint and Bombay's chief commodity, cotton. A big iron pipe into which a police inspector had dived for shelter turned red hot and toasted him alive. A gold bar worth \$27,700 sailed a mile through the air and landed on a bungalow veranda. By the third day the city's main business center, Ballard Estate, had been saved. On the fourth day the fire was beaten but still smoldering.

The counted dead came to 336, the injured to 1,040, homeless to 50,000. Property claims of citizens exceeded \$150,000,000 not counting the damage to the port.

fire even fiercer in this area, extending back from great Alexandra, Victoria and Prince's Docks on Bombay's east shore.



PAST ONE DEAD BODY ON THE SIDEWALK (REAR, CENTER) SOLDIERS RUN TOWARD THE FIRES TO JOIN IN THE FIGHT

The European business section, including the Old Fort, the Town Hall and Mint, is silhouetted against flame and the

night in this dramatic photograph looking across Bombay's drawn-out peninsula. But by this time explosions were past.



FOUR SONNETS ON THE EVE OF INVASION

Joseph Auslander at 46 is an able American poet deeply moved by today's hard dramas. His *The Unconquerables*, a series of poems to the conquered peoples of Europe, were widely published in the past year. Despite a degree from Harvard and a fellowship at the Sorbonne, more than a decade of teaching and a classical interest that once led him to translate the sonnets of Petrarch, Auslander is primarily con-

cerned with poetry for the people. When the allied armies were set to move in history's greatest military undertaking, this warm and sensitive man tautly bound his and his countrymen's feelings up into the four sonnets printed below. Modestly and with mock bad grammar he wrote the Editors of LIFE, "Like everybody else, this Invasion virus has gotten into my blood. This group of poems is the result."

THE LAST FOUR WORDS

by Joseph Auslander

I

The Fourth Word: "God, My Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Now as we poise for battle in the west,—
That cobra coiled, this tiger crouched to kill,—
Hairtrigger tension in the soldier's breast,
Lord of the last assault, be with us still!
Our banners do not boast of blood and flame,
Though there is flame enough, enough of blood;
Our bugles blow in Freedom's holy name;
We smear our faces black with muck and mud.

If the heart hammers in the soldier's side,
The hard cold core gnaws in the stomach's pit,
If the throat tightens and the tongue is tied,
The breath comes quick, and we think, "This is it!"
Remember, oh remember, even He
Cried, "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

III

The Sixth Word: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

D-Day — the day of darkness and of death,
Day of decision and deliverance,
Day when the whole world waits and holds its breath:
Guerrilla Greeks, the Underground in France,
The hate in Belgium hoarded for this hour,
The hate in Holland straining at her dikes,
Norway's long hate, whose hunger will devour
The vile invader when his death-knell strikes.

There are so many to set free, dear Lord,
So many lands and lives to liberate;
For strength to wield the clean avenging sword
Oh, free me first from fear of what may wait!
Once, Lord, He feared it even as I fear it:
"Into Thy hands I now commend my spirit."

II

The Fifth Word: "I am athirst."

What is mine enemy, that I shrink back
In a chill sweat, afraid, yet not afraid?
Our strength is geared to the last great attack;
The ear, the pulse repeat: Invade! Invade!
The sky is briefed for action; inch by inch
Those blue enormous acres of the air
Are pastured to our pilots. Shall I flinch
From death and darkness, knowing they are there?

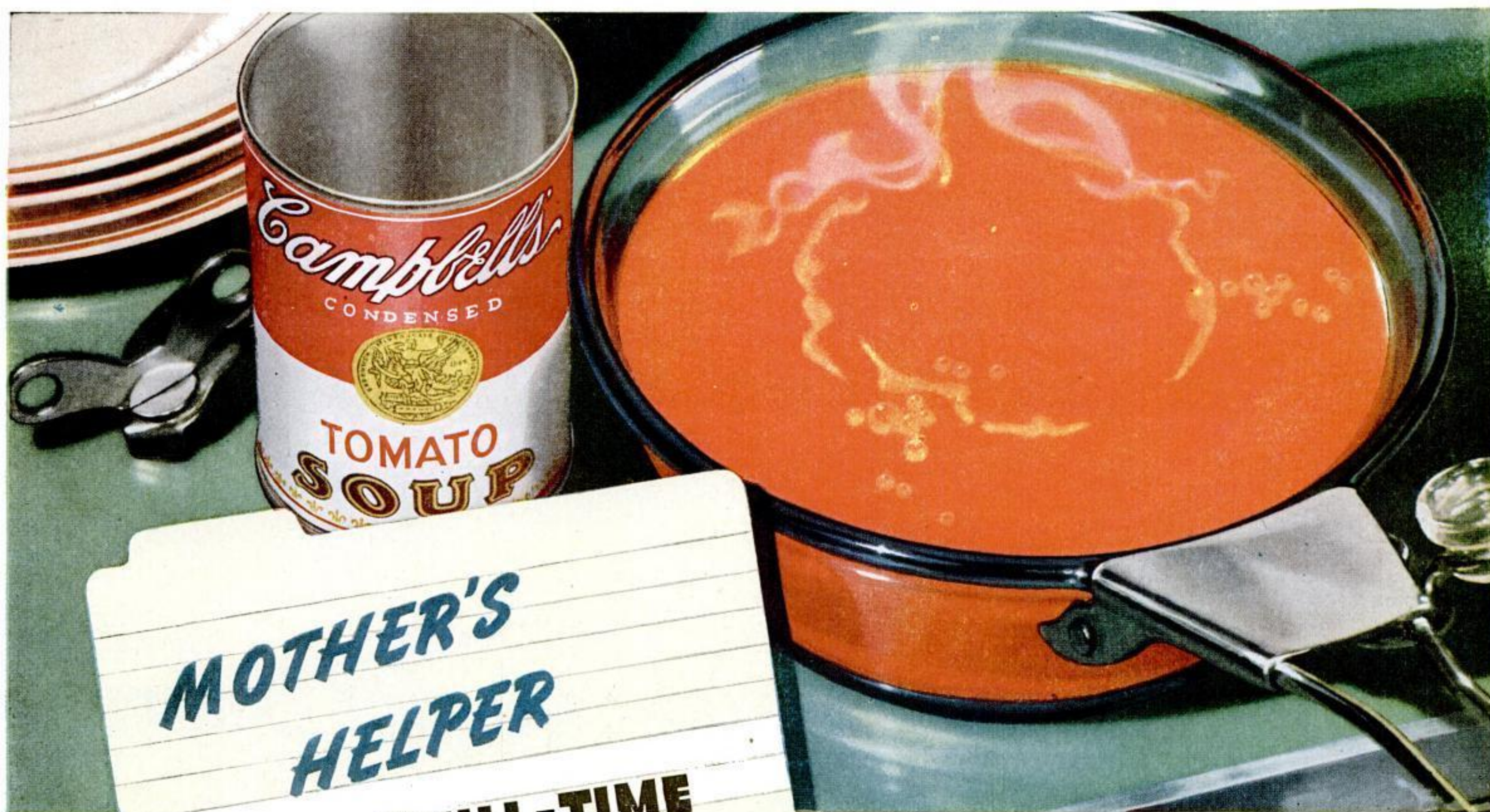
The channels of the deep are chained and charted;
Our ships command the waters, and the tides;
Sustain my courage, keep me iron-hearted,
Now that the wind of resolution rides!
Though terror make the mouth and lungs to burst,
Remember even He cried out, "I thirst!"

IV

The Seventh Word: "And with a loud voice Jesus cried, exclaiming, 'It is finished!'"

I know it will not end upon the beach;
The struggle will be bitter and laborious;
Thousands will fall before the final breach,
Thousands will rise to bless our arms victorious;
And Hope, that now lies huddled in the cave
Of blind Despair, will creep into the sun;
And Love, long buried in a hasty grave,
Will touch her murdered children, one by one.

H-Hour: the hour whose gaze is fixed on hell;
The strained gaunt face of Freedom, tired and tense;
The sweated grip — the things no tongue can tell —
But also, deep within, a quiet sense
Of peace: all doubt subdued, all pain diminished, —
And He cried with a loud voice: "It is finished!"



**MOTHER'S
HELPER
FULL-TIME**

The soup that "goes with everything" helps a mother please everybody

It's not surprising a mother has only words of praise for a soup like this. For she naturally wants to please her whole family and at the same time make sure they get nourishing meals. And in a situation like that, Campbell's Tomato Soup is a mother's helper indeed!

The family just love it—and why shouldn't they, for it's made from the world's finest tomatoes smoothly blended and perfectly seasoned. They thrive on it, too, because as nutrition experts say, "It's tomatoes for health". Count on tomato soup often—it joins right in with any meal to make it extra-appealing.



"Girls and boys come out to play"—
So runs the nursery rhyme;
I skip my rope the livelong day—
So goes the Summertime!



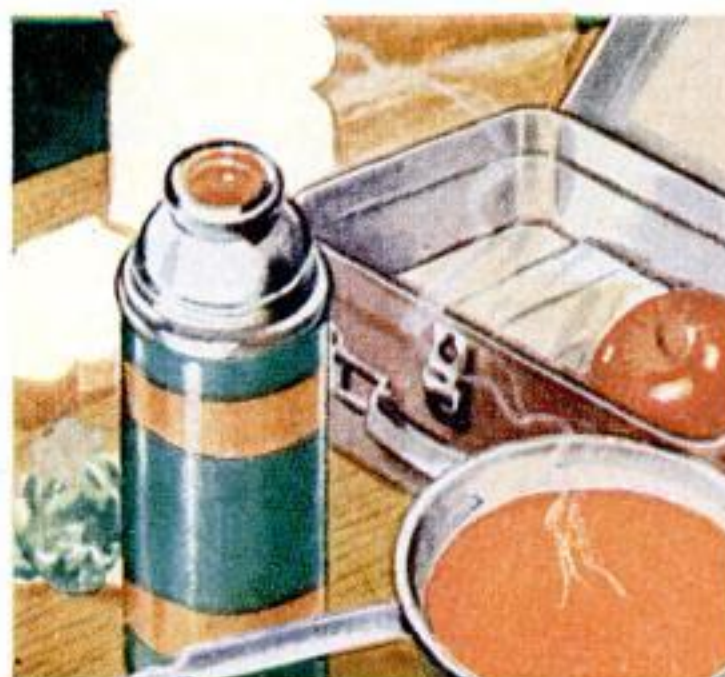
LUNCHTIME is the time for cream of tomato soup, made by adding milk instead of water. Tastes grand—and it's a good nourisher for busy days.



SUPPERTIME and piping-hot tomato soup—for Mother knows here's a dish the family love, and one that will round out an otherwise light meal.



DINNERTIME—and some people say that tomato soup makes as pretty a picture as flowers upon the table. A wonderful way to start off a meal!



LUNCH BOX TIME—so often into the vacuum bottle goes cream of tomato soup. A busy worker needs something hot and nourishing to keep him fit.



A RICH TOMATO SAUCE makes leftovers extra-special. Heat Campbell's Tomato Soup just as it comes from the can—it's that easy!

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

IF YOU DREAM ABOUT:

Your rich Uncle Willie
visiting you



THEN YOU SHOULD DO THIS:

Put an extra cake of Swan
Soap in the bathroom. Swan will
do a wonderful cleanup job
on Unk...then you can start
on him.

IF YOU DREAM ABOUT:

A baby sitting on a daisy

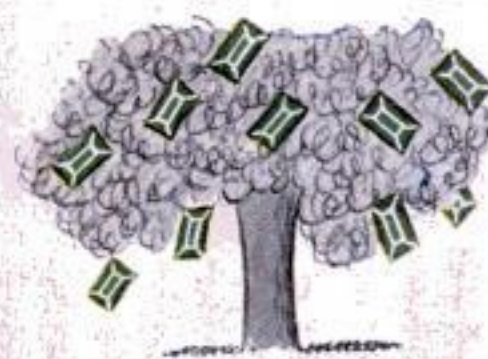


THEN YOU SHOULD DO THIS:

Wear a snapshot of Baby—in-
stead of a daisy in your lapel.
'Cause after a Swan bath,
baby's lots fresher than a
daisy! Swan's pure as fine
castiles—okayed by Doctors!

IF YOU DREAM ABOUT:

A tree full of emeralds



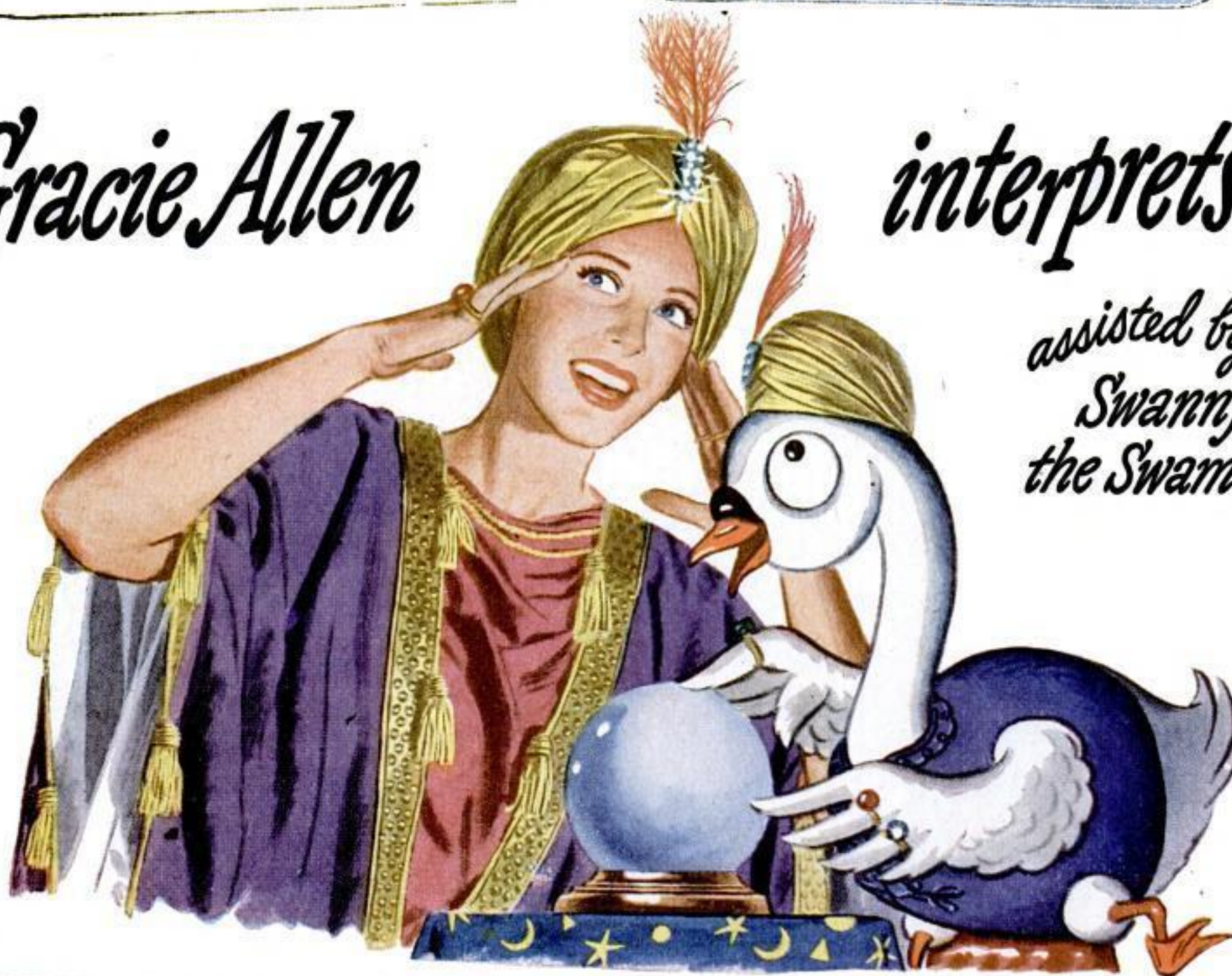
THEN YOU SHOULD DO THIS:

Shake the tree! If nothing
happens—try washing dishes
with pure, mild Swan.
It'll leave your hands so
velvety, maybe hubby'll give
you an emerald. Anyway, you've
found a jewel of a dish soap!

Gracie Allen

interprets your Dreams

*assisted by
Swanny
the Swami*



IF YOU DREAM ABOUT:

Four sets of undies playing
bridge

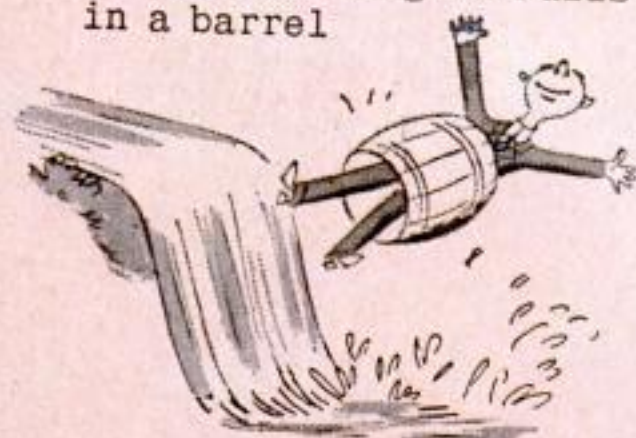


THEN YOU SHOULD DO THIS:

Ask dummy what goes.
She'll tell you they're put-
ting in their bid for Swan Soap
treatment! Swan's perfect
for fine duds. So pure! So mild!
It helps 'em last'n last.

IF YOU DREAM ABOUT:

Going over Niagara Falls
in a barrel

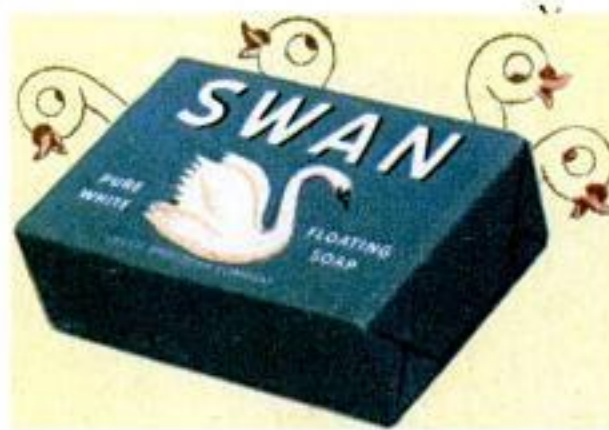


THEN YOU SHOULD DO THIS:

Just keep on dreaming!
They're reminding you when
you're asleep what you know
when you're awake—
SWAN is 4 swell soaps in one!
One pure, convenient soap
you can use all over the house!

IF YOU DREAM ABOUT:

4 little Swans



THEN YOU SHOULD DO THIS:

You're probably hankering
for a shower. Forget the Falls—
You'll find a zippy shower with
creamy, lathery Swan lots more
refreshing! And lots more fun!

*Swan is 4 swell
soaps in One*



UNCLE SAM SAYS: DON'T WASTE SOAP!

1. Don't leave Swan in water. Don't make more
lather than you need. 2. Beware of a wet soap
dish! Keep it dry. 3. Wipe off grease and rinse
all dishes *before* washing. 4. Save Swan slivers,
dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use
for dishes, shampoo, etc.

GRACIE ALLEN says: Can't I have a date with you? Tuesday on the Radio—oo—ooo? TUNE IN: George Burns & Gracie Allen, CBS, Tuesday nights.

LEVER BROTHERS CO.,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



GUESTS GATHER IN SOCIABLE CLUMPS AMID FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBBERY OF TREGARON, THE DAVIES' WOODSY ESTATE ON KLINGLE ROAD, NEAR THE WASHINGTON ZOO

GARDEN PARTY

Ex-Ambassador Davies and his wife entertain outdoors in Washington

The dogwood and azalea were in their most beautiful bloom on the Joseph E. Davies estate in Washington, D.C. last week, so the former ambassador to the U.S.S.R. and his wife decided to give an outdoor party for the British, Russian and Chinese military missions. It turned out to be quite the prettiest garden party of the spring. Generals, colonels, commodores and captains came. Vice President Wallace showed up with his wife. Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Marshall came without their husbands. Tea was poured by the wife

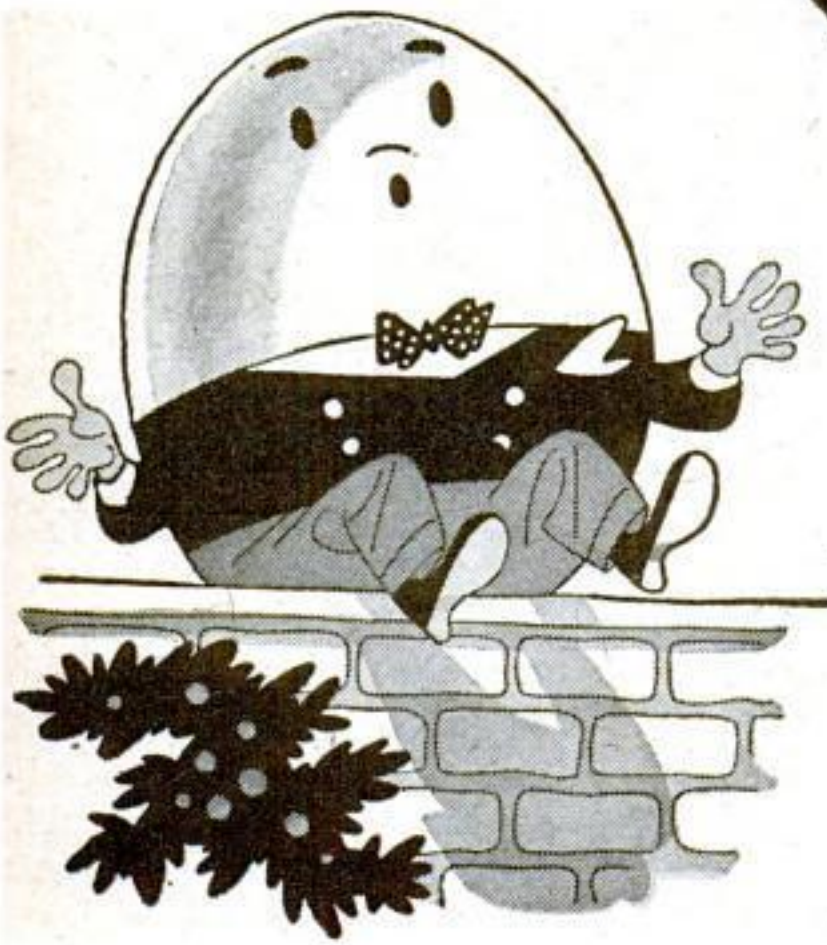
of the Attorney General, the wife of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Queen of England's sister-in-law.

A few days before the party, Congressman Howard Buffett of Nebraska had complained publicly about the extravagant "blowouts ... for foreign dignitaries" that made the present Washington social scene "not a pretty picture." But the Davies affair, though elegant, was comparatively modest. Only eight bottles of champagne were cracked, no caviar was served and the ice began to run out before the Scotch did.

CAN YOU NAME THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN...

Lover?

● He didn't wear Arrow Shirts, but was considered a very smooth apple just the same.



egg?

● After his accident, even an Arrow Collar wouldn't have improved his looks!

SHIRTS?

● They're crowned with Arrow Collars, world-famous for perfect fit and good looks. Made of superior fabrics, pre-tested for long wear. "Sanforized"-labeled (less than 1% shrinkage). Anchored buttons, too. \$2.24, up.



Bargains?

● When you remember that they protect American lives and American freedom, it's unbelievable that they cost only \$18.75.



ARROW SHIRTS

P. S. These days, your dealer may not always have a complete selection of Arrow Shirts. Please don't blame him; it's caused by unavoidable wartime shortages and delays. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Answers: 1. Romeo. 2. Humpty Dumpty. 3. Arrows. 4. War Bonds.

Garden Party (continued)



Vice President Wallace talked Russian with U. S. S. R. Ambassador Andrei Gromyko (left) and English with Chinese Ambassador Wei Tao-ming, whose country he is soon to visit. Gromyko was impressed by the linguistics: "Mr. Wallace took only 30 lessons and I understand him now very well." The Vice President beamed shyly.





The guests were greeted indoors by Mrs. Davies (right), Lady Halifax, Mrs. Wei and others. After greetings, guests quickly made for outdoors where shrubbery and two bars were located. Mrs. Davies is a wonderful hostess but is also human. After the party was over, she sat down in a garden chair, complained that her feet hurt her.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



DO YOUR BEST on this MORNING ENERGY BREAKFAST

**BUILD IT AROUND NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—
GOOD 'N CRISP—FOR ENERGY TO WORK ON!**



**NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT**
contributes these
essential food elements:

1. PROTEINS for strength
2. CARBOHYDRATES for energy
3. VITAMIN B₁ aids digestion
4. IRON for blood-building
5. PHOSPHORUS for strong bones



BAKED BY NABISCO ...
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Ever taste a sunny morning?... That's what Nabisco Shredded Wheat will remind you of. Crisply toasted strands of sun-ripe wheat, in golden-brown biscuit form. Add milk, sugar, fruit or berries—and there's the star course of a breakfast to give you deep-down eating joy—and energy aplenty for your Victory gardening. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is made from 100% whole wheat—one of the Basic 7 Foods our Government tells us are vital to health!

**MORNING ENERGY
BREAKFAST
SALE!**
NOW AT FOOD STORES



Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



DELIVERING FAST, CLOSE SHAVES"

"For the past three years my Shavemaster has had the toughest treatment imaginable. It served me faithfully and well in the jungles of Panama and on the frigid Alaska Highway. It is now performing perfectly in the United States, and will go with me on whatever assignment I now receive. It has required no attention and hasn't cost me a penny since I bought it. I call it an unflinching workhorse."

JACK G. SOMMER, St. Paul 5, Minn.

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS:—Keep your SHAVEMASTER fast and keen as the day it left the Factory

Men prefer Shavemaster for its exclusive, patented head that shaves close as a straight edge and faster—the choice of men who have tried all leading makes. The lightning-fast, hollow-ground oscillating cutter, pressed tight against the inner surface of the screened comb, gets the whiskers CLOSER and FASTER. Another advantage is the quick, efficient method of self-sharpening made possible by its patented construction. Ask your dealer about

the exclusive Sunbeam Compound that sharpens in a jiffy. If he hasn't a supply, send 25c direct to us and we'll ship at once. Also, if you need a new Comb and Cutter set (New Head) and there isn't a dealer available, send \$1.00. Although no Shavemasters are being made for the duration, we are permitted to make most repair parts. If you haven't a Shavemaster, buy a War Bond now for your Shavemaster later.



1 Put 1/2 inch of Compound on comb and run motor for a minute, rubbing in compound.



2 Rub comb and cutter in hot soapy water on the palm of your hand and rinse under faucet.



3 Dry and replace on Shavemaster, ready for use. Done in a jiffy—once every 2 or 3 months.



4 Then a fast, smooth, close shave—keen as a new shaver every time. New! Exclusive! Proved!

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago 50, Ill. • Canada: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

Garden Party (continued)



Chinese mission was present in persons of Colonel Chien, Mrs. Robert Huang and Lieut. Colonel Wang. The Davies arranged party especially for members of military missions because, unlike diplomats, they are too busy to get around much socially.



British and Russian military men—Field Marshal Sir John Dill and Commodore Ivan Yegorichev—chatted. Although guests naturally talked invasion, nobody asked Sir John about it because he was considered only one present who really knew date.



Davies family gathered—Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Tydings who is Mr. Davies' daughter, and Mr. Davies. Most awful moment of party came when a reporter showed up wearing same spectacular hat Mrs. Tydings wore.

"MOM..."

He was a thorn in their side . . .

All morning long, his accurate mortar fire kept them from forming up, smashed their supply trucks, broke the spearhead of their attack . . .

So, they went all out to get him . . .
And finally, a sniper shot him.

Then they laid down a cross fire that was death to defy. I know . . . because one of our men tried. But it was damned hard to lie there and hear him call "Mom" . . . and cry and call "Mom" again . . . like a kid who'd been hurt, he didn't know just how or why.

And all we could do was just lie there . . . and grind our teeth together and tighten our guts because each time he cried "Mom" . . . it tore out our insides.

When I couldn't stand it any more, I got up and ran . . .

And when they saw me coming and the Red Cross band of the Medical Corps on my arm, they held their fire until I knelt down beside him. I put a syrette into his arm and then another, and he relaxed and his head fell back and his eyes were still wide but I could tell he thought his mother was there by his side . . .

Listen, America . . .

Open your hearts, wives and daughters!
Open your pocketbooks, fathers! Give your blood, brothers and sisters! Give your money . . . give your work!

So the freedom you want . . .
So the country you want . . .

So the future you want . . .
Will be there when we come back.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks. All of us devoted 100% to winning this war . . . to speeding the peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when we'll build for you an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!



The Army-Navy "E" Award
awarded to
Nash-Kelvinator
Corp., Propeller
Division.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing

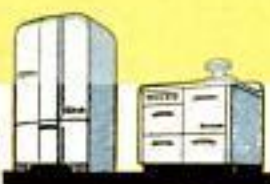
GIVE MORE HOURS!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!
GIVE MORE BLOOD!



NASH
AUTOMOBILES



KELVINATOR



REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES



“Our Daily Bread”

At this time when the American farmer is asked to produce food *and more food* for a world half-starved, an important means of increasing our food supply is being gathered together *from thin air . . . and a refinery “waste” . . . and petroleum gases . . .* and combined as potent fertilizer.

One of those modern fairy tales—“Science discovers?” Yes, but as real as barnyard manure to a farmer or Victory gardener who has learned, through experience, the practical value of AMMONIUM SULPHATE.

Shell scientists make ammonia from invisible hydrocarbon molecules which at one time were allowed to escape, in the form of gas, from oil wells and refineries—joining these precious molecules in “chemical wedlock” with good old breathing air. Result: ammonia.

An essential chemical tool in the refining of petroleum is sulphuric acid. Once used, it loses its value for this purpose. *It had to be thrown away . . .*

But waste, to a scientist, is the deadliest of the seven sins. The next step of Shell scientists was to save “used” sulphuric acid from the chemical scrap pile—put it to work with ammonia—and come out of this combination with crystalline, salt-like ammonium sulphate.

Applying it to the hungry earth is one of the easiest chores in a farmer’s year. And the reward, as it touches the soil with the magic of its nitrogen, is one of the surest. The fruit grows larger, sweeter. The garden plot awakens to new abundance. The grain pays out generously in extra bushels.

With Shell’s ammonium sulphate—re-

claimed from “nothing”—hundreds of thousands of American acres will this year do more than their share to ease the world’s hunger.

* * *

As a result of Shell Research, petroleum molecules may be contributing to your everyday life in many more ways than you think—from your breakfast fruit and cereal . . . to the cleansing cream and tooth paste which make you ready for “Good night.”



*First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy “E”—
Shell’s Wood River Refinery*



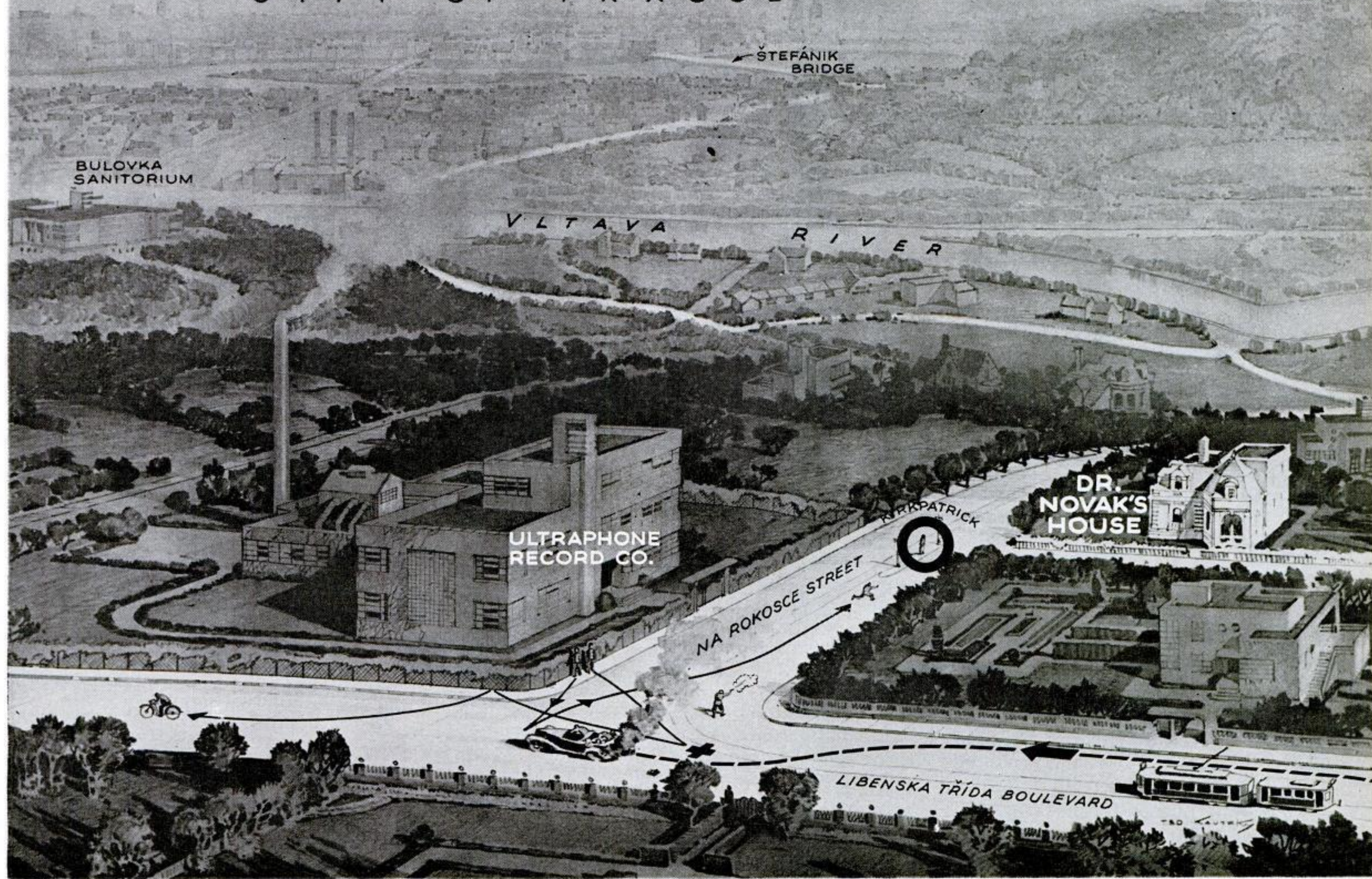
**SHELL
RESEARCH**

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow

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CITY OF PRAGUE



ASSASSINS LOUNGED BY FACTORY, WAITING FOR HEYDRICH'S CAR. ARROWS SHOW HOW THEY ATTACKED IT, THEN FLED. KIRKPATRICK SAW KILLING FROM STREETCAR ISLAND

HEYDRICH IN UNIFORM OF DEPUTY GESTAPO CHIEF

DEATH OF THE HANGMAN

An American student was sole eyewitness at killing of Reinhard Heydrich

by HAROLD KIRKPATRICK as told to GERALD FRANK and JAMES D. HORAN

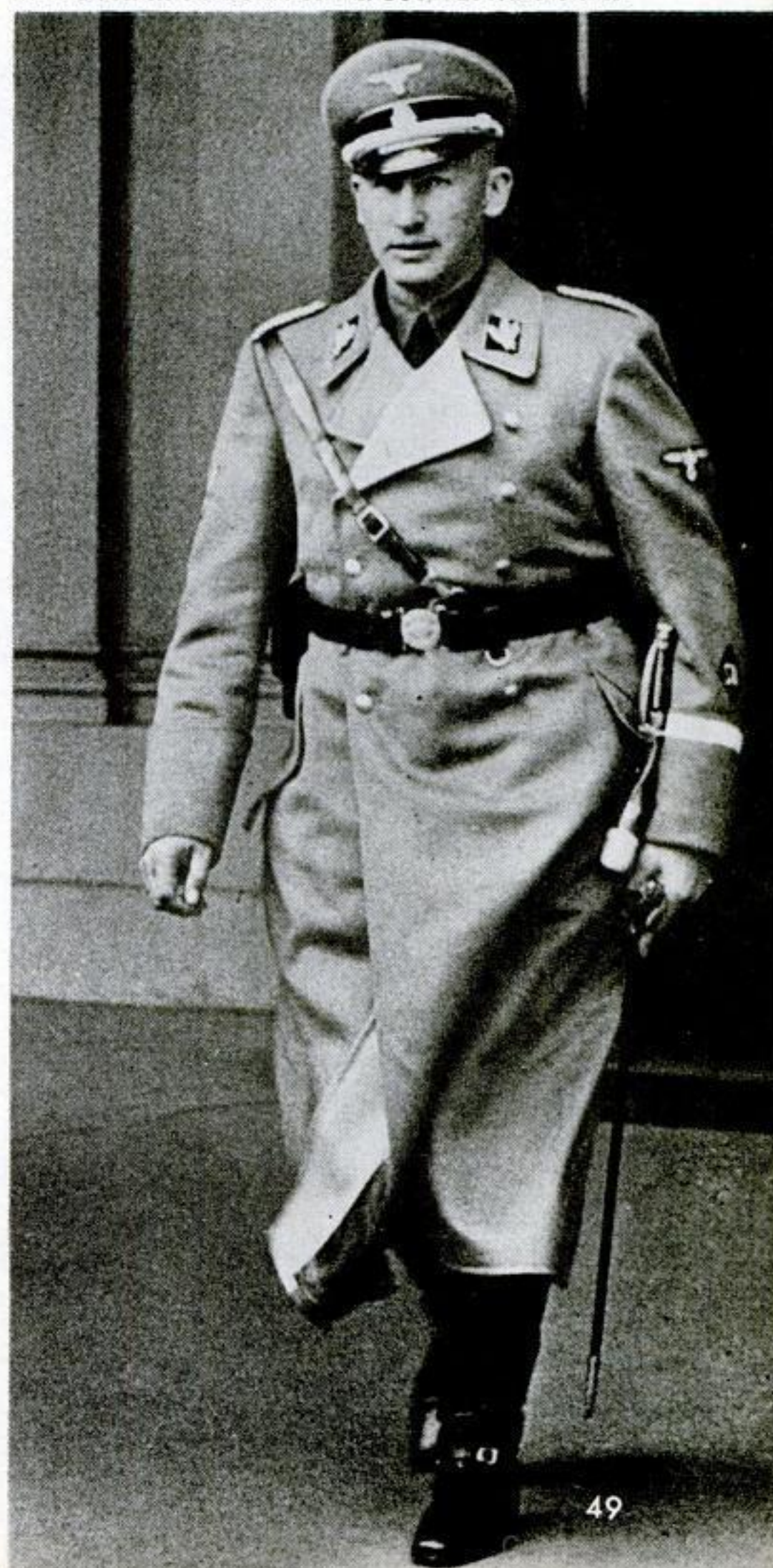
Reinhard Heydrich, the monstrous *Heydrich der Henker*—Heydrich the Hangman—Deputy Reich Protector of Bohemia-Moravia, was attacked and fatally injured by two assailants at 2:04 o'clock the afternoon of May 27, 1942, on the outskirts of Prague. For the death of this perverted sadist, second in power only to Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler and perhaps even more hated than he, the enraged Nazis unleashed reprisals which shook the world. They wiped out the village of Lidice; and that name alone must stand to haunt them to the end of time; they drenched all Czechoslovakia in blood and terror; they massacred and machine-gunned and executed thousands of innocent men, women and children.

I saw that assassination. I am the only eyewitness. The Nazis are still ignorant that such a witness exists. By merest chance I was less than 75 yards from the scene and saw it all—the waiting assassins, their sudden and violent attack with hand grenade and revolver, their escape. By merest chance I was not discovered. I most certainly would have been shot in that event, for not only was I an enemy alien, but circumstantial evidence might well have pointed unerringly at me as one of the murderers.

The story begins on Wednesday morning, May 27,

1942. I was living in Prague in a one-room apartment on the second floor of Sokolska 23, a modern apartment house not far from St. Wenceslaus Place, the great open square in the center of the city. About noon I left Sokolska 23 to go to the home of Dr. Alois Novak, a well-to-do physician to whom I gave English lessons. The details of that afternoon are clear and sharp even now. I remember how the city lay under a heavy midday pall of heat; the odor of garlic toast as I passed a small cafeteria, its doors thrown open; the screeching of brakes as tram No. 3 came to a halt where I waited at the northeast corner of St. Wenceslaus Place. Save for three or four housewives with shopping bags, the tram was empty. I sat back leisurely as the tram circled the square, wound its way through the old city and began crossing the ancient Štefánik bridge over the Vltava toward the Letná hill on way to Kobylisy.

Finally it turned into Na Rokosce street, a wide, beautiful avenue through which the tramway ran in the center, with space for traffic on either side. Dr. Novak lived in a magnificent villa built on a grassy knoll overlooking the avenue. Shortly before 1 o'clock I knocked on his door. The lesson went uneventfully. A few minutes after 2 o'clock I emerged from his home. I walked down the steps leading to the street and then crossed over to the tram stop, a



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

green island plot in the center of the avenue. The trams ran about every eight minutes. I glanced up the street. There was nothing in sight. I was late for lunch, I was hungry, and I waited impatiently for the tram to nose its way around the turn. As I did so I became aware of two men leaning against a fence at the intersection. They appeared to be waiting. Both wore trench coats. They stood there, idly. One carried a brief case.

In Prague one minds one's own business. I could not help wondering, however, why they were waiting *there*. The tram would not stop there. I dismissed them from my mind and waited. An Army lorry clattered by. Out of the corner of my eye I glimpsed a policeman strolling down the street. He disappeared around the corner.

Suddenly I heard the hum of an automobile. I recognized it immediately—probably an official Nazi car, one of those huge, sleek Mercedes in which Nazi officialdom raced through the city. It came into sight a moment later, a long black touring car, its tonneau down because of the heat, its S.S. flags flying in front. The sun gleamed on the jagged silver letters and was reflected in the highly polished chrome-plated headlights. The car slowed down almost to a crawl to negotiate the sharp turn. I made out four figures in the car, two in front, two in the rear.

Just as the automobile came completely into my line of vision, the two men suddenly came to life. One leaped in front of the car. It came to a dead stop. The other—the man with the brief case—leaped *behind* the car. His hand flashed into the case and out again. There was a terrific explosion.

The automobile seemed to leap from the ground. The rear of it dissolved into debris. I stared, unbelieving. It was like a scene from a gangster movie. The man in front was holding a revolver at arm's length, he was firing point-blank at the men in the front seat, but there was no sound of shots. He flung the gun away, dug into his trench coat and whipped out another revolver. He leaned far over the motor and fired twice—the two shots rang out distinctly—then backed away with maddening slowness, still holding the revolver, turned swiftly and ran. From the front seat of the automobile a figure now rose like a jack-in-the-box, vaulted over the side to the street. It was a man in uniform. He pulled a revolver from a holster and began firing at the fleeing man.

The killers escape

I stood without moving. They were racing toward me, pursuer and pursued, and as they came, a third figure detached itself from the cloud of dust settling about the rear of the automobile. It was the man with the brief case. He threw the case to the ground, ran to the fence, vanished for a moment, then emerged again, this time propelling a bicycle at his side with break-neck speed. As he gained momentum, he threw himself on the bicycle and vanished down the steep incline of Libenska Třída.

All this could not have taken more than five seconds. The two men, pursuer and pursued, were moving so slowly it seemed they had been caught by a slow-motion camera. They were 50 yards from me. Still I could not move. Now the assailant stopped, wheeled around, exchanged shots with his pursuer, then turned on his heel, ran about four paces and ducked into the narrow Rybná Ulice, leading up the hill. The uniformed man raced after him. Seconds later, I heard another exchange of shots. Then, silence.

I stared at the car. Nothing moved. A figure



Harold Kirkpatrick, 25, left Pomona in 1938 to study music in Prague. Interned, he returned on *Gripsholm* last March.

slumped over the driver's wheel. I thought I could make out a hand hanging limply over the side. The back of the car was indistinct.

Now, as from nowhere, figures of men began to appear, running toward the wrecked car. And at this moment my tram appeared around the corner. It turned the corner, it passed—without slowing—the wrecked automobile and continued toward me. It stopped at the island. I boarded it. Conductor and motorman were talking excitedly in the latter's cab. About half a dozen passengers were craning their necks to look back at the wrecked automobile. But no one evinced any curiosity to leave the tram and investigate. Curiosity was not healthy in Prague.

With a jerk the tram started. A large brown moving van with the letters "Veverka" painted in white on its sides, was lumbering up Na Rokosce street, moving in the opposite direction from us, moving toward the scene. The Czech policeman I had seen a few minutes ago suddenly leaped into view, blowing his whistle, signaling it to stop. It halted. The tram was carrying us farther and farther away from the bloody intersection; as we finally rounded a corner, the last picture I have is that of the policeman and the van driver struggling to lift two inert bodies from the wreckage of the Mercedes.

I sat back and took a deep breath. My heart was pounding. Now that it was over, I felt shaken. I had been eyewitness to a crime against a Nazi official. It was not an enviable position for a foreigner.

I had other lessons to give that day and I tried to forget what I had seen. But I heard many versions of the story as I made my rounds. The city was filled with rumors. It was no less than Heydrich himself who had been killed. No, he had not been killed, only wounded. He had been rushed to Bulovka sanatorium. Two hundred patients had been removed to make room for him. Hitler's own physician was flying down from Berlin. Heydrich was to have an emergency operation. Five men were in the plot; his own chauffeur had turned on him; he had been killed by his own jealous S.S. men. And so on, through the day.

At 5:30 that afternoon, vaguely apprehensive but fairly certain I had nothing to fear, I was on the No. 11 tram, bound for home. Near St. Wenceslaus Place the public-address system, made up of loud-speakers strung on the lamp-posts, unexpectedly roared into life with a fanfare of trumpets. There was an ear-deafening "*Achtung! Achtung!*"

The tram halted. All traffic froze. The people

stood motionless on the sidewalks, their sober faces turned up, listening. The anonymous voice of Nazidom spoke sternly:

"This afternoon an attempted assassination—" (so he was not dead!)—"took place on the person of Deputy Reich Protector of Bohemia-Moravia, S.S. *Obergruppenfuehrer* and General of Police Heydrich. As a result a state of siege is declared for the Province of Prague. A curfew of 9 p.m. is imposed. All places of amusement are closed thereafter. It is forbidden to assemble in groups of more than two. Armed German patrols will search the streets. Anyone who does not halt upon command will be instantly shot. All windows must be closed. All communication to and from Prague is stopped."

Again, a fanfare of trumpets.

"A reward of 10,000,000 crowns (\$235,000) will be assured those who by their aid permit the arrest of the guilty persons. Any person giving asylum to the authors of this attack, or, knowing them, does not denounce them, will be shot with his entire family."

Once more the trumpets blew. Then silence again.

The motorman clanged his bell. The crowds dispersed. We moved on. But it could not have been more than five minutes later that the loud-speakers came on again, and again we stopped. This time:

"Here follow the names of the persons who have been shot for publicly approving the attack upon the person of Deputy Reich Protector and General of Police Reinhard Heydrich. . . ."

The Nazi terror had begun. The names rolled out, first in German, then in Czech:

"Stehlik, Vaclav, born 1897, of Rokycany

"Nováková-Stehlikova, Růžena, born 1898, wife of latter

"Stehlik, Vaclav, born 1915, their son

"Stehlik, František, born 1925, their son. . . ."

For 15 long minutes the roll call of the dead sounded. In the tram the people were silent with horror. But now and then a gasp, an exclamation, "Oh, my God! Josef, my cousin Josef!" Or an anguished, "No! No! They dare not—"

The voice died out. The trumpets sounded and we moved on.

Police card links him to the crime

I was back at my apartment at 7 o'clock and turned on the radio immediately. They were repeating the list of those who had been executed. Once every two hours thereafter it was repeated. Every 15 minutes they reiterated their offer of a 10,000,000 crown reward. I snapped off the radio and for the next hour or so tried to immerse myself in the lessons I had to prepare for tomorrow.

Suddenly the realization flashed into my mind: this was Wednesday. I had forgotten to have my police card stamped! With a rush the full implications of that awful fact struck home. *On the day of the attempted murder I had deliberately avoided the police. The most cursory checkup would disclose that I was at the scene of the crime at the time of the crime. . . .* I sat there, thinking hard. Would they question Dr. Novak? Would he tell them I had been there, and when? If the Nazis searched my apartment, would they find anything that could possibly throw suspicion on me? A Czech army uniform was hanging in my closet. It had been given to me weeks before. I had taken it gratefully because good cloth was scarce and I had hoped to have it made into a suit. Now it hung there. I would have to get rid of it. On the table I used as a desk, I had a volume dealing with the navies of the world, and another dealing with the artilleries of the world. These, too, were harmless in themselves. But taken with an unstamped

Expect the biggest **THANK YOU** you ever received



**HIS STOMACH WILL SAY
THANK YOU**

What a difference—and what fun it is—when you see that devoted dog of yours is so wonderfully nourished that he just bubbles over with health and high spirits—all alive from nose to tail! No wonder that GAINES—The Complete Meal—is the largest-selling dog food throughout the U. S. A. Just see what GAINES MEAL gives your dog—to nourish him completely. Meat meal, cereals, milk nutrients, dehydrated vegetables, minerals and vitamins—and everything else that is needed to keep dogs happy and well!



**HIS TAIL WILL WIG-WAG
THANK YOU**

Gun dogs, police dogs, toy dogs, war dogs, terriers, spaniels, and hounds—thousands of dogs of all sizes and breeds being fed on GAINES today are licking their chops at mealtime as they've never been licked before. An actual survey tells the tale. Over 9 out of 10 dogs go for GAINES the very first time they try it! No wonder GAINES has been for years the stand-by of prize-dog breeders. No wonder veterinarians so earnestly recommend it. No wonder it's the largest-selling dog food in the nation!

YOU'LL SAY THANK YOU
So easy to feed—
Economical too.

Yes—this is the dog food—the identical brand big kennels have used for years—the dog food so highly praised by eminent veterinarians—the largest-selling dog food in America today. And yet this dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—keeps your cost of feeding way down! So at your dealer's—speak for GAINES. All you do is mix it with water and stir—and be ready for the biggest THANK YOU a dog owner ever received!



Just see the rewards when you feed
GAINES—THE COMPLETE MEAL
... stand-by of kennel men for years!

- 1. Complete nourishment.** A scientifically balanced formula combining meat meal, cereals, dehydrated vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins A, B₁, B₂, B₆, D, E, niacin and pantothenate... tested for adequacy, digestibility and easy assimilation.
- 2. Dogs like it.** And dogs don't tire of it. GAINES is America's biggest-selling dog food!

- 3. Easy to feed.** Merely mix it with water and stir.
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SPEAK FOR GAINES **THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS**

**After Shaving
MOST
MEN
USE**



- Here are the reasons why Mennen is the largest-selling man's talc:
- the perfect finishing touch
 - "hammerized" for smoothness
 - neutral tint, doesn't show on face
 - removes "face shine" after shaving
 - makes your skin look years younger
 - also use it all over body after bathing

Mennen Skin Balm, an after-shave preparation in cream form, quickly soothes irritated skin. Cooling and non-greasy. Use for sunburn, windburn...chapped hands...hot, tired feet.



A Novel Radio Program—"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights 7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT

DEATH OF THE HANGMAN (continued)

police card and my movements that day, they might form incriminating and circumstantial evidence of the most terrifying sort.

It was getting late now. Curfew was not far off. I could not possibly attempt to go to the police now. Almost automatically I rose, switched out the lights, saw that the windows were down and, standing to one side in the darkness, looked down into the street. It was a strange sight. The last stragglers were hurrying to get home before the 9 o'clock curfew. Everyone was moving—men, women and children—in one direction, away from the center of town. By 8:45 p.m. the streets were empty. As I watched I saw the first of the German patrols. They were squads of helmeted Wehrmacht soldiers in dusky green uniforms, rifles over their shoulders. They moved swiftly, overflowing the streets, spreading into the shadows, vanishing into homes and doorways of apartment houses. As I stood there trying to determine what to do first to clear myself, I became aware of a slow and steady beat! beat! beat! growing in intensity from the streets below. I peered into the darkness again. That sound was unmistakable: the beat of hobnailed boots on the cobblestones of St. Wenceslaus Place. Now red, flickering shadows played on the walls of buildings; and into view came marching boys, the vanguard of the Hitler *Jugend*, the Hitler Youth. There appeared to be thousands of them, boys in their teens, carrying hundreds of flaming torches. They marched in a weird silence. Black flags hung limply from hundreds of spears. The parade had formed somewhere in the old quarter; it wound through the main streets; it passed the National Theatre, through the Street of National Liberation, across St. Wenceslaus Place; in silence, save for the beat of marching feet, it passed the National Museum; it moved down Hoover boulevard, went by Wilson station, and disbanded, finally, in the small streets beyond.

It is difficult to convey the eerie and medieval quality of that spectacle that night. Usually the Hitler *Jugend* sings. They blow trumpets. For all their marching they are just boys aping their elders. But tonight they marched in silence, and frankly it was frightening. Now, under the beat of marching feet, I heard another note—the sound of doors pushed open noisily as Nazi soldiers broke into apartment houses, searching and questioning. Gruff orders: "Aufmachen!" Sharp demands: "Ihre Legitimation!" And now and then, the rumbling of police lorries as they carried off hapless Czechs to no one knew what awful end.

It was nearly midnight when I went to bed. I tried to sleep but I think there was little sleep for anyone, the guilty or the innocent, that first night of the first day of the terror.

He disposes of books and uniform

The news in the morning was no better. Prague radio was already blaring out new threats of reprisal against an ever-increasing passive resistance when I awoke. New names of those executed during the night were read off with appropriate martial music. I ate breakfast hurriedly. By 9 o'clock I had burned the books and with them the shoulder straps, the collar patches and the insignia on the uniform. Then I returned upstairs, wrapped the uniform carefully in a newspaper and took it to a tailor I knew. He immediately ripped it apart. That was that.

I went about my lessons. If they questioned me as to my police card, I would plead absent-mindedness. I had to carry on as normally as possible. All this second day the loud-speakers were busy, alternately pleading for cooperation and threatening violent reprisals if the Czechs did not immediately produce the assailants. By nightfall Prague was a silent city. Theaters were dark. Movie houses were shut. Stores were shuttered. The coffee houses were closed. Street lamps were dimmed. And everywhere the Nazis drilled home the lesson of their executions. Enormous placards appeared on bulletin boards throughout the city. They were flaming red posters with giant letters in black proclaiming the names of those—again entire families—who had been shot during the day for "publicly approving" the attack. The third day passed as the second. Heydrich still lived. More names appeared on the bulletin boards. New threats poured out of the loud-speakers. The Czechs, lips pursed tight, went about their business, vouchsafing nothing, promising nothing.

I called on my students as usual. At the home of one—Attorney Stefan Kalda—Mrs. Kalda, an attractive, gray-haired woman, herself answered the door. She was almost hysterical. Her husband had not been home for two nights. As a friend of the family would I, could I, go for her to Gestapo headquarters at the Petschek Bank, Bredovská 18, and see if I could obtain some news of him. If any sum of money was involved, she said, I could go as high as 500,000 crowns if I thought it would help. I hesitated, feeling that the farther I stayed from the Nazi police, the better; then I decided it might

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

It hasn't come to this yet, but...



No, it hasn't quite come to this at the Statler Hotels.

But with our houses more crowded than ever, and a good percentage of our guests engaged in war work, there's naturally a heavy strain on our telephone switchboard.

With many of our skilled employees in the Armed Forces, there are occasional delays in one type of service or another.

And also, we'll admit, a *very* occasional slip-up.*



Which brings us smack up against a hard fact of wartime life:

There just are not enough rooms available to accommodate everybody who wants one.

But wartime travelers can ease this situation and help each other tremendously by observing these "3 Golden Rules":

- 1—Reserve rooms well in advance, specifying hour of arrival and date of departure.**
- 2—Cancel unwanted rooms promptly.**
- 3—Release rooms as early as possible on day of departure.**

For your own convenience . . . join the "Golden Rule" Club!

*But ask any man who travels these days, and he'll tell you that Statler rooms, food, and service are well above average, and well worth seeking . . . as they always have been.

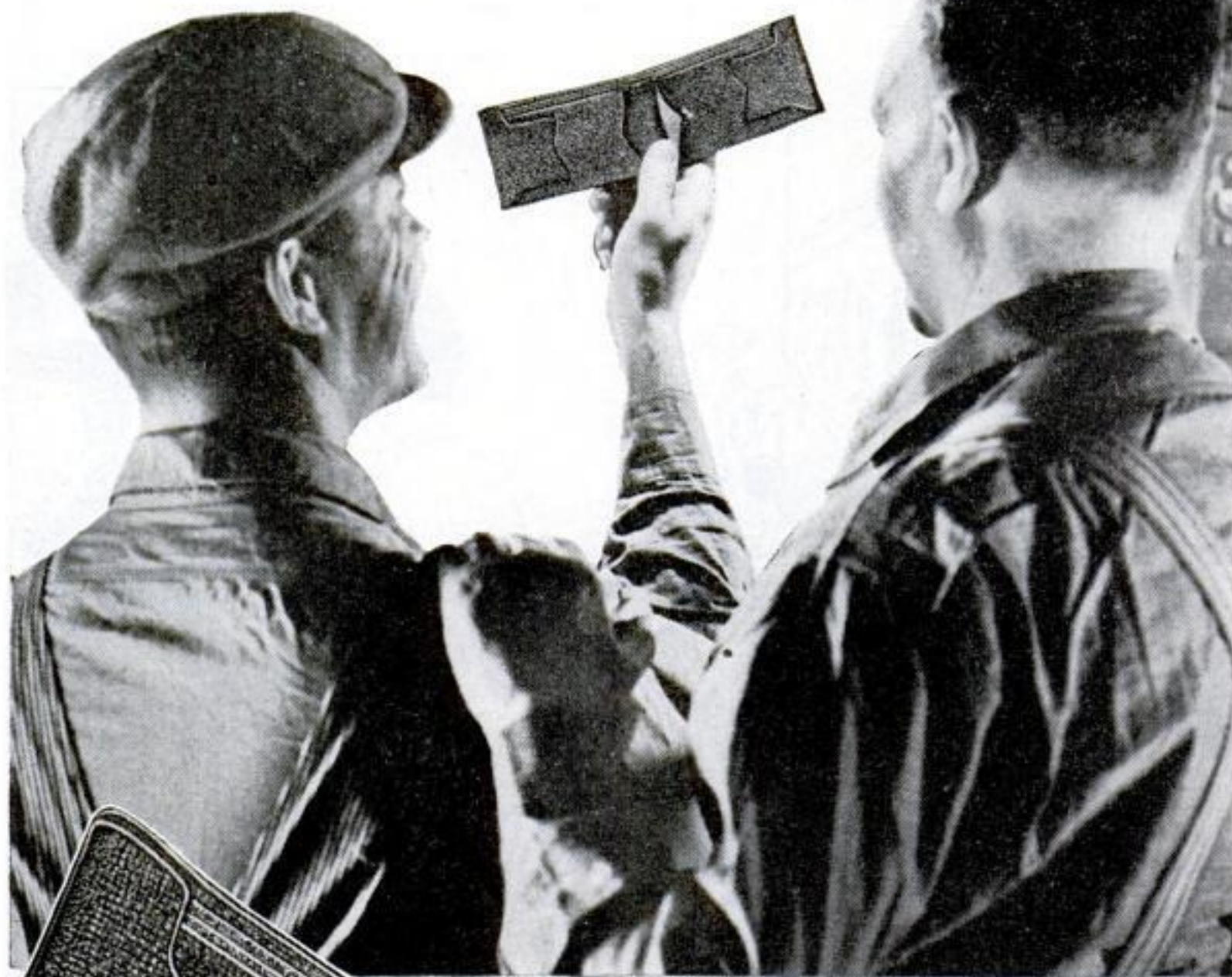
YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS



HOTELS STATLER IN				STATLER OPERATED	
BOSTON \$3.85	BUFFALO \$3.30	CLEVELAND \$3.00	HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85	HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85	
DETROIT \$3.00	ST. LOUIS \$3.00	WASHINGTON \$4.50	NEW YORK	PITTSBURGH	

Rates Begin At Prices Shown

It's STITCHLESS...



—no thread for grease
and sweat to rot!

"Three-Way"
Stitchless in
India Goat—\$5.00 + tax

OUR GUARANTEE—If any stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather wears out, it will be replaced FREE

THERE'S no other billfold like a stitchless Buxton. It depends on neither stitches nor glue to hold together! Instead, it's made of ONE PIECE of leather, self-interlocked together.

You see, most billfolds are simply stitched together with thread—and wet, sweat, day-after-day of hard usage rips or rots stitches.

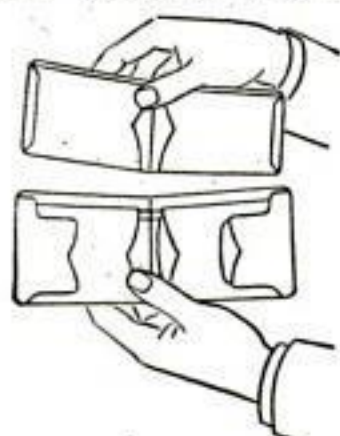
Naturally, for the fighting man—whether in the factory or on the

front—the one and only billfold to give is the *patented stitchless Buxton*.

See a Buxton at the better leather-goods counters in your city . . . Buxton, Inc., 4452 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass., or Dept. L, 47 West 34th Street, New York 1, N.Y.

If your dealer is sold out of Buxton Stitchless Billfolds don't blame him . . . they are the first choice of so many of his customers.

A secret pocket helps you save War Bond Money. Lift the inner-fold out—see how the Buxton "3-Way" is *three* billfolds for the price of *one*!



1. The secret pocket made by simply tucking the open side down is a perfect hideout for bond money and stamps . . . or to keep large bills from prying eyes. 2. You can use this wafer-thin inner-fold separately for evening wear. 3. You have a regular "pocket file"—3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones!

BUXTON *STITCHLESS*
(SELF-INTERLOCKED)

DEATH OF THE HANGMAN (continued)

be even wiser to appear as an obviously carefree young American who strode in where others feared to tread.

I went to Bredovská 18. It is a huge, ornate building, with tile floors and rich finishings. I was ushered before a Nazi official. I introduced myself and explained my mission. He stared at me.

"Are you a relative?"

"No. Just a tutor in the family."

"Why doesn't Mrs. Kalda come herself?" he asked, toying with a pencil.

I said she was very nervous and felt unequal to the task.

"I suppose she is a loyal Czech?" he pursued, idly drawing little circles on a pad before him.

This was self-explanatory. The Gestapo could be placated by a substantial contribution to the *Winterhilfswerk*—the WHW or Winter Relief Organization. This purported to be a community fund for needy Czechs. Actually, its moneys were turned over to the Nazis for the manufacture of munitions.

"I am empowered to contribute 500,000 crowns to the WHW on Mrs. Kalda's behalf," I said.

The Nazi lifted his eyebrows and allowed himself a thin smile.

"Very well," he said. "Tell Mrs. Kalda when she comes tomorrow to bring her receipt with her."

Mrs. Kalda paid the money. They refused to give her definite information about her husband but agreed, when she called the following day, to let her send him a change of clothes. She returned home, packed a small suitcase and carried it to Bredovská 18. They gave her her husband's old suit and sent her away.

She could do no more than wait.

Monday afternoon I received a telephone call from Josef Nový who had studied voice with me months earlier. "Be good enough to meet me at Kampa at 8 p. m.," he said cryptically, and hung up. Kampa is a well-known quay of the Vltava River near the Charles Bridge. I had not seen much of Josef, but despite the unexplained brevity of his call I met him. He came out of the shadows and I was startled to see how haggard he appeared. He told me briefly what had happened: he had been picked up by the Nazis. He had been questioned about Heydrich. Apparently he had convinced them he knew nothing. "Have you any money you can spare?" he demanded of me suddenly. "I need it badly." I gave him some, and he told me what had happened after that.

A Nazi experiment

"I was taken to work on the estate of ———," he said. "They put me to work in the gardens. Then they removed me to the Terezín (a prison in Eastern Bohemia in which Jews from Prague are now interned). After a while I was selected with about 20 men, whom I recognized as fellow workers in the gardens. They took us to another part of the prison. They gave us injections with hypodermic needles." He shook his head. "They were physicians, they were dressed all in white, but I do not know what was in the hypodermics. Then we were given gas masks and told to put them on. We were led into a large bare room lined on all four sides with low wooden benches. It was like a steam room, but there were no steam pipes, only a single large pipe in one corner. We were ordered to sit on the benches. Then they left us and the door was closed.

"I don't remember much after that. I do remember becoming dizzy and sick to my stomach. Once I thought I saw eyes staring at me from peepholes in the wall, but that might have been my imagination. Two men fell off their benches. They lay on the floor. None of us got up to help them. We sat as though paralyzed. After a long time the door swung open and the doctors came in. They removed our masks. The fresh air was wonderful. We were given careful examinations. The doctors listened to my heart and spent much time examining my throat and my eyes. The two men who fell to the floor still lay there. Not until later did I learn they were dead.

"Then we were taken from the prison and back to the gardens. The guards at the gardens told us they were using us as guinea pigs for chemical gas experiments." Again Nový shook his head. "I don't understand it," he said. "The guards were easy on us. I escaped. And so I am here."

In the days that followed I heard other stories to verify my friend Nový's. Men were being picked up, ostensibly as hostages in the Heydrich investigation, and if they managed to escape punishment were used as human guinea pigs. Apparently there was no limit to the terror.

Early Wednesday morning I had my ordeal and passed it with amazing ease. I went to the office of the *Fremden Polizei*. I took my place in the line of aliens. Fortunately for me, the official in charge

was impatient. When my turn came I presented my card but held it so that my right thumb concealed the unstamped space. He scarcely looked at the card. He glanced swiftly at me, studied my credentials for a moment and then stamped the card.

I left the building with a sense of immense relief.

On the eighth day the radio announcer made a slight alteration of his warning of reprisals and his demands for the culprits. Instead of speaking of the "assailants" of Heydrich, he used the word "assassins."

Heydrich was dead. The date was June 4.

The Nazis plunged the entire city into mourning for his funeral service on June 7. The funeral itself was spectacular. Royalty could not have boasted a longer cortege nor a more majestically moving procession of automobiles, complete to the military, the black-uniformed Elite guards, the German Storm Troopers. Leading the procession was an artillery caisson bearing a magnificent casket with the swastika draped over it. Behind this, marching with slow step, moved Hitler youths bearing Heydrich's military decorations on pillows of black velvet.

Between May 28, the day after the attack on Heydrich, and July 3, 1942, 1,288 persons were executed by the Nazis. Between July 4 and Dec. 31 of that year an additional 652 paid with their lives. These names were officially announced; they were officially published. I read them. Yet they do not include the thousands who were arrested on the streets or shot in concentration camps.

Of the 1,288 persons killed in the first period, 753 were listed by name. The rest were announced as total figures without names. The professions of 294 men were given as follows: 65 clerks, 57 civil high-ranking servants, 46 army officers, 31 schoolteachers, 20 university professors, 15 attorneys, 15 businessmen, 11 architects, 9 physicians, 8 university students, 8 judges, 3 journalists, 3 writers, 3 clergymen. In the case of 361 men, who were actually factory workers and farmers, the occupations were unnamed. This was significant; for while the Nazis made a point of naming the members of the intelligentsia whom they executed—as a mark of their contempt for it—they refrained from naming the workers lest there be a concerted reaction.

At this late date I do not know why I was fortunate enough to escape questioning after the Heydrich attack. Perhaps the luck which saw me safely through a Europe torn by war was with me to the end. Apparently Dr. Novak was never questioned. Even when I was interned no embarrassing questions were asked. The fact that my police card was not stamped—and still remains unstamped—for May 27, 1942, the day of Heydrich's assassination, never became an issue in all the investigations and examinations I underwent before I finally went aboard the *Gripsholm* bound for the U. S.

I hope someday to return to Prague. It is my second home. And the terror of the days and nights following the attack on Heydrich is symbolized in my mind by many scenes. The Hitler *Jugend* marching that first night with their flickering torches; the faces of the Czechs on the tram as the names of those they knew were pronounced in the roll call of death; the eyes of Nový, as he spoke of the Nazi torture chamber; and the surge of pity I feel even now as I remember the day I learned that Mrs. Kalda received—for all her agony, her fortune, her hope—only an urn containing her husband's ashes.

The Czech motto is "*Pravda Vítězí!*"—"Truth Prevails!"

And prevail it must!



At Berlin funeral, guard bore coffin through Reich Chancellery, where Hitler awarded Order of German Eagle posthumously. Gestapo honored him by killing thousands.

Say! That's quite a shirt . . .
the collar looks starched but isn't!

It's a Van Heusen—
No other shirt in the
world like it!



Van Heusen Shirts

Give your neck
a break!

● Right! There's no other shirt like the Van Heusen white shirt — because no other shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar that *looks* starched but isn't . . . that can't wilt or wrinkle . . . that's woven to fit the neck, with the foldline woven in so it always irons right. Ask your dealer for Van Heusen Shirts in patterns and colors too. Sanforized and laundry-tested, \$2.25 and up. Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y.

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS
COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR





STANDING BY ROW OF P-405, 11TH AIR FORCE FIGHTER PILOTS WAIT TO TAKE OFF FOR MISSION AGAINST KISKA. THE PLANES ARE AT EDGE OF TAXI STRIP IN DISPERSAL AREA



NOW IN MUFTI, PLEISSNER WAS CAPTAIN IN ALEUTIANS

AIRMEN IN THE ALEUTIANS

War artist paints bleak everyday life at western tip of island chain

Exactly a year ago Ogden Pleissner visited Adak and Amchitka to make the preliminary sketches for the paintings shown on these pages. At the time the Japanese were still entrenched on nearby Kiska and life on the islands centered around operations against them. There are no Japanese in the Aleutians today, but activity on Adak and Amchitka has not lessened.

Before the war Ogden Pleissner was best known as a painter of western landscapes. In 1942 he was

commissioned as an official war artist by the Army Air Forces and traveled for them last year to the Aleutians. Before he could finish paintings from his Aleutian sketches in the U.S., he was released from the Army because of the Congressional vote against further appropriations for Army war art. Hired by LIFE, as were many other artists who were in the same boat, he was able to finish the project. Now he is again on his way to a war zone, this time for LIFE.

CHOW LINE FORMS OUTDOORS ON ADAK. MEN ARE MOSTLY GROUND TROOPS PREPARING FOR OCCUPATION OF KISKA. MOUNTAINS APPEAR IN DISTANCE THROUGH A LIGHT FOG





IN AMCHITKA AIRFIELD DISPERSAL AREA, B-25 MEDIUM BOMBERS STAND ON STEEL MATTING LAID OVER THE GRAY ALEUTIAN MUD. IN THE SKY AT THE RIGHT ARE TWO P-38S



CREWMEN OF HEAVY BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON STUDY MAP (CENTER) WHILE WAITING FOR WEATHER TO LIFT. ARMORER STANDING ON TOP OF PLANE TINKERS WITH GUNS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Yellow-nosed P-38 on Amchitka fighter strip was sketched by Pleissner just before it took off to raid Kiska, occupied by Japanese at the time. In front of plane pilot puts on a Mae West.



Crash landing on Adak half buries P-38 in mud. Pilots are often forced to make landings on tundra when weather closes in over the fields. The plane is decorated with two Japanese flags.



Liberator waits with inboard motor going on taxi strip leading to main runway. Below, P-40s stand in dispersal area of Amchitka fighter field which was built on drained shallows of lagoon.



Returning to field on Adak after raiding Kiska, B-25s spiral down through fog. Ground crews standing on embankment are "sweating in" planes as fog pours down the valley, threatening to



blot out the runway entirely. The plane in middle distance is moving down taxi strip while another comes in from left through mist. Fogs like this have been clocked in 17 minutes from

the first wispy presentiments to impenetrable, palpable pea soup. The B-24s in foreground have been dug into a huge revetment which has been carved out of bluff rising from the valley.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Swarming activity begins immediately as the fog creeps away from medium bomber field on Adak. Three planes have already started down to runway on taxi strip at left (*the tail of one appears over embankment*). Planes waiting to leave in foreground and at right are standing in

shallow, steel-floored revetments. Banks protect them from flying bomb fragments in case of a Japanese air raid. The yellow bombs at left of revetment in foreground have been dispersed and partly buried, also as raid precaution. In June, when Artist Pleissner made sketches for



these paintings, fogs were worse than in winter. Moist air which rolls up to Aleutians over warm Japan Current encounters cold air coming down from Bering Sea, condenses into clouds and fog. On Adak, which is rocky and mountainous, fogs drift down the mountainsides. On

flat Amchitka it simply materializes in a blanket. Even in comparatively good weather when horizon is light and clear, typical Aleutian sky has dark clouds hanging overhead. This gives Aleutians strange, brooding light effects which are different from any other place in the world.

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Tents and Quonset huts are home to heavy-bombardment squadron on Adak. Tents, like planes, have been dug in and revetted with earth-filled gasoline drums and sandbags. Each tent shows stove chimney. In the distance, the inevitable fog hangs over slate-blue mountain.

Heavy bombers take off for first American raid on Japanese naval base of Paramushiro in the Kurile Islands. Road of bluish brown volcanic mud in the foreground leads down to harbor. Under flights of planes going over horizon is smoking volcano on another island.





Lost, a lawyer...gained, a great conductor:

Rodzinski

• Vienna—1915—Artur Rodzinski, student, received his degree in law. The fates smiled, for music, not law, was his destiny. Even then music filled every spare moment—soon it filled his life!

From work with small choral groups, to the brilliant leadership of world-famous orchestras in Paris...Budapest...Vienna... Artur Rodzinski followed his muse from triumph to triumph. Vienna had lost a lawyer—the world had gained a truly great conductor!

In America—as guiding spirit of the great Cleveland Orchestra for many years—and now, as permanent conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, he has long been a vital force in the music of our time.

His readings have the fire, sweep, and power

of genius! Many of his greatest performances with the Cleveland Orchestra are yours to enjoy on Columbia Records. Hear Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture and the Sibelius Finlandia, played with new vividness, new impact... Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, conducted with complete authority—complete understanding... Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, lifted to rare heights of moonlit gaiety.

Artur Rodzinski records *exclusively* on Columbia Records—the only records with the Sensitone-Surface. These records are laminated—pressed in layers! This lamination process makes possible greater durability, richer tone, and amazing new freedom from surface noise. On Columbia Masterworks, *Great Music is More Faithfully Yours!*

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Basil Rathbone with Stokowski conducting the All-American Orchestra: Prokofiev's delightful fantasy *Peter and the Wolf*. Set M-MM-477 . . . \$3.50
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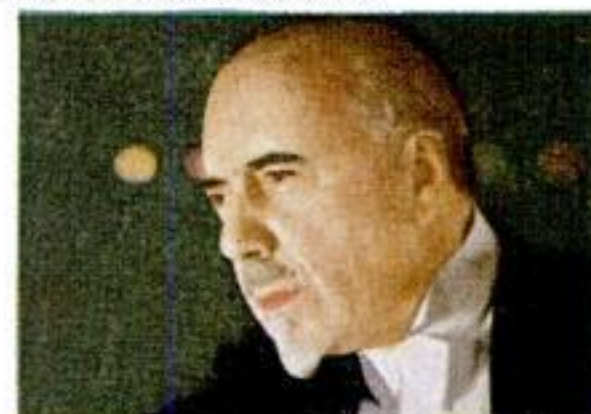
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Charles Kullman (Tenor) with Thorborg (contralto) acc. by Walter cond. Vienna Phil. Orch.: *Das Lied von der Erde* (Mahler). M-MM-300 . . . \$7.50
Handel's *Largo* (*Xerxes*) and Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria*; 9143-M . . \$1.00



Ethel Bartlett & Rae Robertson (Duo-pianists): in a brilliant performance of Brahms' *Variations on a Theme of Haydn*. Set X-MX-181 . . . \$2.50
En Blanc et Noir (Debussy); superb readings. Set X-MX-241 . . . \$2.50



Sir Thomas Beecham cond. the Philh.-Symph. Orch. of N.Y. in Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony No. 4 in A Major, Op. 90. Set M-MM-538 . . . \$4.50
Pelleas and Melisande, Op. 46; Sibelius' Symphony No. 7. Set M-MM-524 . . \$3.50



Three Hundred Thousand Strong!

It's hard to get three hundred thousand Army trucks into any kind of picture. They take up as much room as several million soldiers...Of course they are now scattered all over the world behind the battle lines and on the fighting fronts. They range from the husky six-wheeled **BIG SHOT** down to the smaller weapons carriers and command reconnaissance

cars. They include thirty thousand ambulances—official Army vehicles of medical rescue on practically every front...All of these Army trucks are direct descendants of the famous Dodge (job-rated) trucks of peacetime. Great has been the honor to Dodge of serving the Army in such a large and vital way. And great, also, is the responsibility!

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS
TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E. W. T.



"MODEL MOTHER" IS MRS. ROBERT B. PETTS (GRACE HORTON) WHOSE FACE HAS BEEN ON MANY MAGAZINE COVERS. SON RICHARD IS 15 MONTHS OLD. HUSBAND IS A SEABEE

MODEL MOTHERS

HERE ARE FAMILY POSES OF SOME PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES WHO HAVE FOUND THAT HAVING A BABY IS FINE FOR THEIR CAREERS

Having babies is no hindrance to the careers of the professional models who make a good living displaying their pretty faces and fine figures for photographers and illustrators. Motherhood, in fact, seems to help them. According to John Robert Powers and Harry Conover, heads of the leading model-bookings agencies in New York, being a mother usually improves a girl's disposition, her attitude towards her work, her looks and even her figure.

Of the nearly 400 girls who are registered at these

agencies, more than 50% are married and about half of these are mothers. Most of them take up modeling between the ages of 16 and 19 and consider it an excellent step to matrimony. They marry at about 20 and have their first babies before they are 24. A good model makes a minimum of about \$4,000 a year; a few topnotchers make up to \$18,000. Age, not babies, is their nemesis. It usually forces them to retire when they are between 27 and 30.

A model who is going to have a baby frequently

works through her first four or five months of pregnancy. Those who specialize in head-only poses—for cosmetic, jewelry, dentifrice, perfume, hat and hair pictures—sometimes work up to the time of delivery. From three to six months after baby is born, many a model mother is once again facing a camera or a sketching artist.

On the cover and on this and the following pages LIFE presents the photographs of 11 familiar, professional models in unfamiliar and unprofessional poses.



Mrs. Eugene Cronin Jr. is a hazel-eyed brunette who is known professionally as Sabina. Her maiden name was Sabina Weber. Married in 1941, she has a 20-month-old daughter, Sabina III.

Her husband is a lieutenant in the Navy, now somewhere in the Pacific. A versatile model, Sabina can look girlish, sporty, sophisticated or sireny depending on the clothes she is wear-

ing. She occasionally has to get her mother or aunt to mind the baby while she goes off to work. Sabina III did some modeling for *Vogue Pattern Book* when she was four months old.



Mrs. Saul Vogel is sleek Bijou Barrington whose phenomenal success as a fashion model started after the birth of her son Bobby nearly 3 years ago. Bijou commands top rates—\$15 an hour or \$70 a day—and is often booked solid for weeks in advance.



Mrs. Emerson Dickman Jr. is Connie Joannes whose husband, a former Boston Red Sox pitcher, is now an instructor in Navy. With a son 18 months old, another baby due, Connie is as beautiful as when she toured country in 1941 as the "Coty girl."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WINNER
by a nose!

HE HAS
PIPE
APPEAL *

PRINCE ALBERT
WEDS RICHNESS
TO MILDNESS.
(Smoke happily
ever after)

THAT extra smile women have for the man who smokes a pipe... Match it with the personal joy of true Pipe Appeal — Prince Albert's EXTRA RICHNESS with EXTRA MILDNESS... prize team for smooth, cool, comfort smokes. Choice tobacco specially treated for extra tongue-ease. Packs proper; draws free 'n' easy; helps right "caking." It's crimp cut. Naturally Prince Albert outsells 'em all... it's the brand famed for Pipe Appeal.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



AND WHY? Well, just like girls here at home—English girls are surrounded by fine, smooth-looking Barbasol Faces, the wonderful kind you read about. Yes, Barbasol is by far and away the most popular shave with American men around the world, as it is right here at home. Because it's the shaving cream supreme—supreme for taming whiskers, soothing skin and turning out those famously handsome Barbasol Faces.



LOOK IT OVER, sir! Sure, there's bound to be many imitations of the genuine article. But remember, *there's only one Barbasol*—a quicker, cooler, sweeter shave with any kind of water—finer protection for your skin in any kind of weather. Try brushless Barbasol and see how marvelously true this is. In tubes or jars. Large size 25¢; giant size 50¢; family size 75¢.



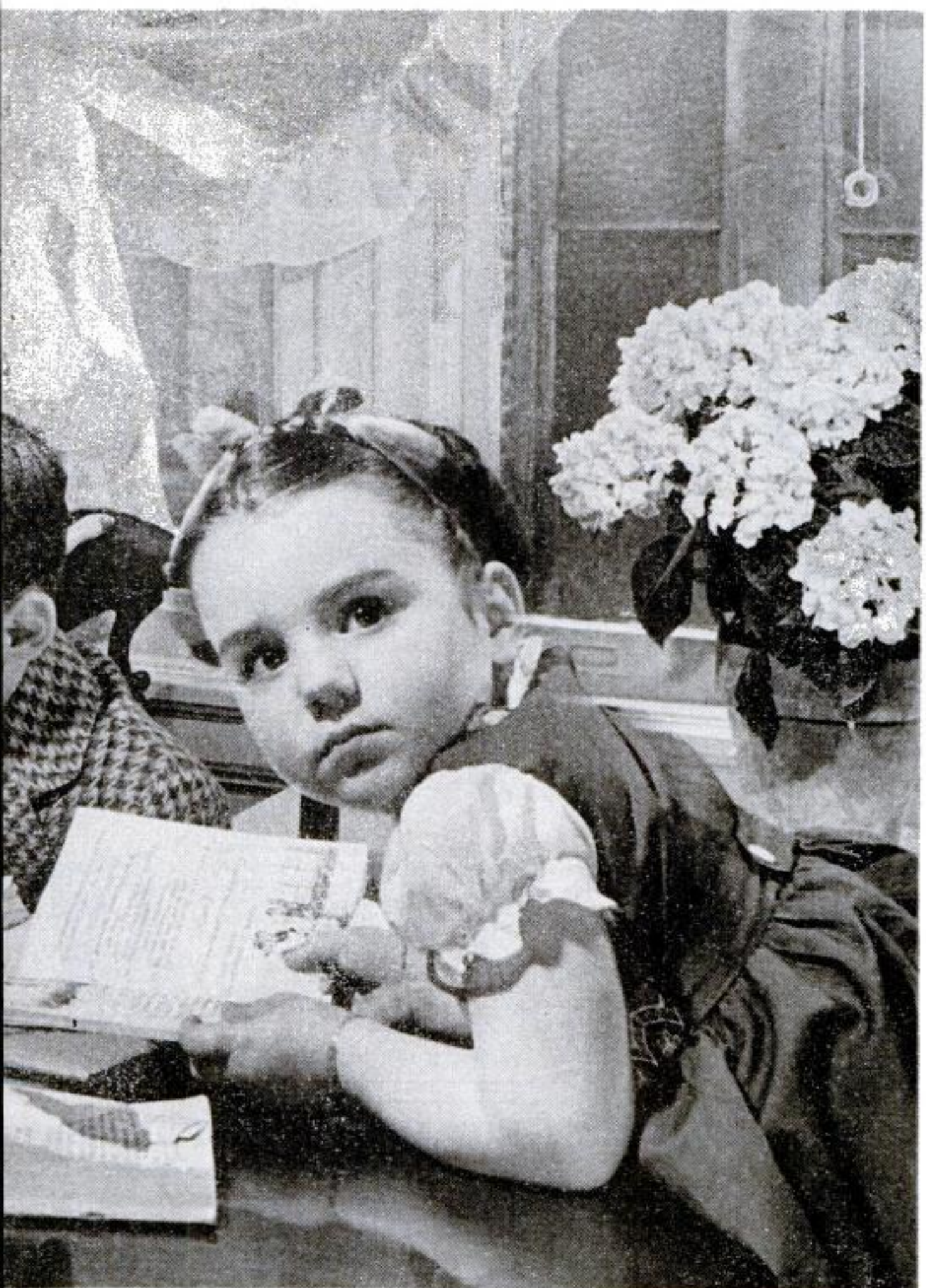
Mrs. Eugene McCauliff is long-legged Kay Hernan. Her son Eugene III is 18 months old. Her husband is a chemist. Since she became a mother, Kay's rates have jumped from \$10 to \$15. She has a nurse for baby but does her own housework and cooking.



Mrs. R. J. Riordan is Francine Counihan, sister of famous model Anita Colby and wife of a supervisor who works in a Brooklyn shipyard. Last year Francine went to Hollywood to appear in the movie *Cover Girl*. Columbia Pictures kept her there for



Mrs. Jut Kent, who is Carol Kent, has an 8-month-old son Jon. Her husband is in the artificial flower business. Carol's modeling specialty is making funny, but attractive faces. Once a week, on the nurse's day off, she stays home with Jon and enjoys it.



six months and she resigned four times because she wanted to get back to her children, 7½-year-old Bobby and 3½-year-old Lynn. She eats breakfast with them every morning and often refuses bookings which will keep her away from them after 5 p.m.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Remember this One?

SALESMAN: "But sir, this *B.V.D. is three sizes too large for you!"

MAN: "It'll fit me when I get home — I'm a much bigger man in my home town than I am around here!"



*B. V. D. AND *RUGGERS ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE B. V. D. CORPORATION

A P.D.Q. MESSAGE ON B.V.D.

Today B.V.D. makes a whole line of style-setting men's apparel. Look at that handsome *Ruggers Freedom Shirt below — look at the fine tailoring, the smart lines! You can wear this shirt to work — wear it while relaxing, too! The famous B.V.D. label now brings you top quality in leisure-wear as well as underwear!

YES SIR, TODAY IT'S B.V.D. FOR

*Clothes that work
Overtime!*

Mulberry *Ruggers Shirt by B.V.D.

It's c-o-o-l, it's l-i-g-h-t, it's all-rayon! Wear it with a tie — or open at the neck. Three summer shades of tan. Tested and guaranteed washable by the American Institute of Laundering.
Short sleeves, \$3.00
Long sleeves, \$3.50



MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"

UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

Good riddance to this household pest!
He'll get a long and well-earned rest;
Once sprayed with piney Bug-a-boo,
He won't come back to bother you!



ATTACHMENT OF A FRIEND OF MOTHER
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
if DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



SUPER INSECT SPRAY

Put pests to rout with a spray gun filled with pleasant-smelling, piney Bug-a-boo. It's easy to use—economical, too. Rids you of flies, ants, roaches, mosquitoes and other nuisances—won't damage walls, furniture, draperies or clothes. Far exceeds U. S. Department of Commerce minimum requirements for an AA grade insect spray. Ask for it by name at your favorite store.

Also: Bug-a-boo Moth Crystals and Bug-a-boo Victory Garden Spray

**G'BYE BOYS,
IT'S—
Bug-a-boo**



The Sign the Nation Knows



Mrs. Robert Davis is Bettina Bolegard whose cameo-like face makes even zany hats look elegant. She lives with her writer-husband, mother and 5-year-old son Noel at Avon by the Sea, N. J., often gets up at 7 a.m. to keep her New York appointments.

*Even if you must skimp
on House Cleaning time...*

*Don't Skimp on
Health Protection*

**...MAKE YOUR HOME
CLOROX-CLEAN!**



WHY TAKE CHANCES!
"When it's
CLOROX-CLEAN
it's hygienically
clean!"

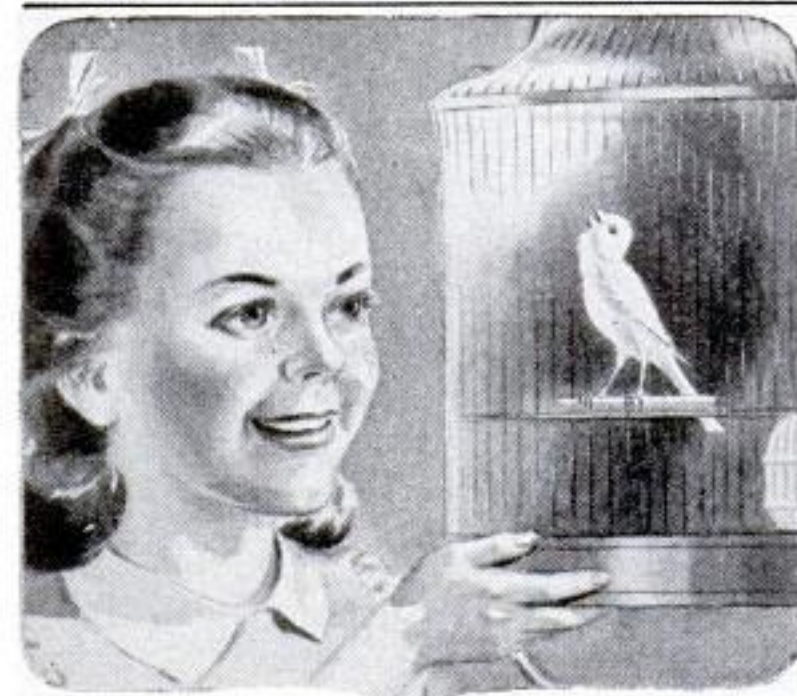
EVEN when house cleaning time is limited there should be no slackening of sanitary measures. Keeping healthy is more necessary than ever now that there are fewer civilian doctors. Clorox easily provides greater home health protection in routine cleansing of tile, enamel, linoleum, wood surfaces, for Clorox disinfects; also deodorizes, removes stains. In addition Clorox gently bleaches white cottons and linens and brightens fast colors. Simply follow directions on the label.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND
HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS

Copyright 1944, Clorox Chemical Co.



FOR HER BIRTHDAY

Give a Canary
"The Singing Pet"

So perky, lively and cheerful, a canary will find a warm place in the heart of any boy or girl. These little songsters are perfect gifts... living gifts that keep on giving joy and companionship to brighten the home. So for her birthday, present her with a canary. "The Only Pet That Sings!"



LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

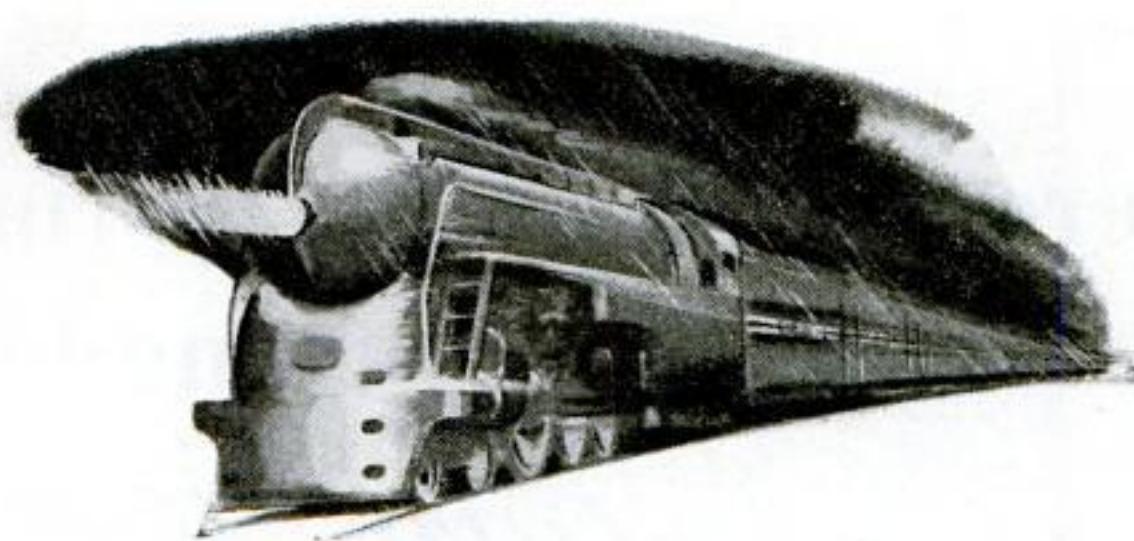
TOOTHACHE?
QUICK • SAFE • RELIEF



Complete aid in one package. Will not blister... safe for child or adult—fast acting. Millions sold. Keep on hand for emergencies. Only 25¢, all druggists.
JIFFY TOOTHACHE DROPS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

**"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night
stops these couriers from the swift completion of
their appointed rounds."**
Herodotus



Traveling on a POSTAGE STAMP

NOT ONE of the passengers aboard the 20th Century Limited ever sets foot here. This car is reserved for wartime travelers of a different kind... tiny V-mail... important business letters... registered envelopes packed with war contracts and blueprints... all part of the three billion pieces of mail that speed each year over New York Central.

Hour after hour, as the Century bores through the night, deft-fingered postal clerks

sort this cargo of "preferential mail." And tomorrow, on arrival, the pouches and sacks will be ready for immediate forwarding or delivery.

Winter or summer, through storm or fair weather, these "post offices on wheels" provide lowest cost transportation for 96% of the nation's vast mail tonnage. A vital war service of American railroads today. A service that will be still swifter and more efficient aboard the finer, faster trains of tomorrow.

**How 3 billion pieces of
wartime mail a year
speed over the
Water Level Route**

MILE-A-MINUTE SORTING

Pouches with mail from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries are dumped on this table for sorting. Here, highly trained clerks work through the night as their car speeds east or west over New York Central's Water Level Route.

WAITING "OPENMOUTHED"

These racks hold bags open. Clerks become expert at tossing mail into the openmouthed sacks as they sort it.

LAST BAG ABOARD!

Just before the Century pulls out, several bags of last-minute mail are collected from the mail room in the station. Many business firms regularly send messengers to the station with important mail for overnight delivery between New York and Chicago, as well as intermediate points.



TRAVELING MAIL BOX

This letter chute permits passengers to put letters directly aboard the post-office car at stops along the way.

MAGNIFYING V-MAIL

Clerks often read photographically-reduced V-mail addresses under a lens. These tiny envelopes get speed preference and regularly ride the Century. Soldier mail moves in vast volume, but even more would be welcomed by service men far from home.

"GUARDING THE REDS"

Registered letters, called "reds," are carefully guarded and recorded. Every clerk carries a gun. Pouches are locked in the presence of a second clerk who signs as witness. And a special padlock records exactly how many times each pouch is opened.

"PICKER-UPPER"

On most through trains, this Catcher Arm is swung out to snatch mail bags from mail cranes at way stations... providing fast mail service for even small towns.

**BUY MORE
WAR BONDS**



New York Central
ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Here at last, was the rum
we had been searching for:
a "mountain rum"
of rare excellence!



We had heard, from native Puerto Ricans, that high up in the mountains of the island, there was a small distillery making a unique rum that had never before been exported to the States. We found the distillery, we tasted the rum, and discovered it to be truly superb. That was three years ago. Today this discovery, Ron Merito, is known to Americans from coast to coast. Enthusiastically they agree that rum drinks taste better when made with Ron Merito. It's the *mountain-distilling* that does it!



Ron
MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 36 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. L-10, National Distillers Products Corp., P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y.

Model Mothers (continued)



Mrs. Edmund Johnstone (Margaret Horan) is wife of a major. She returned to work after having a second daughter, now 4 months old. Her older daughter is 3. Margaret brags about the time she modeled in a fashion show when six months pregnant.



Mrs. Francis T. Dickson began to model soon after her marriage two years ago. She came from Topeka to New York to join her husband, a Navy lieutenant, stayed east. Her son Douglas is 8 months old, has eight teeth, none of which show in this picture.



IN THE high tide of invasion, east and west, thousands of International Diesel Tractors are serving the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Air Forces. On many a battlefield they play a fighting part in the drama of tanks and ships and fighting men.

Take Guadalcanal. In the tense hours of that first invasion it was *do or die* on the airstrip. International Diesels went ashore with their bulldozers . . . filled in craters as fast

as enemy bombs dug them . . . did combat duty to help the Marines cling to the toehold that gave us Henderson Field. Many a tractor operator died there, under fire, but the great Pacific Offensive was on.

It is the year of decision—overseas and over here. This year many thousands of tractor operators on the home front will come to close grips with the warning: Take care of that equipment! Make it last! Make it do!

Harvester and the International Industrial Power Distributors stand ready to do all in their power to see you through. If your need for new equipment is vital to the war effort, we will have equipment for you. If your need is less vital, we will safeguard your present International Power with every service aid at our command.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

Fight with your blood—
Give to the Blood Bank

Fight with your money—
Buy EXTRA Bonds

Fight on the food front—
Stay with that War Garden

Fight the hidden enemy—
Fight INFLATION!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER
Power for Victory



Men of the U. S. Marine Corps
say letters keep up morale . . .
Write that V-Mail letter today.

"Are the trout still biting in Seward's Creek? Is Jimmy keeping the rowboat caulked? Have they played the ball game with Meadville yet? How are the strawberries coming up?" . . .

These are the things he thinks about away from home . . . the questions that he asks whenever he sits down to write a letter—from Africa, or Burma, or the South Pacific. For these are the "little things" that to a soldier, as to all of us, add up to "Home."

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a

refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a smacking of the lips . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

How good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

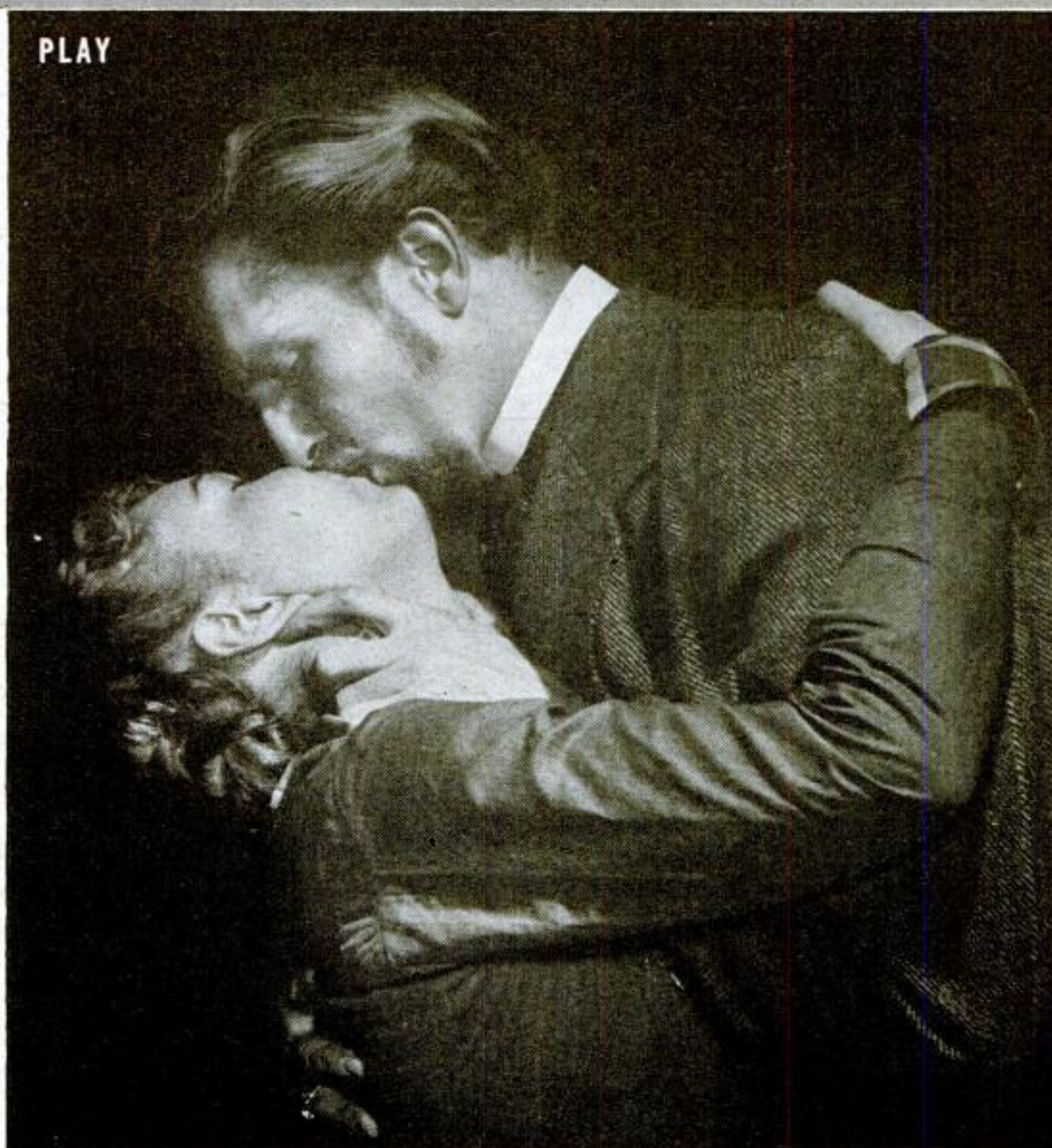


MOVIE



Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman play Gregory Anton and his wife Paula in movie. At this point she is unaware he is plotting her mental breakdown. In *Angel Street's* original company, these roles were played by Judith Evelyn and Vincent Price (in

PLAY



picture at right) whose stage name was Manningham. In contrast to blooming, apple-cheeked Miss Bergman, Miss Evelyn is frail, pallid. Because of Boyer's accent M-G-M made Manningham a foreigner. Price wears a Vandyke and Boyer only his usual toupee.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Gaslight

Bergman and Boyer are the stars of a taut psychological chiller

Last week, in the darkness of motion picture houses throughout the U.S., audiences gasped with fright as gaslight flickered over the moody Victorian household on the screen. They knew that violence was afoot and that any minute blood might splotch the neat antimacassars. The movie was *Gaslight*, a handsome M-G-M period piece about a man who sets out to drive his bride insane in order to complete some unfinished business in connection with the untimely death of another woman. Directed by George Cukor, it is a taut psychological chiller. But besides its scariness *Gaslight* has the fine, disciplined performances

of Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman in the leading roles to recommend it.

Like *Angel Street*, the most durable mystery play in current Broadway history, the movie is an adaptation of *Gaslight*, Patrick Hamilton's London play of 1938. On the idea that the screen will never replace the stage, *Angel Street* devotees may carp at the M-G-M version. For one thing, the film lacks the unity of *Angel Street's* single set. For another, M-G-M converted the play's shuffling, meditative detective into a dashing young blade. Comparative scenes from the movie and the play are shown on these pages.

MOVIE



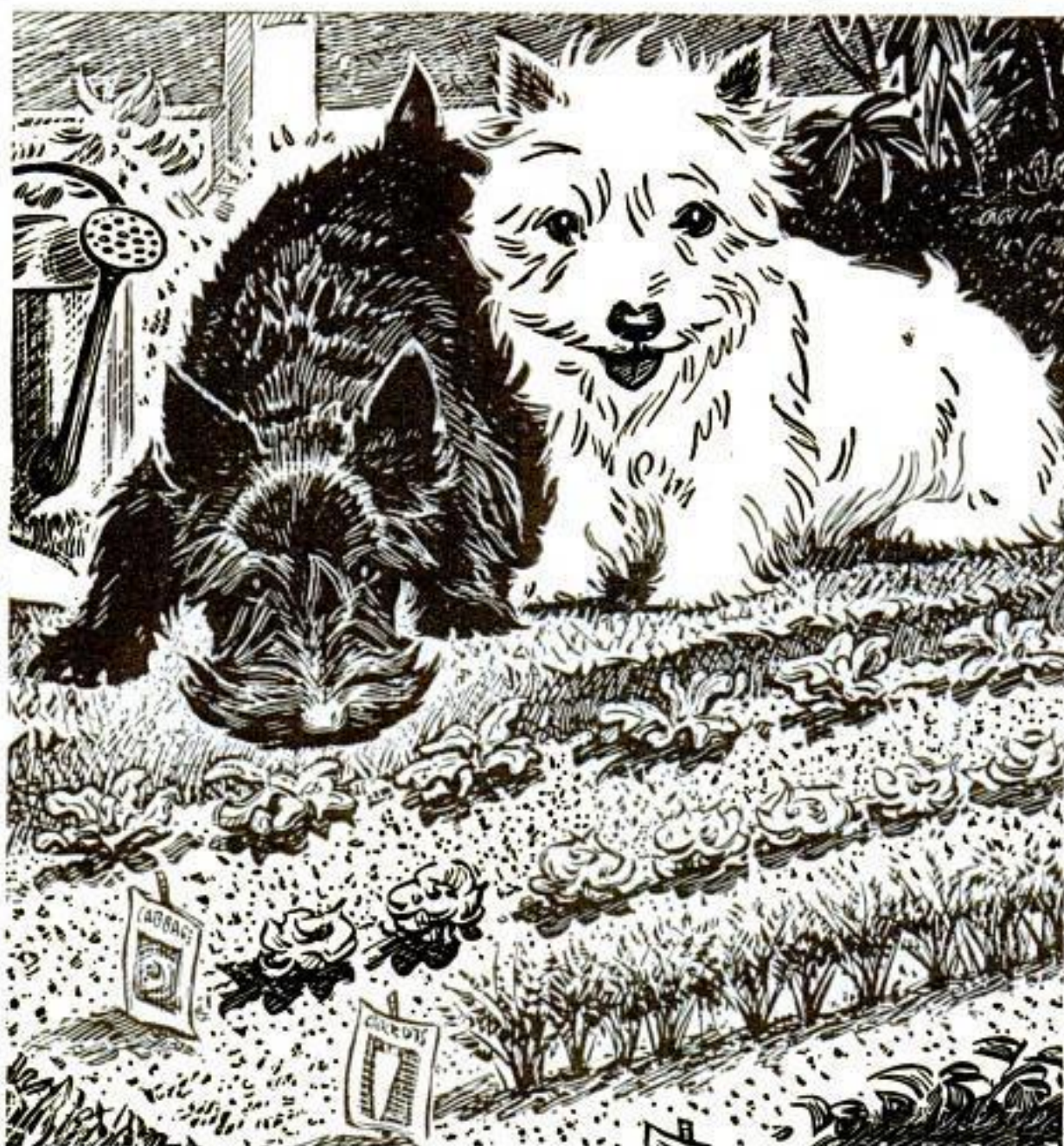
Anton's carefully planned campaign is calculated to drive his wife insane, have her confined and thus make himself heir to house and cached jewels. He begins by trying to prove her memory is failing. He hides trinkets, then accuses her of having lost them.

PLAY



Here he has just accused her of removing a picture from the wall. When she protests her innocence, he summons the servants, humiliates her by asking them to swear they didn't remove the picture. At the left housekeeper kisses Bible, at right the maid does same.

Dig for Victory!



Blackie: "Our master is growing a lot of food for freedom, Whitey!"

Whitey: "So is every patriotic American, Blackie—it means more food for those whose needs are greater than ours!"

How about you? Start a Victory garden! Grow more in '44. It will add to your supply of rationed foods—and give you more varied, balanced meals. *Equally important*—it will help insure a bigger reserve of food for everybody! Write to your State Agricultural Department for booklet on Victory Gardens.



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

"Gaslight" (continued)



A Scotland Yard detective (Joseph Cotten) visits Paula on an evening when her husband is away. He suspects him of an old, unsolved murder, begs her to assist in establishing Anton's guilt. Leo G. Carroll enacts this role in *Angel Street*.



At first reluctant to believe that her husband is a murderer, Paula Anton is finally persuaded to listen to the grisly facts about his past history. Cotten's performance as the detective is romantically superficial; Carroll's a masterpiece of



Proof that her husband is guilty comes when the detective shows Paula that Anton's handwriting is identical with that of man whom he suspects killed her aunt in an attempted jewel theft. Unsuccessful in the robbery, Anton married

PLAY



(right). In the movie the detective's first appearance on the scene occurs early in the story, is accomplished with considerably less suspense than in the play. In *Angel Street*, Manningham does not see him until almost the end of the play.

PLAY



sharp characterization. Tensest moment in *Angel Street* comes when the detective is about to leave the room without his hat. Just as he reaches door he remembers it, causing audiences to sigh with relief. This business is not in the movie.

PLAY



Paula. He believes the jewels are hidden in house she inherited from slain aunt. Scene in *Angel Street* where detective painstakingly jimmies Manningham's desk in order to secure evidence against him is far superior to that of movie.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Ideal ... THE FOOD YOUR DOG WILL EAT



... But Not Forgotten

THERE'S a vacant house in the backyard today. A blue star hangs on it. There's a vacant, all-gone feeling in the family stomach, too—as when *any* very dear one goes away. For Skipper, has gone to war. Even now he may be in Italy or in the Marshalls, badly hurt—or even worse. Yes, Skipper has gone, but he is not forgotten. For those who have owned and loved a dog, never forget.

Because we know how deeply a dog lover cherishes his dog, we have always held to highest ideals in making Ideal Dog Food. Only the best is good enough. Hence, Ideal is always made of finest quality ingredients, and to a carefully studied and proved formula—by a meat packer with years of experience. Whether in time of peace or in time of war, you can always be sure of a good and proper food for the dog you love—if you choose Ideal.

The "BOLUS" Feeding Method—Our latest booklet tells many interesting facts about the dog's eating habits. It also explains the "BOLUS" Method with which many dog owners have solved their feeding problem. Get it from your dealer.

Ideal

DOG FOOD

The Seven-Course Meal

WILSON & CO.



THE MOST RESPECTED NAME IN DOG FOODS

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH




*The Navigation Watch of
the Schooner Commodore**

ON a bright September day in 1942, the schooner Commodore cleared the Port of Seattle, destination Durban, South Africa. More than a year passed before full details reached home of her adventurous 143-day voyage around the Horn. ¶ Low rations, mountainous seas and a two-day hurricane that took away half the sails were climaxed by the loss of the ship's Chronometer overboard early in the voyage. But she made port safely... navigated by a Longines strap watch belonging to one of the officers. ¶ "It was lucky I had that Longines watch", he wrote. Without any such need, thousands of Longines watch owners echo his sentiments daily. The feeling of satisfaction and security that comes from owning a competent watch, such as a Longines, is truly priceless.

*From documents in our files
Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOVIE



PLAY



Climax of movie and play comes when the husband asks wife to cut his bonds. Scene is done more expertly in *Angel Street*, where Mrs. Manningham snarls with uncontrollable fury at man who has tormented her so long.

One man
tells Another



"Personna is the Blade to Buy"

"I've tried them all! I kept saying 'all blades are alike', and I hated to shave. Then I tried Personna and said 'Hooray'. Every blade in every Personna package gives me the kind of shave I dreamed of... smooth and easy, no pressure needed, no scraping—but clean and close. Worth the money? I'll say they're worth twice as much!"

10 FOR \$1.00 and worth it!
GIFT BOX OF 50, \$5.00

PERSONNA Blade Mail: 10 blades on folder with space for your letter... \$1

PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades
SWEDISH STEEL • HOLLOW GROUND



If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc., 599 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22



IT'S PLAIN
Horse Sense

Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely, relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff

At all drug stores and barber shops



LIKE TO RIDE ON A TRAIN LIKE THIS?

IT'S a day coach. Looks pretty nice, doesn't it? And it is nice! Light, bright, roomy and comfortably air-conditioned. Smooth riding at high speeds with pillow-soft seats that fairly invite you to sink down and relax—wide windows that provide a sweeping view of the scenic landscape—and dozens of important little travel conveniences. • Where will you find such coaches as this? Many of them were built before the war began and are now in use. Hundreds more had been planned but never built—you know the reason why. • We haven't been able to use scarce materials and man power to build trains as we'd like

to have them. There's a war to win and we're doing our level best to meet the nation's wartime transportation needs. • But we offer this little glimpse of the future because we want you to know, when you ride on our trains today, that railroads are looking ahead, planning for better trains for tomorrow.

**ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS**
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



Anne Baxter, 20th Century-Fox star, appearing in "The Eve of St. Mark."

"KEEP WISHING WHILE YOU WORK" says *Anne Baxter*

"WHILE YOU'RE working hard for victory, *wish for after victory!*"

"Dream about the home you want. Wish for lovely furniture. For glistening silverware.

"Keep on planning—keep on working. And keep on buying War Bonds. They'll help hurry the day of Victory—that wonderful day when your wishes *can* begin to come true."

Yes—after Victory, you'll be able to own that special 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern you've chosen. (Right now, of course, none of them can be bought

—for our craftsmen are working "full speed ahead" on war materials.)

If you haven't picked *your favorite* design, now's the time! You're sure to love "Eternally Yours," the beautiful openwork pattern shown here. It's so feminine—so gracefully artistic!

Like all 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate, this distinguished, gem-like design is *ornamented higher and deeper*—like the most exclusive sterling. Every piece is exquisite! Wish for it—wait for it! *International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate...





HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON THE RIVER THAMES. BOMBS LANDED AT FAR END, KNOCKED OUT COMMONS WHICH MOVED TO NEAR END, JAMMING LORDS UNDER FAR LEFT TOWER

The Mother of Parliaments

House of Commons and House of Lords Rule England

In England on the bank of the Thames sits the most powerful Parliament in the world, the unchecked champion of a sovereign people and the model for modern parliaments. There are other old parliaments, the Icelandic Althing, the Legislature of the Isle of Man and the Swiss Landsgemeinde. But the British Parliament is the true "Mother of Parliaments." Its parliamentary procedure has remained almost unchanged since the Restoration of 1660. Most of its forms go back to Queen Elizabeth, many to its founding in 1275 and its division into two houses in the next century. There is a continuous record of the speakers of the House of Commons since 1377.

The sovereignty, dignity and efficiency of the British Parliament, as of the U. S. Congress, is certainly one of this war's aims. Seven German bombs on May 10, 1941 wiped out the House of Commons (see next page). It moved to "another place"—i.e., the House of Lords—the Lords moved into the King's Robing Room. Prime Minister Churchill has told the Commons, "It would be a real danger if at the end of the war we find ourselves without a restored and suitable House of Commons chamber." For this room, he named three continuing essentials: 1) it must

be oblong; 2) it must be too small for all its members; 3) and it must have no reserved seats. In all these features it differs from other parliaments.

He ended: "We have been . . . inconvenienced by



THE 14-LB. MACE IS COMMONS SYMBOL OF SOVEREIGNTY

our sojourn on these red benches [Commons color is green] and under this gilded and ornamented and statue-bedecked roof. I express my gratitude . . . but *'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'*

During this sojourn, His Majesty's Government have permitted LIFE to make the most complete photographic examination of Parliament ever sanctioned. It is shown on the following pages.

The forms of Parliament may seem to American eyes to have an antique eccentricity, but there is not one eccentricity that does not symbolize a great popular victory against royal and class tyranny, won and recorded in changeless ritual.

Early Parliaments met in Westminster Abbey's Chapter House and Refectory, later in St. Stephen's Chapel, whose cloisters are still a part of the present Houses of Parliament or New Palace of Westminster (above), completed in 1868. Earliest assemblies were merely King's councils. True representation of the people is thought to have begun with the parliament of 1275. The people's representatives have been fighting ever since, until now the House of Commons rules England without interference from King or Lords.



WRECK OF OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS, LOOKING SOUTH AWAY FROM SPEAKER'S CHAIR. SEVEN BOMBS BLEW AND BURNED OUT ALL WOODWORK AND ROOF. NOTICE HEATING GRATES

The Commons

The physical destruction and reincarnation of the House of Commons is encompassed in the two pictures above. For the Commons is the most powerful and sacrosanct institution in England. The King cannot enter it. No military force may draw near it. No member can be arrested for debt or any political offense, or for anything at all while he is in the House. The sergeant at arms of the House can arrest anyone anywhere, can

break into any house in the realm by day (but not by night). He has his own jail in the Clock Tower. The speaker of the House is the First Commoner of the Realm.

The rules of the House are strange and wonderful. The most terrible offenses are to lock a door anywhere in the House, to touch the Mace or to cross the line between Government and Opposition. Any member may theoretically sit anywhere or enter



THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS WAS FORMERLY THE LORDS' CHAMBER. ORDER PAPERS LITTER THE LORDS' OLD RED LEATHER CUSHIONS. GOVERNMENT SITS AT LEFT, OPPOSITION RIGHT

anywhere, even into a Cabinet meeting in the Parliament offices. At opening prayers, the members stand facing the walls. When the great Mace is on its props on the clerk's table, the House is in session. When a vote is to be taken, doorkeeper rings a bell four times, police shout "Di-vish-on," and the ayes walk out to the west lobby, the noes to the east lobby. When the King

wants to summon the Commons to hear the speech opening Parliament, an officer from the Lords called "Black Rod" approaches the door of the Commons. When he gets near, the door is slammed in his face and bolted. He knocks. It is opened and he returns to the Lords with the speaker of the House, who presently returns and tells the Commons he has heard the speech

"in another place." Otherwise, the King's name is never spoken in Commons.

There are at present 606 members of the Commons, many of them in the armed forces. Though the life of a House is fixed at five years by the Parliament Act of 1911, this House has sat for nine years, since the elections of 1935. General elections have not yet been set.



THE PRESENT HOUSE OF LORDS was formerly King's Robing Room. It is a beautiful but small (54 feet long) room. King and Queen are present only at opening of Parliament. Thrones are

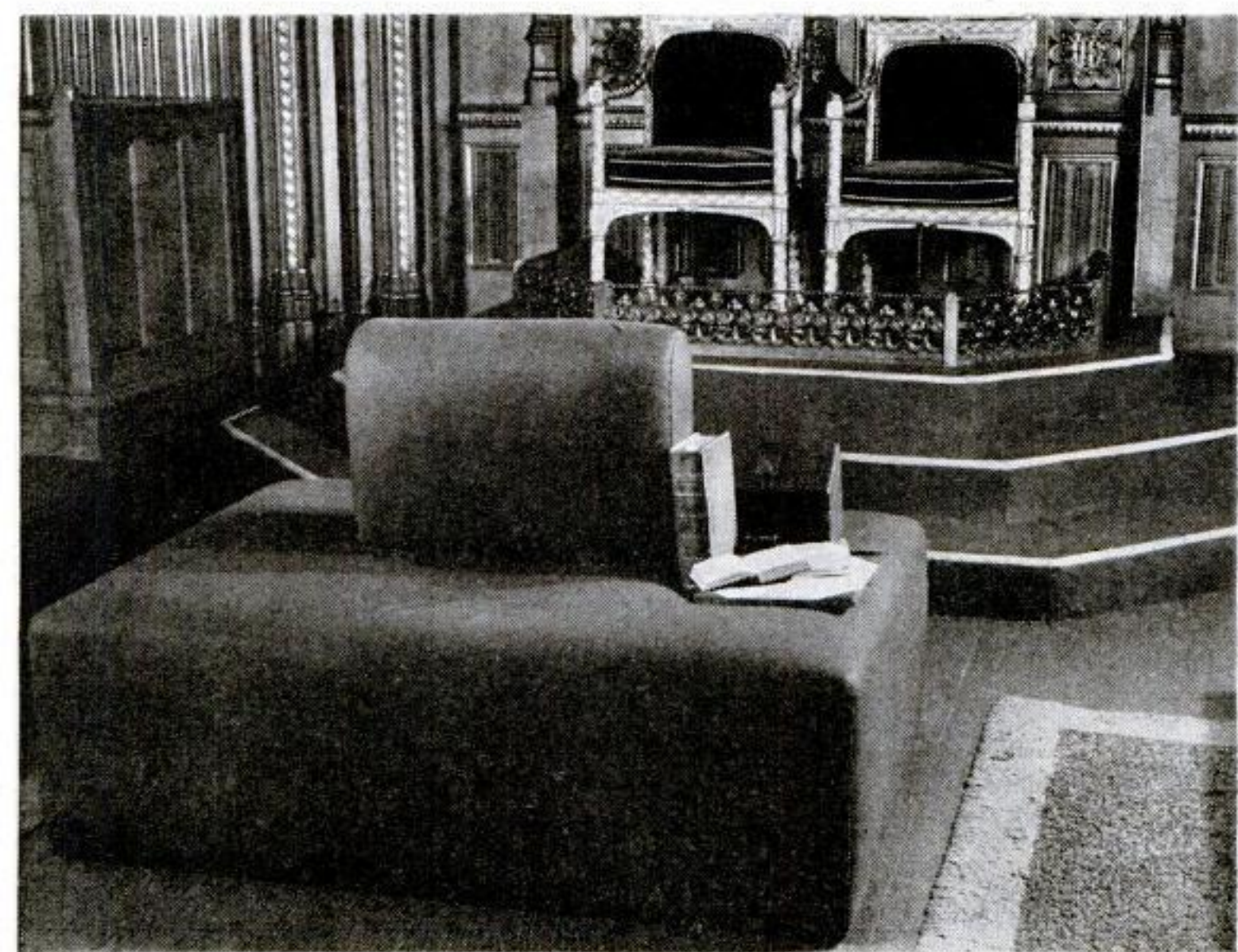
an undersized war product to fit the room. The decorations are from Arthurian legend. Lord Chancellor sits on crimson woolsack before thrones, sergeant at arms in box left of thrones.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S PROCESSION INCLUDES DEPUTY SERGEANT AT ARMS BEARING THE LORDS' MACE, THE PURSE BEARER, THE LORD CHANCELLOR LORD SIMON AND HIS TRAINBEARER

The Lords

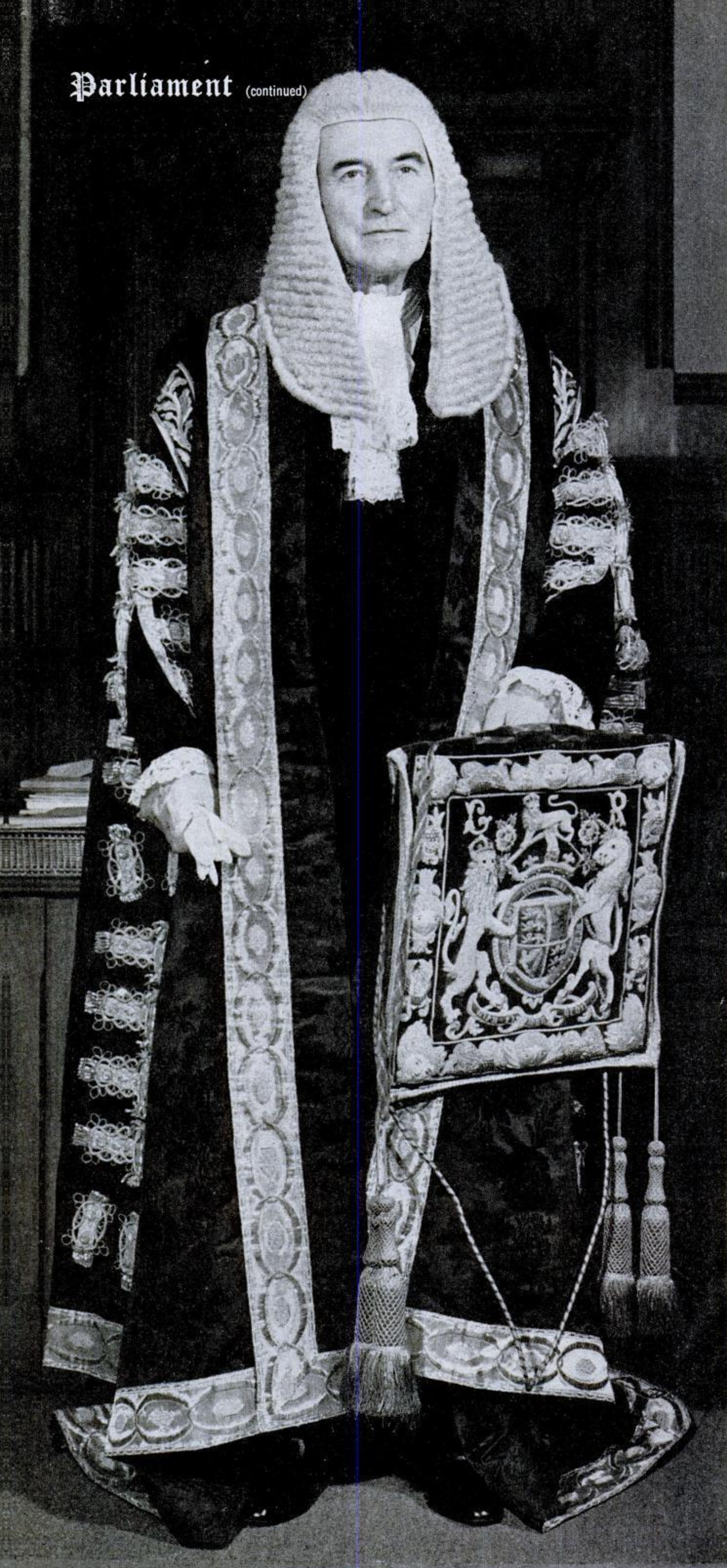
The House of Lords can only delay the legislation of Commons, but its ritual is customary to make a bill officially an Act of Parliament. This is done in old Norman-French, "*Le Roy le veult*" or with money bills, "*Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult.*" But the Lords is the supreme law court of the realm and more good sense, as well as nonsense, is talked here than even in the Commons. For the Lords are responsible to nobody and say what they please. Each rank has its place, dukes, earls, viscounts and so forth, but the 16 Scottish and the 28 Irish lords sit under their lesser English titles. Some 783 Lords are eligible. The Lord Chancellor presides but does not rule. He sits on the woolsack (symbolic of England's rich medieval wool trade), which is in theory outside the bounds of the House. Members bow to him or, when he is absent, to empty throne of the Sovereign.



WOOLSACK before thrones in Lords is occupied by Lord Chancellor, presiding officer. Lords' mace usually lies on far side of the woolsack. To speak, Lord Chancellor must leave woolsack.

THE PEERS' LOBBY SHOWS VICTORIA (LEFT) AND WIVES OF HENRY VIII (REAR) WITH HENRY





SPEAKER OF THE LORDS is the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Simon, here shown holding the Purse which used to carry the Great Seal. He has no powers over the Lords. He is titled the "Keeper of the King's Conscience."



THE KING'S BODYGUARD of the Yeomen of the Guard, oldest military corps in existence (since 1485), searches Parliament cellars before every session, ever



GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD, "famous in arms and blood," is Air Chief Marshal W. G. S. Mitchell.



CHIEF DOORKEEPER of Commons, H. J.



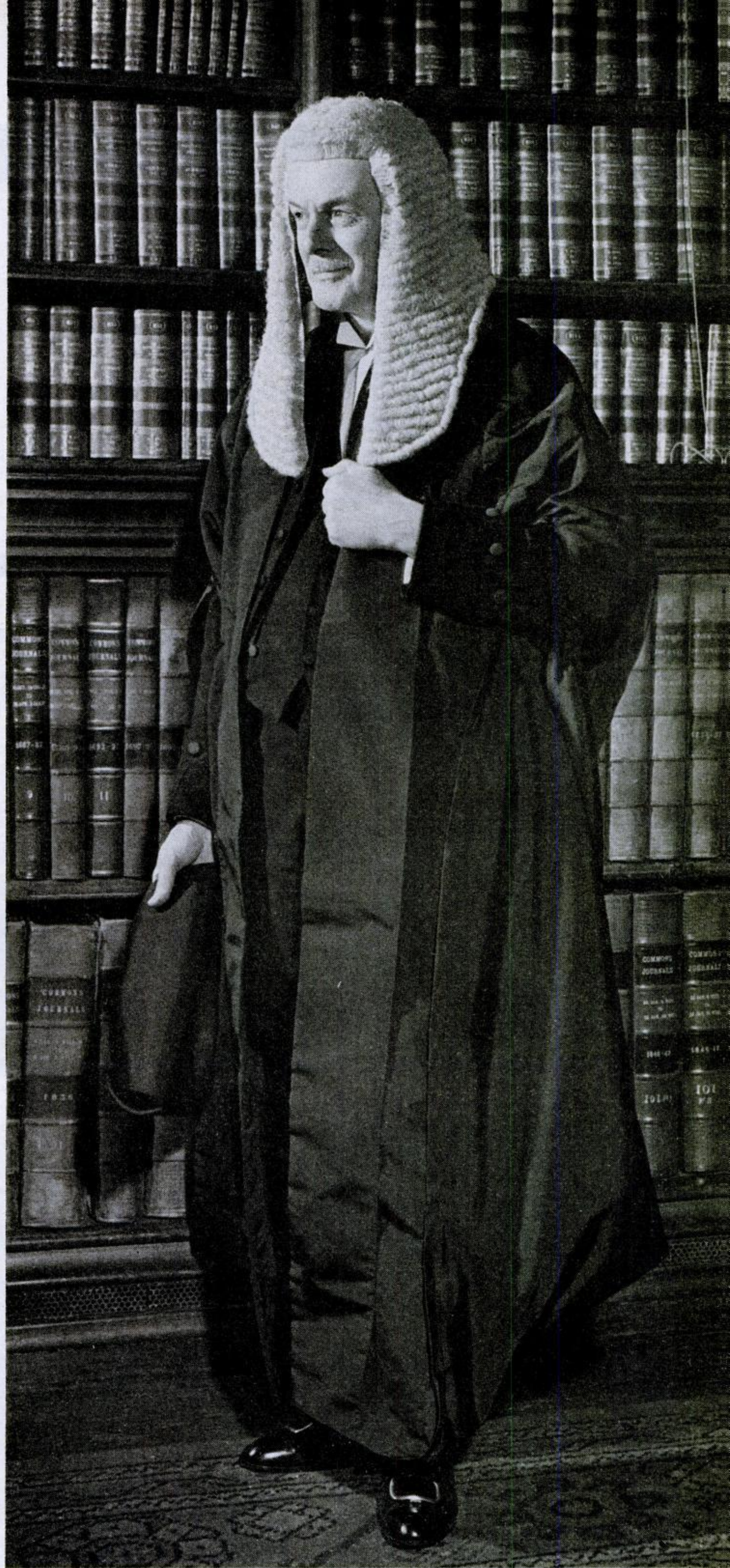
since Guy Fawkes plotted to blow up the place in 1605. The pikes are called partisans. Background: Victoria between Justice and Mercy, in Peers' Lobby.



Sandell, keeps a box of snuff for members.

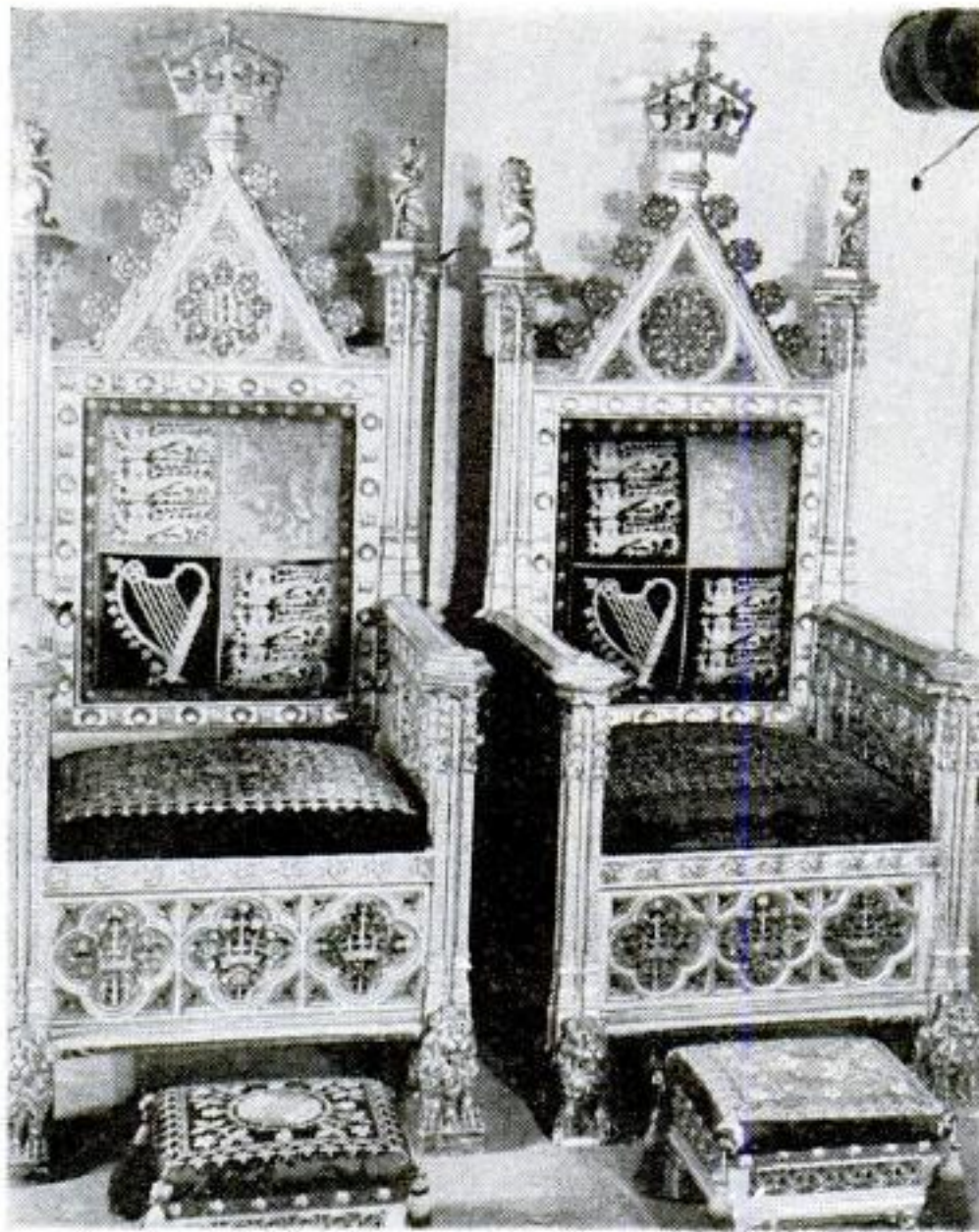


CHIEF CLERK OF THE PARLIAMENTS, Sir Henry Badesley, sits in the House of Lords facing the royal thrones.

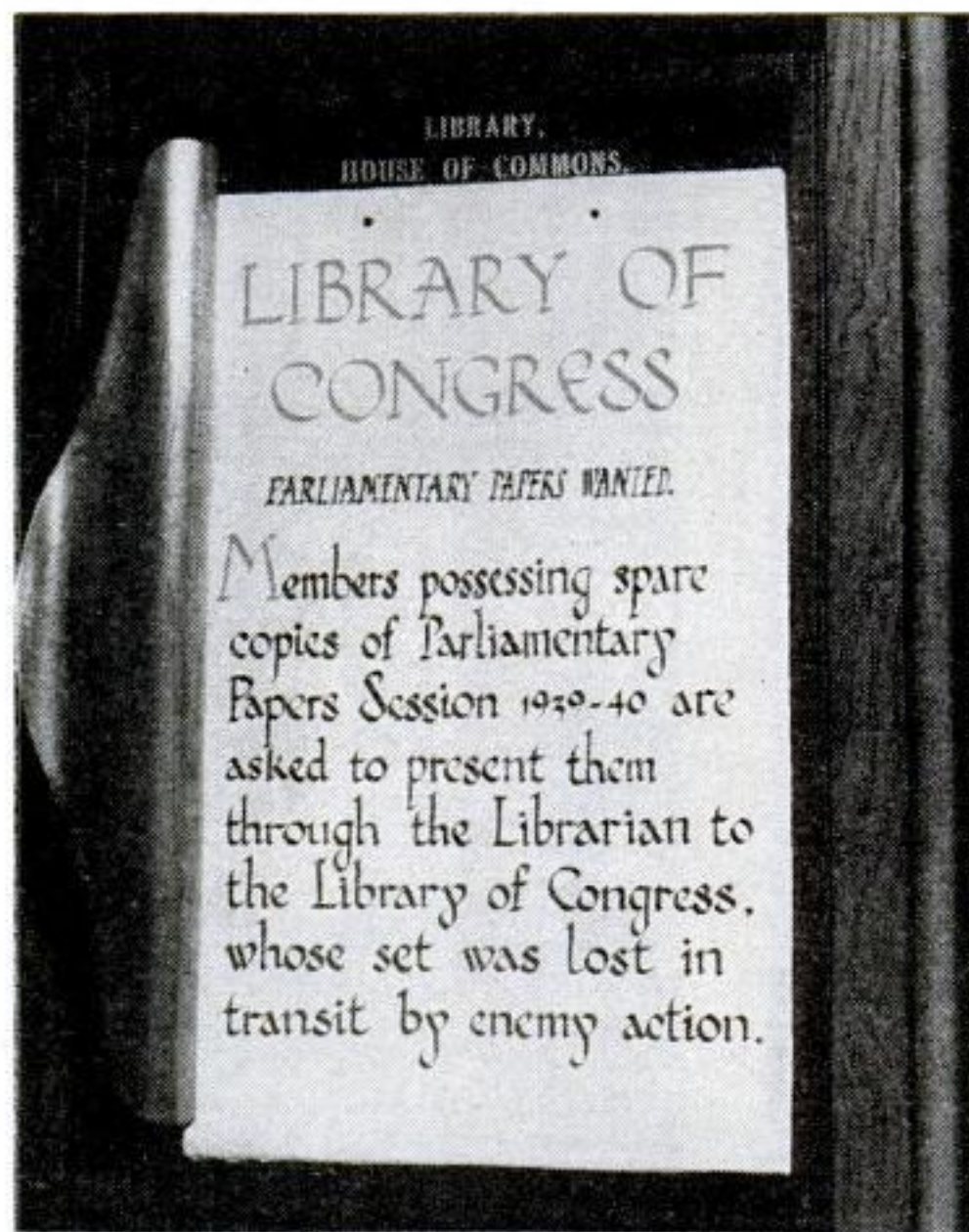


MR. SPEAKER of the Commons, Colonel the Right Honorable Douglas Clifton Brown, is First Commoner of the Realm. He alone, except the King, can hold levees. On election (March 1943) he ceased to belong to a party.

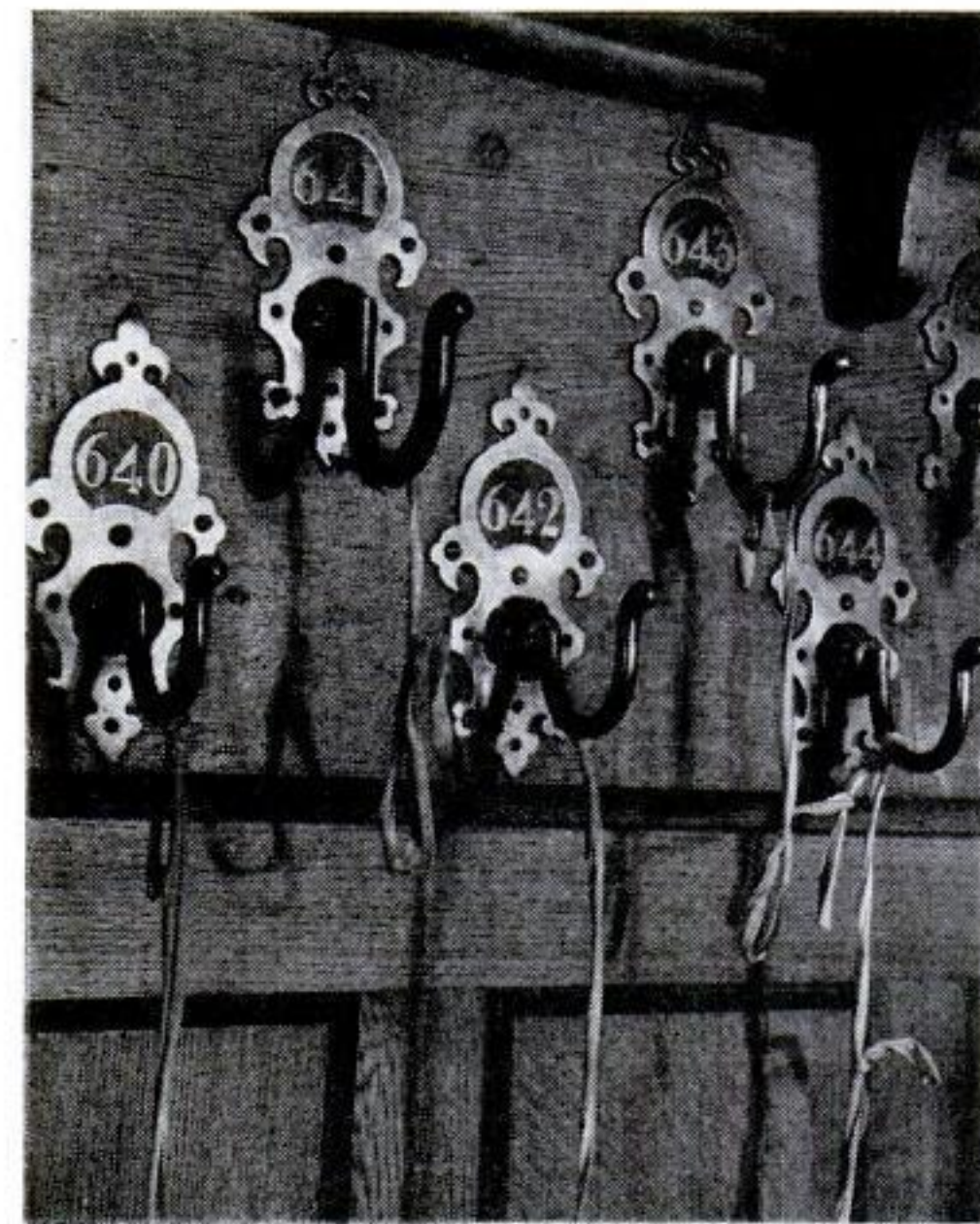
Parliament (continued)



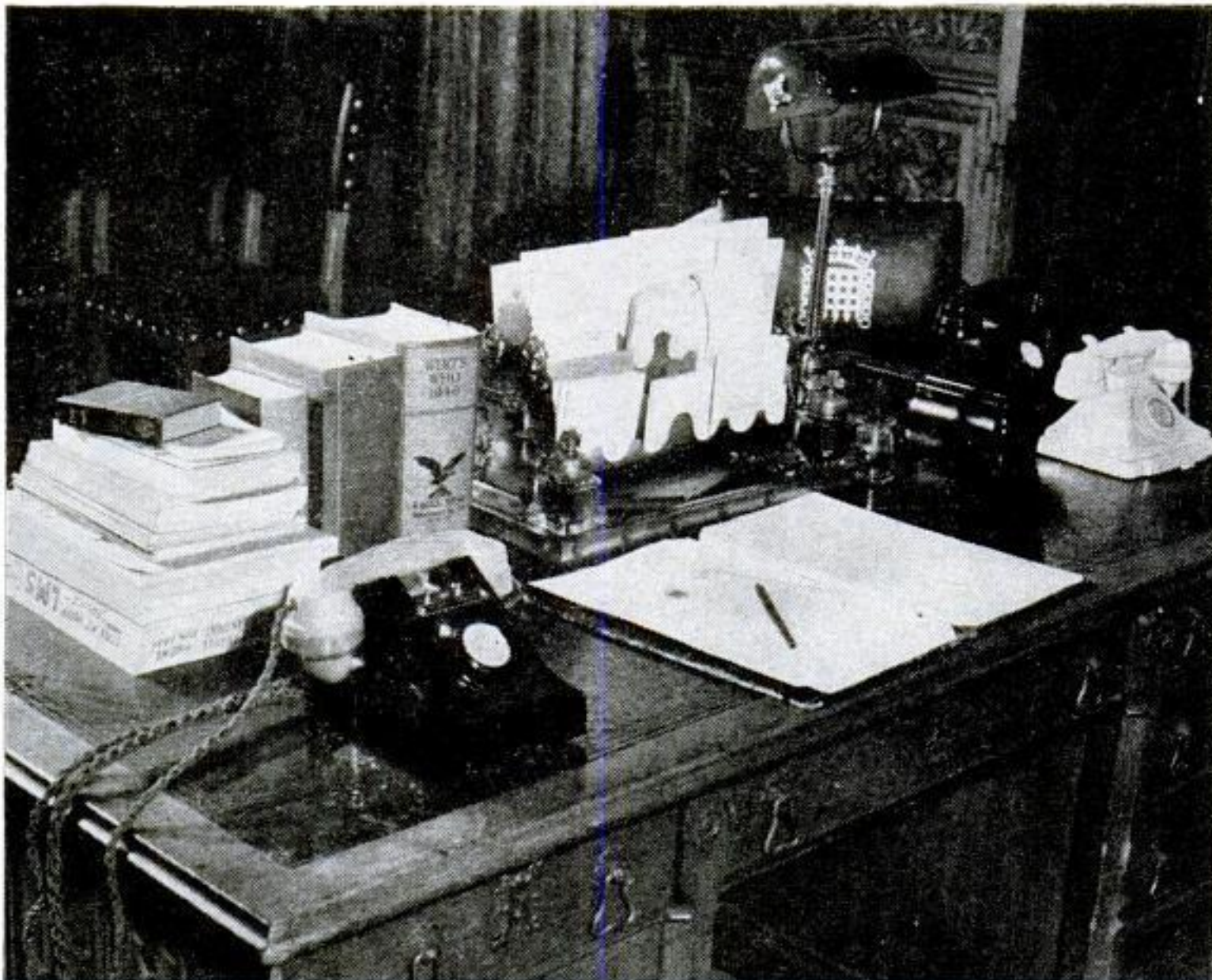
THE ROYAL THRONES from prewar House of Lords are now kept in the cellar of Parliament (notice steam pipe, upper right).



NOTICE to oblige U. S. Library of Congress is posted at door of Commons Library. Papers were sunk in 1940 by Germans.



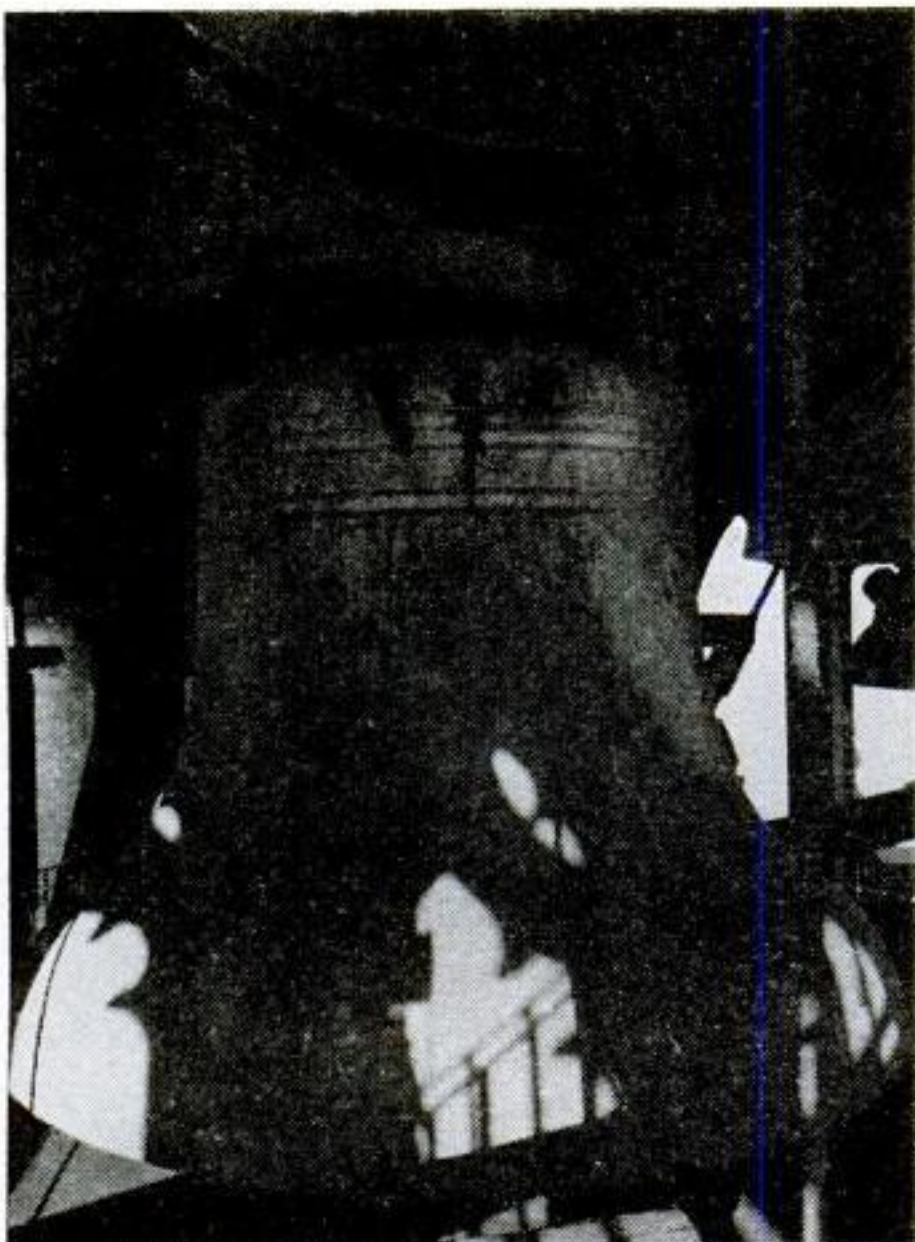
RED TAPES hang on pegs in the Commons cloakroom. They were to hang swords on, are not very suitable for umbrellas.



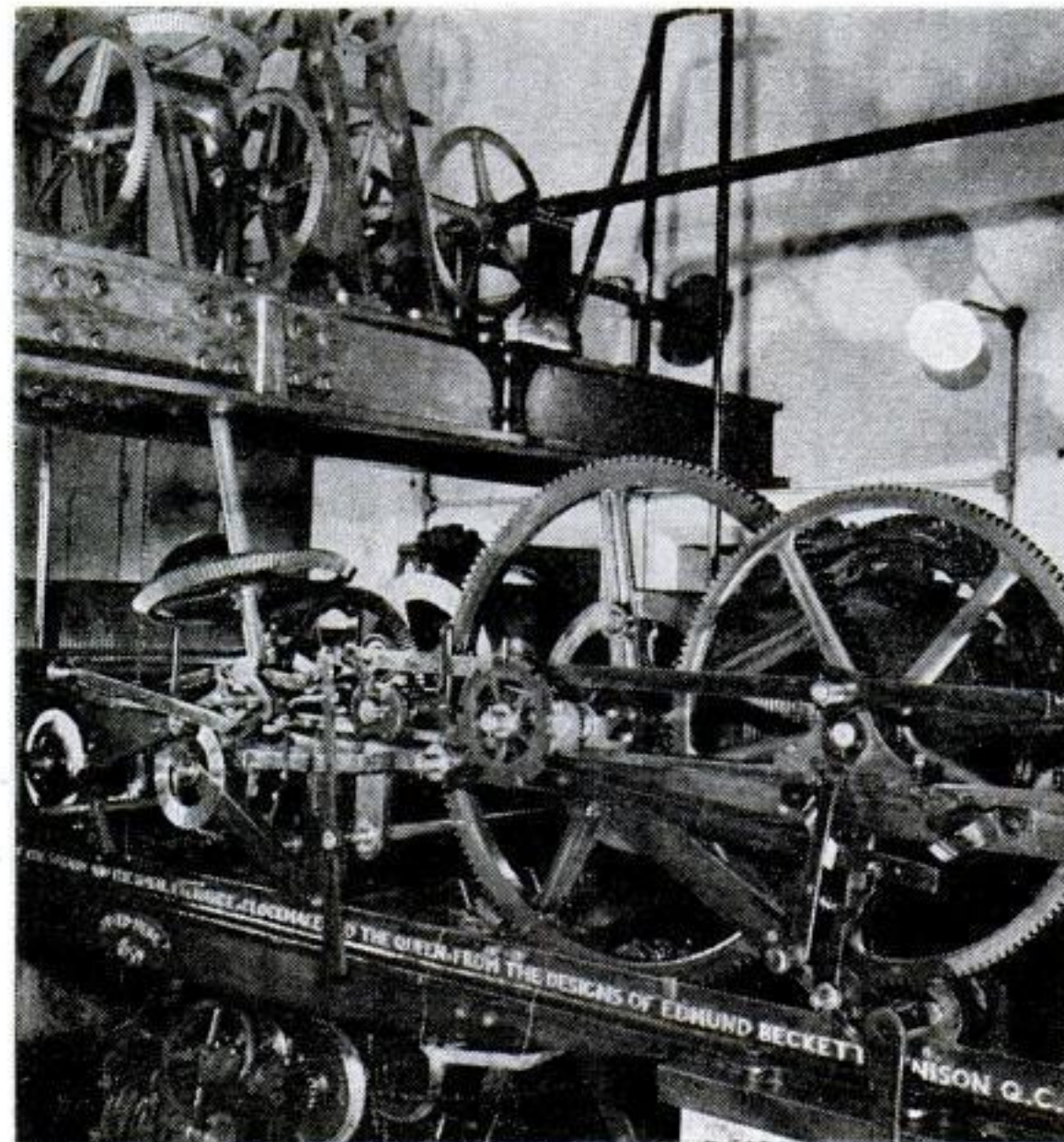
PRIME MINISTER'S DESK in his Parliamentary office close to Commons is used when he wants to be on call during a critical debate. One phone is direct, secret line to 10 Downing Street.



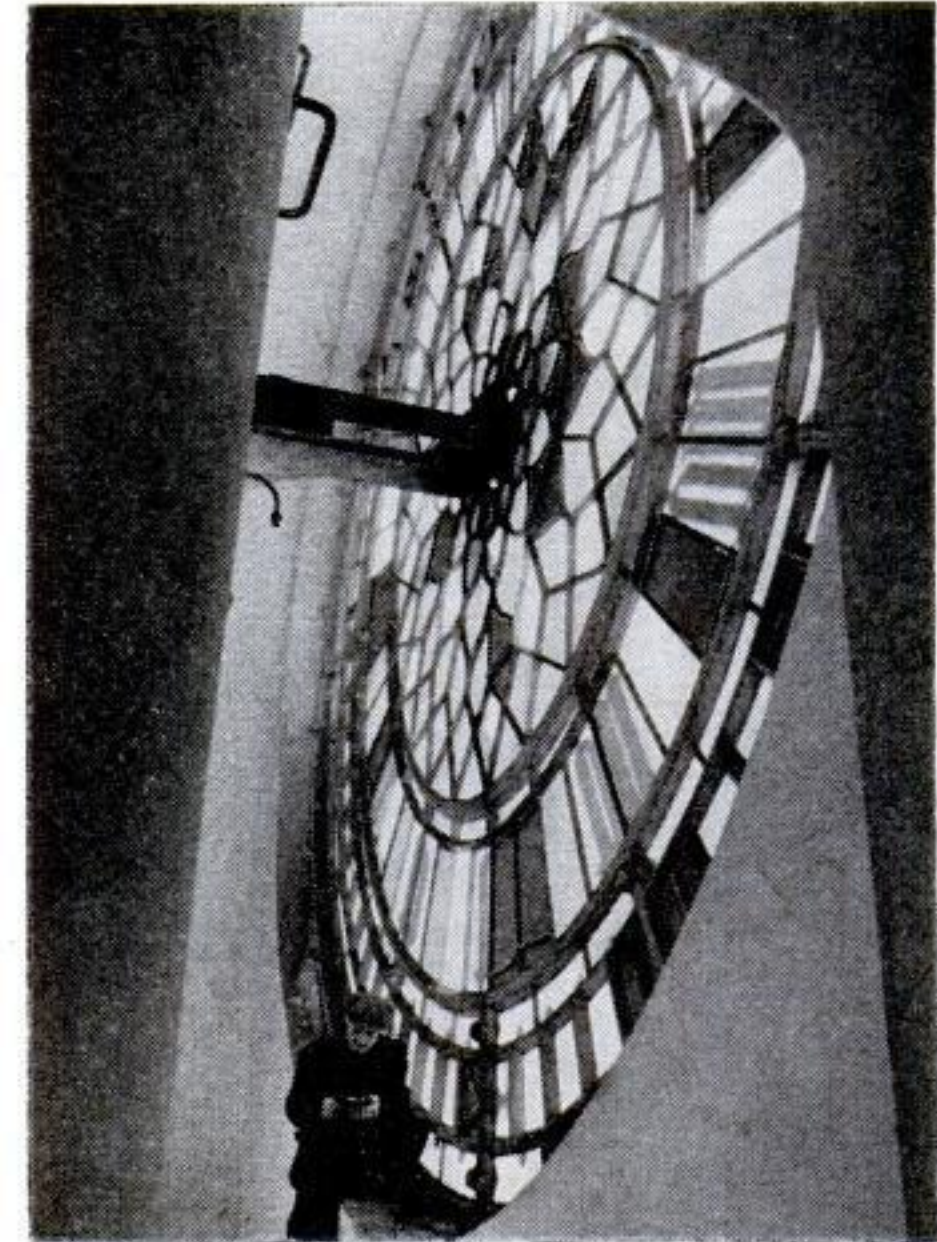
GREAT SEAL of King George VI is kept by Lords. Below its two faces is shown a red wax impression of head, with George's titles in Latin abbreviations. These seals certify State documents.



BIG BEN is the bell, not the clock, named for Sir Benjamin Hall, Commissioner of Works. It weighs 13½ tons.



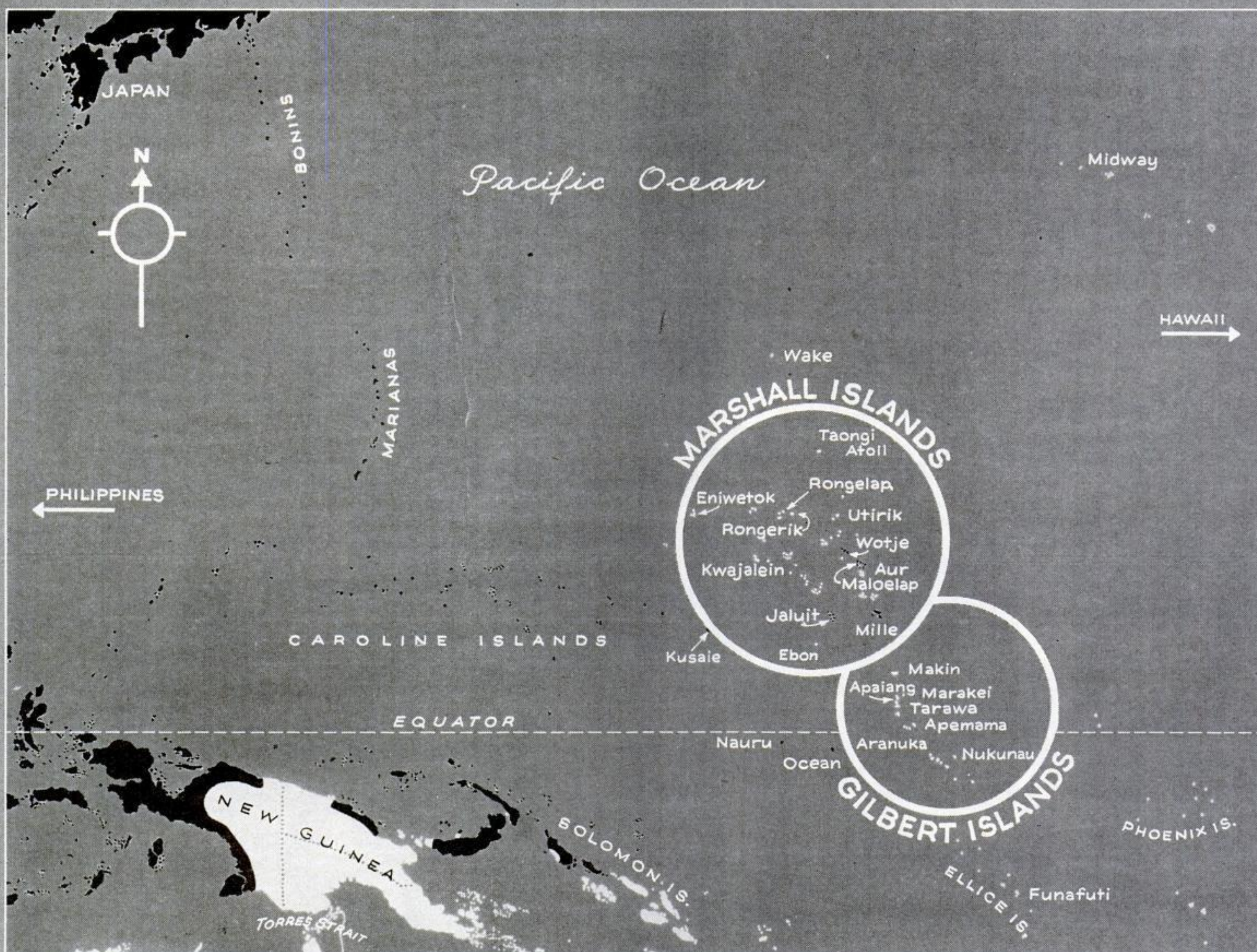
THE WORKS of Parliament's great four-faced clock were "fixed here" (see lower left) in 1859 by Frederick Dent, "Clockmaker to the Queen."



ONE CLOCK FACE (all four were damaged) shows size. The minute hand is 12 feet long, circumference 70 feet.



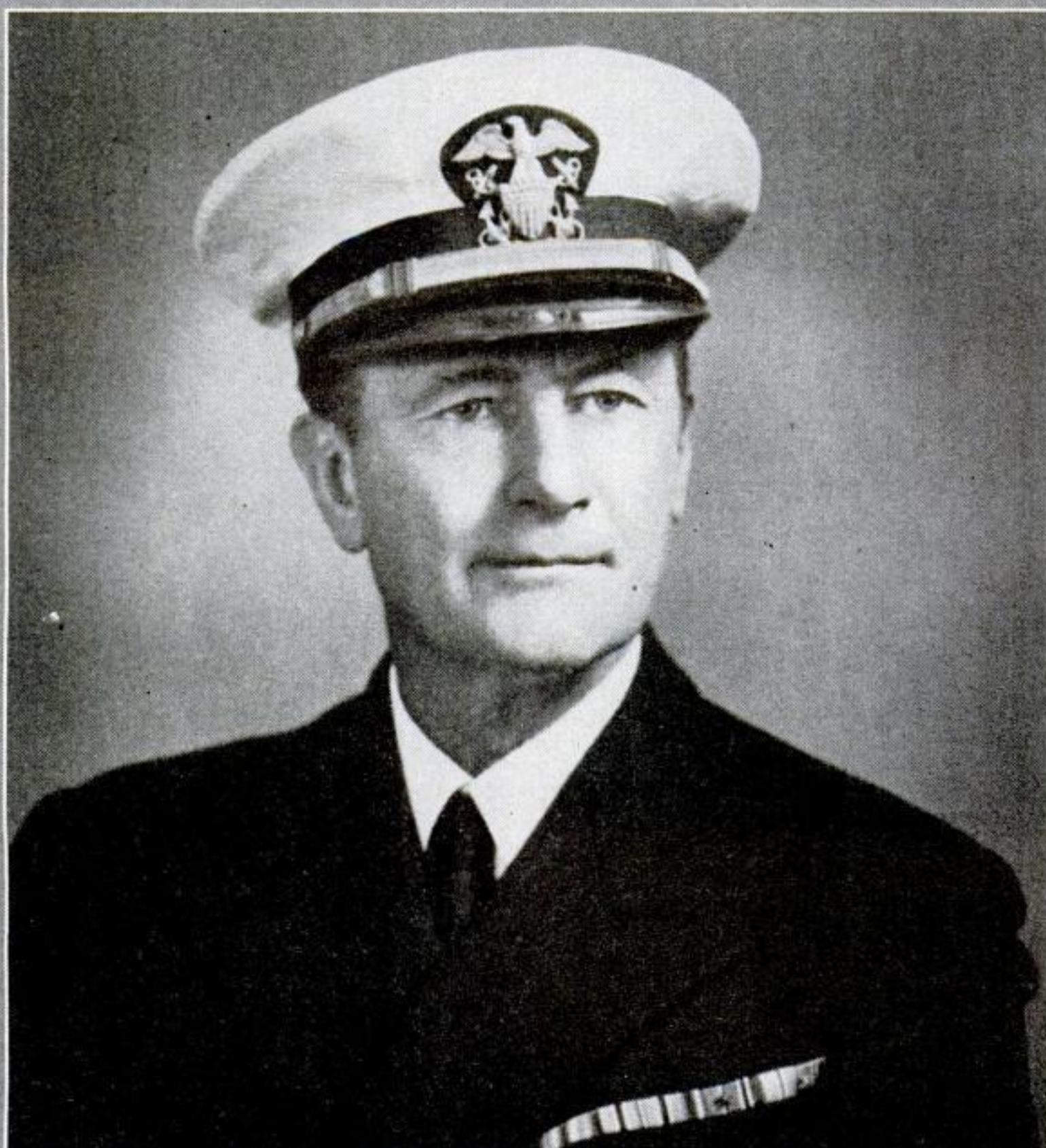
Americans Swarm to Parliament
Buildings and Inspect Central
Hall with Early Kings in Niches



Gilberts and Marshalls are here seen in relation to rest of the Pacific. Thrusting northwestward toward Japan, they

are strategically important as U. S. bases for further attacks. The map shows how incredibly out of the way Captains Gil-

bert and Marshall sailed in 1788 from Sydney (southeast of Torres Strait) to reach Canton (northwest of Philippines).



THE AUTHOR

Commander Samuel Eliot Morison, USNR, is well-qualified as an authority on both the historical past and present-day happenings in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. One of America's most eminent historians, whose special field has been the maritime travels and voyages of discovery relating to this country, he has for the past two years been on active duty with the Navy gathering material for the official history of its role in World War II. In this capacity he was present on a warship off Casablanca during the invasion of North Africa and, more recently, took part in the successful amphibious assault upon the Gilbert Islands. His on-the-spot observations are the raw material from which he will fashion the history, to be published after the war.

Firsthand research is no new idea with Commander Morison, who has long believed that the ideal way to write history is to attempt to recapture the subject's experiences. For his most popular work, the definitive history of Columbus (*Admiral of the Ocean Sea*), he made four voyages under sail, cruising the Caribbean in 1936-37, following Columbus' travels along the east coast of Santo Domingo in 1939 and in the same year retracing the explorer's route from Portugal to the West Indies. His monumental *Maritime History of Massachusetts*, published in 1921, was documented by many personal sailing trips in the waters off that state. Among his other works *The Oxford History of the United States*, published in 1927 shortly after he returned to his professorship at Harvard from two years of teaching at Oxford, is probably the best known. This article on the Gilberts and Marshalls first appeared in the April issue of *The American Neptune—a Quarterly Journal of Maritime History*, published at Salem, Mass., of which Commander Morison has been an associate editor since its foundation.

THE GILBERTS & MARSHALLS

A DISTINGUISHED HISTORIAN RECALLS THE PAST OF TWO RECENTLY CAPTURED PACIFIC GROUPS

by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

Anyone who has to use a modern chart of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands must wonder where they obtained their names. Why have most of them at least two, and some of the Marshalls as many as 12 or 15? Where did Russian names like Kutusov and Romanzov come from? Why is Ebon also called Boston Atoll, and who were Woodle, Matthew and Hopper who have attained a kind of immortality in the Gilberts? Who, for that matter, were Gilbert and Marshall?

The answer is to be found in the history of voyages to these islands. In libraries like those of the Peabody Museum in Salem and of Harvard College one can find accounts of long forgotten voyages, obsolete sailing directions and odd bits of information on the islands. Piecing them together has been a pleasant avocation between our capture of the Gilberts in November 1943, and that of the Marshalls in February 1944. As there is no book on the history of the Gilberts, and but two small ones, in German, on the history and description of the Marshalls, I have clapped these notes together to satisfy the curiosity of others as well as myself.

Magellan, the first European to cross the Pacific, managed to miss every island except two small and unprofitable ones (probably Malden and Jarvis) between the Straits and Guam. García de Loyasa, who was sent to follow up Magellan's discoveries in 1525, raised on Aug. 21, 1526, an island which he named San Bartolomeo. If he had been two degrees further south he might have discovered the entire Marshall chain.

Makin, or Butaritari Atoll, one of the three strategic islands in the Gilberts that the United States wrested from the enemy in November 1943, was probably discovered on the last of the great Spanish voyages of discovery, that of Pedro Fernández de Quiros in 1606. Fitting out two ships, *Capitana* and *Almiranta*, at Callao in Peru, Quiros sailed through the Paumotu and Marquesas in the early months of 1606, laid a due west course that passed between the Ellice and Gilbert groups, and made Taumaco in the Duff Islands. The New Hebrides, overlapping each other, appeared to be continuous; and Quiros took possession in the name of Philip III and proceeded to celebrate Spain's acquisition of the supposed Australian continent.

Discovery of Makin

Quiros in the *Capitana* made the best of his way home, and while working north toward the zone of westerlies, passed between the Gilberts and Marshalls. Navigators at that time had no means except dead reckoning of keeping track of longitude; but they had become quite good at finding latitude from a noon sight of the sun. Gaspar de Leza, chief pilot (*i.e.*, navigating officer) of *Capitana*, kept a journal which has been preserved; and the following entry strongly suggests that he sighted Makin on July 8, 1606: "I shot the sun in 3° 15' N, course NE. On this day we sighted a small island 4 or 5 leagues ahead, in 3° 45' N. It was not high."

Sounds like Makin to me! And, although they continued on a northeast or east-northeast course for days, and then swung back a bit west of north, they sighted no more islands.

During more than a century and a half (1606-

1762), the South Pacific was almost empty of ships. Europeans preferred to trade with the Far East by way of the Cape of Good Hope. There was no reason for anyone to visit the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and probably nobody did. Even the Solomons disappeared from the charts.

Interest in the broad reaches of the Pacific revived after 1762 when an English task force under Vice Admiral Sir Samuel Cornish seized Manila. It was restored to Spain in the ensuing peace, but the event seemed to awaken European navigators from their long indifference to the Pacific Ocean.

Commodore John Byron, R. N., grandfather to the famous poet, was the first to carry the ball. "Foul-weather Jack," as he was called in the Royal Navy by reason of his hard luck with the elements, was given command of the frigate *H. M. S. Dolphin*, and in 1764 set forth on a voyage of discovery. Curiously enough he managed to sail past or through the Gilberts in 1765 without sighting more than one of them, Nukunau, to which he affixed his name; and Byron Island it is still called on some charts.

When *H. M. S. Dolphin* returned without much to show for her voyage, the Admiralty hopefully refitted and sent her forth again in 1766 under the command of a brilliant young lieutenant of the Royal Navy named Samuel Wallis. The *Dolphin* was accompanied by the sloop of war *H. M. S. Swallow* under the command of an even younger naval officer, Lieut. Philip Carteret, who had been with Byron in the *Dolphin*. Between them they opened up the South Pacific. Wallis came upon the beautiful island of Uea, which still bears his name and there seems to be no doubt that he passed Rongerik and Rongelap of the northern line of Marshalls. The year was 1767.

Philip Carteret in *H. M. S. Swallow*, in the meantime, had discovered Pitcairn Island of *Mutiny on the Bounty* fame, and thence, sailing south of the Fijis and New Caledonia, entered the Coral Sea. There his great discovery was the existence of a strait, which he named St. George's Channel, between New Britain and New Ireland.

Twenty years elapsed, in which important discoveries were made in the South Pacific by three French navigators, Bougainville, La Pérouse and D'Entrecasteaux, and by the great Captain James Cook. But all four explorers missed our islands. Then came two obscure English seamen, not otherwise known to fame, who have left their names, probably for all time, on the Gilberts and Marshalls.

Their vessels, the *Charlotte* and *Scarborough*, were English merchant ships chartered by the Honourable the East India Company to take 334 convicts with a Royal Marine guard, and the marines' wives, to Botany Bay, Australia, and thence to Canton in order to load tea for England. William Marshall was master of the *Scarborough*, and Thomas Gilbert of the *Charlotte*. Both sailed from England as part of the convoy under Captain Arthur Phillip, R. N., first governor of New South Wales, which brought the first convict settlement to Australia. The convoy arrived at Botany Bay Jan. 18, 1788. Gilbert and Marshall, after discharging their unwilling passengers at Botany Bay, viewing the foundation of Sydney, and taking in wood, water, jerked kangaroo meat and such other provisions as aboriginal Aus-

tralia afforded, sailed for Canton on May 6, 1788.

This was probably the first time that anyone had attempted to sail from Australia to China. It may seem strange that the two captains should make such a wide sweep to the eastward as to encounter the Marshalls. But the passage through the Torres Strait was one that baffled even Cook; the Moluccas were full of pirates; China Strait between New Guinea and the Louisiades was not discovered until 1873 by Captain Moresby. Our captains probably figured on making a good easting in the westerly winds of south latitudes, in order to enjoy a fair slant in the northeast trades to Canton.

After calling at Lord Howe Island and sighting Norfolk Island, they anchored on June 17 off an atoll. A canoe came out filled with natives, who according to Gilbert "viewed with great attention the sides of the ship, which I had caused to be painted red, some of the voyages I had perused pointing out that colour as the most pleasing to the natives of these climates." Some natives came aboard the *Charlotte* and "appeared facetious." It seems probable that this atoll was Apemama in the Gilberts, although it might have been Aranuka.

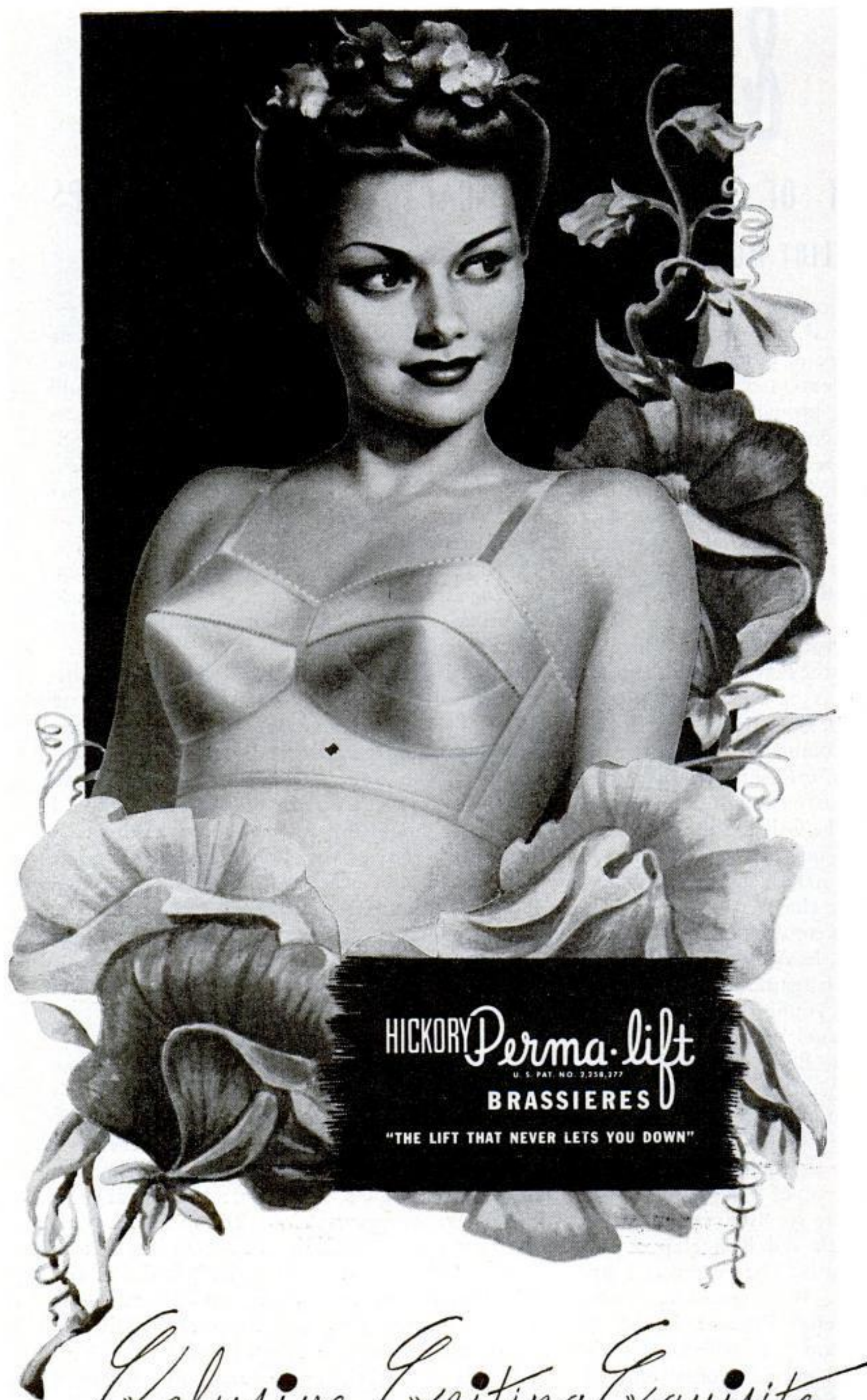
Gilbert finds Tarawa

The *Scarborough* on June 18 came up with an island which Captain Marshall named Hopper's Island. He sighted another island six miles to the southwest, which he named Henderville's, and a third, three miles northwest of that, which he named Woodle's. There is no doubt that these three were Apemama, Aranuka and Kuria. Marshall's names are still on the Admiralty charts; presumably they were called after his shipmates. His sketches of these islands, and Gilbert's more pretentious sketches, are the earliest illustrations we have of the Gilbert Islands.

Proceeding northward, though not always in company, the two ships on June 20 made another atoll. Of this atoll Gilbert made a sketch, and named it Matthew's Island after the owner of the *Charlotte*. The sketch, like all made by old-time navigators, greatly exaggerates heights of land. But the general layout of the islands suggests that Gilbert's Matthew was Tarawa, the island he calls "Point William" being Betio (Bititu) Island, and the lagoon, Charlotte Bay. Gilbert's description of the island follows:

"Being now abreast of this island, the extremity ending in a beautiful clump of trees, I hauled up to look at the bay. It appeared to be safe and commodious, sheltered by a long reef running parallel with the island, with two large inlets into the bay. The reef is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the beach, and has several small islands which appear like flower pots."

From Matthew's Island the *Charlotte* proceeded for a day and on June 21 came across what Gilbert calls a chain of three islands, which he names Gilbert's, Marshall's, and Knox's. His sketch shows them as three wholly separate islands. Were these all parts of Tarawa? I suggest that they were Makin and Little Makin seen from the eastward, with Butaritari appearing as a separate island from the rest of Makin; but most authorities think that Gilbert and Marshall missed Makin altogether. Whatever it was, the *Charlotte* hove to, and natives were enticed aboard



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BUY AND KEEP MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

GILBERTS & MARSHALLS (continued)

by the offer of nails and hoop iron. There was a momentary panic among the aborigines when the spanker boom jibed, knocking some of them overboard; but confidence was soon restored and Captain Gilbert obtained a liberal assortment of coconuts and souvenirs.

Charlotte sailed through the passage between Majuro and Arno, and on June 28 made Aur Atoll, which the skipper named Ibbetson's Islands, again after a shipmate. On the same day he discovered the important atoll of Maloelap, which he called Calvert's Island. Calvert is supposed to have been some person influential in the East India Company; nothing to do with Baltimore or whisky. On June 29 Captain Gilbert raised both Erikub and Wotje, which he called Chatham's Islands, doubtless after the great Earl. On the last day of June, he reached an atoll which he identified as one of the Spanish Pescadores rediscovered by Wallis. Probably it was Utirik, whose English name, Button Island, is attributed to this 1788 voyage in later charts. That was the last of these islands that Captains Gilbert and Marshall sighted. They laid a course for China and dropped anchor off Macao on Sept. 9, 1788.

Owing to the publication of Captain Gilbert's account of his voyage and of Captain Marshall's log in 1789, these two groups eventually became known on English charts as the Gilberts and Marshalls. It will be observed that the two captains discovered less than half the atolls of each group, and none whatever of the Ralik Chain of the Marshalls. Captain Gilbert thought these islands would be very useful for ships on an Australia-China voyage to obtain water and fresh provisions; and although the "innocence" of the natives at a much later time suggests that few ships called, the route was followed as long as merchant vessels used sail.

The merchant ships arrive

During the generation that followed the Gilbert and Marshall voyage, a number of American and British merchant ships, in transit or searching for trade openings in the Pacific, discovered, or at least named various islands in and around these groups.

Captain Bond in the British ship *Royal Admiral* in 1792 discovered Namorik, Namu and Ailinglapalap Atolls in the Ralik Chain of the Marshalls. Eniwetok, westernmost atoll of the Marshalls and potentially the most important, was discovered by Captain Thomas Butler of the British sloop *Walpole* on Dec. 13, 1794.

Captain John Fearn in the snow *Hunter* in 1798 discovered Nauru and named it Pleasant Island. Not so pleasant now, or even long since. Captain James Taber of the whale ship *William Tell* of Sag Harbor, Long Island, "made Pleasant Island" on Jan. 4, 1853, and was informed by a beachcomber that the natives had lately captured the brig *Inga* of New Bedford, and massacred all hands but one.

Kwajalein, said to be the world's largest coral atoll, and the first of the Marshalls to be occupied by the United States in 1944, was discovered by Captain Mertho of the British ship *Ocean* in 1804. He also discovered the nearby Ujae and Lip Atolls, and had the pleasant idea of naming these three Lydia, Catherine and Margaret Islands, presumably after his daughters, or friends. It is not clear whether he also discovered Ocean Island, and named it after his ship.

The British brig *Elizabeth*, Captain Patterson, sailed through the Ellice, Gilbert and Marshall Islands in 1809 and renamed a considerable number, such as Cook's for Tarawa, Hall's for Maiana, Dundas's for Apemama. Captain Patterson then discovered Jaluit Atoll in the Marshalls, which he named Banham's or Bonham's Island, and to Ailinglapalap Atoll he gave the new name Elmore.

The three atolls, Nukulalai, Nurakita and Ebon, are the only ones of the Ellice, Gilbert or Marshall groups that appear to have been discovered by American whalers. As Mr. S. Whittemore Boggs, the geographer of the Department of State, has shown, the common statement that "over 200 islands" of the Pacific were discovered by Yankee whalers, is a gross exaggeration. The true figure is nearer 20 than 200. It is true that whaling ships from Australia and New England were the principal vessels that visited the Gilbert and Marshall Islands in the half century from 1820 to 1870, and they did them little good. For instance, the Boston papers of 1824 tell of a "horrid affair" at Mille Atoll, which they still call the Mulgrave Islands. The crew of the whaling ship *Globe* of Nantucket mutinied and murdered the master and mates. They then took her into Mille lagoon with the intention of settling down on the atoll, but quarrelled over the loot and the women, hanged the steward, and shot the chief mutineer—a New Yorker, as the Boston papers hasten to add. Meanwhile a few men and boys left aboard the ship cut her cables, made sail and escaped, saving both the ship and their necks.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Russia made a definite attempt to participate in the sovereignty of lands bordering on the Pacific; and although she never pushed her efforts continuously, and

eventually liquidated all claims east of Siberia when she sold Alaska to the United States in 1867, the memory of the Russian voyages is perpetuated in the nomenclature of the Marshall Islands.

Adam Ivanovitch Krusenstern (1770-1846), an Estonian, made the first Russian voyage around the world. One of his junior officers was young Otto von Kotzebue (1787-1846), son of a German dramatist. As soon as the Napoleonic wars were over in 1815, the Chancellor of the Empire, Count Rumiantsov, fitted out at his own expense a brig called the *Rurik*, and chose as her commander this 28-year-old lieutenant of the Imperial Navy. The *Rurik* measured 180 tons, mounted eight guns on her main deck, and in her complement of 32 officers and men, place was found for men of science, arts and letters: Adelbert von Chamisso, German naturalist and literateur; Ivan Escholtz, an Estonian surgeon and assistant naturalist; and Login (or Louis) Choris, Russian painter of German origin who had just turned 20. They were all young and gay, except First Lieut. Gleb Simonovitch Schischmarev, a big moon-faced Russian who was an excellent seaman. Kotzebue and Chamisso wrote narratives of the voyage, and Choris painted pictures, which tell us more of these islands, and of other parts of the Pacific, than the accounts of any Pacific voyage between those of Captain Cook and Commodore Wilkes.

On Dec. 14, 1816 the *Rurik* sailed from "Hana-ruru" (Honolulu), and on Jan. 1, 1817 made a landfall in the Marshalls. This was Mejit, and Kotzebue named it New Year's Island. Natives came out in canoes; the yawl was sent ashore and a lively trade ensued in coconuts and mats for hoop iron.

Proceeding westerly, they came upon a much more considerable atoll, Wotje, which Kotzebue named Rumiantsov after his patron, the Chancellor of the Empire. On modern charts it is spelled Romanzov. Here the *Rurik* made a prolonged stay. The boats went ashore; the natives, few in number, friendly but timid, served them pandanus juice in coconut shells. Kotzebue let loose on the beach a billy-goat (shipped at Honolulu) which scared the daylight out of the natives; and the scene of this surprise is still called Goat Island.

Everything went well with "these kind-hearted children of nature" as he called the natives; for they had not yet been abused, kidnapped or enslaved by white renegades or yellow bastards. The chief, Rarick by name, became Kotzebue's good friend; they rubbed noses and swapped names Polynesian fashion. The natives said that they had never seen an European. They were still building 38-foot canoes with no imported tools except a length of strap iron which had come ashore on a baulk of driftwood; and although "the women seemed modest," wrote Chamisso, "a bit of iron sufficed to make these savage beauties succumb." If Choris' paintings do not lie, they were beauties indeed. Kotzebue and Schischmarev made a survey of Wotje which is still the basis of our charts, and one of the passes to the lagoon still bears the name of the moon-faced Russian lieutenant.

The *Rurik's* next call was at Erikub Atoll. Kotzebue then picked up Maloelap, one of the Calvert Islands of Gilbert, and sailed into the lagoon. He named this atoll Saltikov, and the largest island in it Araksheev, after the stern and efficient Russian general; he states that its native name was Torua. This is, of course, Taroa, where the Japanese constructed a landing field which received considerable attention from our bombers in January 1944. To the southward, Kotzebue found Aur Atoll, which he named after a Russian nobleman. Here he had the good fortune to pick up Kadou, a shipwrecked exile from Kusaie, who knew European usages, came aboard and proved a valuable interpreter. The people of Aur invited the Russians to join them in a war against Arno and Majuro Atolls, but they declined.

Russian account formed European interest

Kotzebue and his friends made a really excellent report, hydrographic, botanical and ethnological, of the Radak Chain of the Marshalls. Choris painted with great artistry the remarkable outrigger canoes of the Micronesians with their pandanus-mat sails, and described their manners and customs accurately. Choris even illustrates the clambake method by which the natives made Jenneung, a sweet conserve of the pandanus fruit.

A good deal of fuss was made in Europe over the voyage of the *Rurik*, and rightly so; for Kotzebue had made known the people and scenery of the Marshalls, the Aleutians and the coast of Alaska, just as Captain Cook had opened up the Hawaiians, the Society Islands, and other groups. Kotzebue's narrative was promptly translated into several languages. There is a delicious touch of the romantic age in everything these young men wrote and painted; they had found Rousseau's noble savage, living according to nature on the fruits of the earth and the sea; the men were brave but hospitable, the women were fair and kind. Kotzebue and his shipmates were true contemporaries of Lord Byron.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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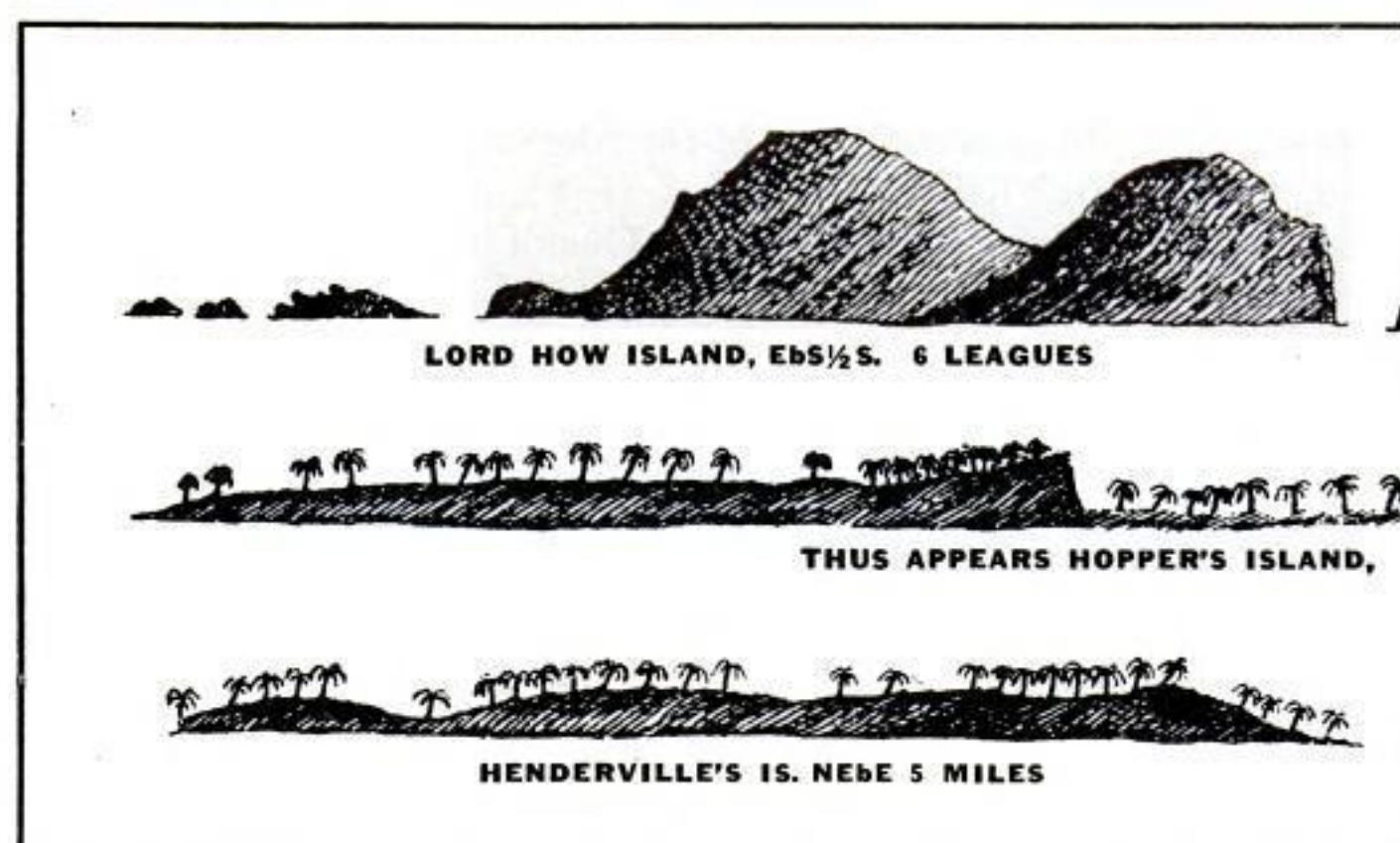


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contributions this nation-wide organization is making toward the
more efficient utilization of America's agricultural resources.



Captain William Marshall's sketches, made from the deck of the British merchant ship *Scarborough*, show profiles of Apemama and other islands. They greatly exaggerate

GILBERTS & MARSHALLS (continued)

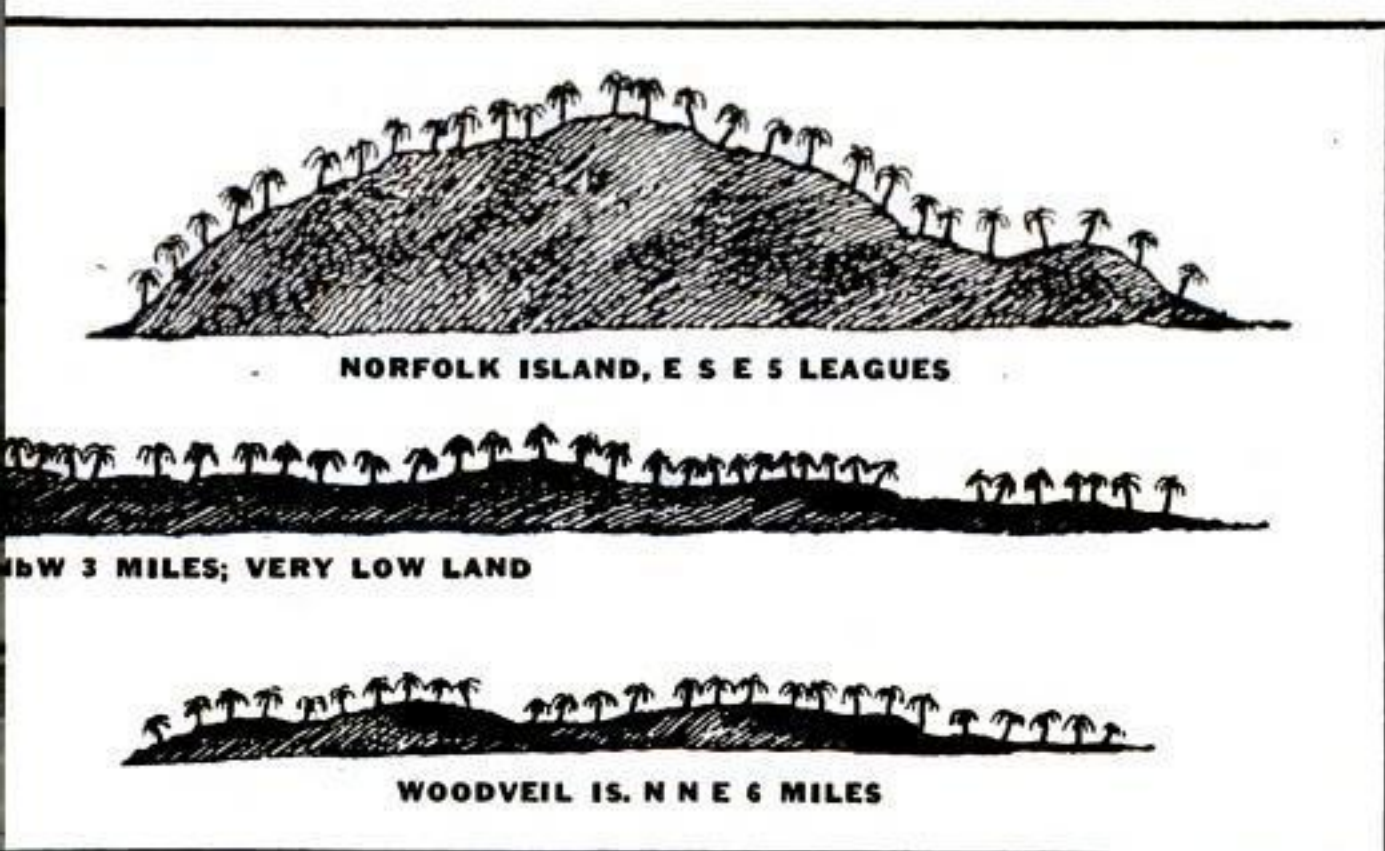
In 1836, Congress took time out from fighting President Jackson to authorize the "United States Exploring Expedition in the Southern Seas... to Extend the Bounds of Science and to Promote Knowledge." Charles Wilkes, a 40-year-old lieutenant of the United States Navy, who had been head of the Hydrographic Office, accepted the command after three captains and two commodores had declined to serve. About two years were required to organize the expedition. Finally on Aug. 18, 1838, the United States Exploring Expedition consisting of the sloops of war *U.S.S. Vincennes* (780 tons) and *Peacock* (650 tons), the man o' war brig *Porpoise* (230 tons), store-ship *Relief* and two New York pilot boats of about 100 tons, *Sea Gull* and *Flying-Fish* carrying a total complement of 83 officers and 342 enlisted men, sailed from Hampton Roads.

After very extensive explorations in Antarctica, the South Pacific and the west coast of the United States and California, Commodore Wilkes in *Peacock*, accompanied by *Flying-Fish*, sailed from Oahu on Dec. 2, 1840. After a short call at Samoa, which he had explored earlier in the voyage, he laid a course for the Ellice Islands. His first call, on Mar. 14, 1841, was at Funafuti, whose inhabitants, when they came aboard, had an odd habit of standing on one leg with the sole of the other foot pressed against the inside of the thigh. Wilkes missed none of the Ellice Islands, and very possibly discovered one or two of them.

Continuing in a northerly direction, the *Peacock* and *Flying-Fish* reached the Gilbert Islands. Wilkes describes at great length the manners, customs and artifacts of the natives, and expressed his admiration for the women—"the prettiest that had yet been seen in the South Sea Islands; slender and gracefully formed... and they appeared by no means unconscious of their charms." Nor were their fathers or brothers, who brought them out and aboard, offering their services in return for trading truck, and driving a hard bargain for the best favored. The men, however, were "familiar and rude," and great thieves of tobacco, for which they had a violent passion. They were fighters, too, with clubs and ten-foot spears barbed with sharks' teeth and the tail of the poisonous stingray. To protect themselves from these lethal weapons, the Gilbertese had contrived an extraordinary coconut-husk armor.

Before the end of Wilkes' visit a brawl with the natives occurred, and able seaman John Anderson was reported missing. It was ascertained that he had been carried off to a village on the same atoll, called Utiroa. An expedition of seven armed ships' boats was accordingly sent there to demand Anderson alive, or leave the Utiroans dead. On approaching the beach about 500 cuirassed warriors were observed, brandishing their long spears and yelling. A proffer of tobacco as a ransom for Anderson having failed to make an impression, Mr. Peale, one of the scientists, discharged a rocket, which caused only a momentary confusion. This was followed by a volley of small arms, and the natives scattered, carrying off their dead and wounded. The boat party then landed, set fire to the village, and, not finding Anderson, concluded that he had been murdered. As indicating the lack of unity among these islanders, a party arrived from another village as the blue-jackets were getting ready to embark, expressed great glee at the destruction of Utiroa, and proceeded to rummage the ruins in search of plunder.

The *Peacock* and *Flying-Fish* sailed leisurely northward, calling at Aranuka, Kuria and Apemama, heaving to in order to talk with natives who came out in their canoes with girls to trade. This custom, which none of the earlier discoverers like Gilbert and Kotzebue



heights of land, a failing shared by most mariners of his day. Gilbert's drawings of the tropical islands encountered on the trip have better draftsmanship and more artistry.

mentioned, Wilkes thought to be an innovation due to the visits of whaling ships in recent years, and to the natives' discovery of what whalers wanted. And, sure enough, at Kuria they met an Irish beachcomber named John Kirby who had deserted a whaling ship three years before, and was living with a chief's daughter. He sought passage with the expedition, was taken aboard, and proved to be a useful interpreter, as well as a source of information.

Mr. Wilkes' next call was at "Tarawa or Knox Island" which he describes as follows:

"This island is partially wooded, having several groves of cocoanut trees on it, and a dense undergrowth. Several towns were seen on it, and it appeared to be thickly inhabited. It affords no supplies for vessels. Three canoes came off to the ship, two of which kept at a respectful distance, while the third approached with great caution. Some few pieces of iron hoops enticed the natives on board, but they brought nothing for trade, except a half a dozen cocoa-nuts. They stated that they had never seen a vessel before. This may be true, but appeared somewhat incredible, when they are so near other islands which have had constant intercourse with shipping. They appeared entirely ignorant of the use of tobacco, which it will be recollected the other natives coveted so much; and what seemed to confirm the belief in the truth of their assertion of the visits of ships, was the absence of females in the canoes, which had been with the natives of the other islands so prominent an article of barter."

A careful survey was made of Apaiang, where Wilkes viewed a sacred stone dressed with coconut leaves. When surveying the lagoon the *Flying-Fish* grounded, at which the natives of Apaiang became menacing. Captain Hudson of the *Peacock* hove to outside, in case they needed help, but drifted 12 miles over to Tarawa that night, and so was completely beyond reach when at break of day the natives got ready to attack the tender. Fortunately the flood tide floated her off at that critical moment, and a single rifle shot was sufficient to keep the canoes at a safe distance.

Wilkes likes the Makin Islanders

On May 27 the *Peacock* left to look for Makin, which Wilkes calls Pitt's Island. About 20 canoes came off to greet the *Peacock*, and in one of them was a Scots beachcomber named Robert Wood. He had landed there from a Sydney whaler seven years before, and in all that time had not seen another white man. Wood was so excited as to be quite unintelligible at first; later he told Wilkes a great deal about Makin. The natives had used him kindly; indeed "almost deified him" until they knew him better. The men of Makin were very different from those at Apaiang, even in appearance. Wilkes writes:

"In the short intercourse the '*Peacock*' had with the natives of this island, a great difference was perceptible between them and those of other islands, as well in respect to their appearance, as in character. Their features were regular and by some thought handsome; they had fine teeth, with glossy black hair; they were also of a lighter colour than the rest of the natives with whom they are grouped; their figures are, for the most part, rotund, and they seem to have an abundance of food to become fat upon. In walking, they appeared like a moving mass of jelly; every laugh set not only their sides in motion, but their whole frame and flesh. On being asked how these people became so fat, Wood replied, they had plenty of food and 'toddy' to fatten upon; this last is a syrup, called by the natives 'karaca,' made from the sap of the young cocoa-nut trees: of this they drink immoderately."

The men were tattooed all over; they neither begged nor stole; their canoes were larger and better built than elsewhere in the Gilberts. Tekere, the chief, came out to the *Peacock* but was too fat to climb the Jacob's ladder.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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delightful flavor for
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GILBERTS & MARSHALLS (continued)

At Makin there was a curious sex situation. The king had 20 to 50 wives; the bigger chiefs also were polygamous; but the supply of women was so limited that many men of the common people had to lead a life of celibacy. There were no prostitutes, and fooling around with spare wives was not tolerated; Tekere had caused some of his younger and more attractive wenches to be sewed up in mats so that enterprising bachelors could not get at them when he went away on a canoe trip. One unfortunate young man tried to stow away in the *Peacock* because, as he explained, he was too poor to rate a wife on Makin, and wished to try his luck on another island.

Commodore Wilkes' *Narrative* is much the most thorough description of the Gilbert Islands that had yet been written; it has been a fertile source of superficial writing about the Pacific by "globetrotters" and library geographers during the last century. He made careful surveys of several of the atolls. His charts, greatly superior to any that had previously been done in the Pacific, were still being used over a century later, when the Central Pacific Force of the U. S. Pacific Fleet, Admiral R. A. Spruance, U. S. N. commanding, ousted the Japanese from Makin, Tarawa and Apemama.

A new era in the Gilberts and Marshalls opened with the arrival of the "Boston Missionaries" in the 1850's. Their efforts were an offshoot from the Congregational mission and church which Bostonians had established in Honolulu as early as 1820. The publications of the United States Exploring Expedition called attention to the Gilberts and Marshalls; and as the Hawaiian Islands by that time were pretty well covered, it seemed proper to plant a "Vineyard of the Lord" somewhat further afield.

Hiram Bingham converts the Gilberts

It took courage to plant missions on those islands, at that era. The people, as we have seen, were bellicose and liable to murder the crew of any vessel that offered plunder. They had been given plenty of provocation by visiting whalers and rascally traders.

The first Boston mission was not established in the Gilberts or Marshalls, but in the easternmost Caroline Island of Kusaie, or Strong Island as it had been named in 1804. The Reverend and Mrs. B. G. Snow with a native Hawaiian named Kekala, who had been educated in Boston, landed there in the schooner *Carolina* in 1852. They first touched at Makin, but decided the going there was too tough and went on to Kusaie, where the native ruler, "King George", welcomed them. He died two years later and was succeeded by a chief whose only interests were liquor and women; but these hastened him to a premature death in 1856, and his successor tolerated the missionaries.

The Gilbert Islands were converted and in a sense civilized largely owing to the efforts of the Reverend and Mrs. Hiram Bingham. As a 25-year-old Yale graduate, Bingham sailed from Boston in 1856 in the schooner *Morning Star*, first of a series of missionary vessels supported by the American Board of Foreign Missions. After considerable stay at Honolulu they established a mission station the follow-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



Commodore Charles Wilkes led the first U.S. exploration party to Pacific. He named Wilkesland in Antarctica, in 1861 removed Mason and Slidell from British ship *Trent*.



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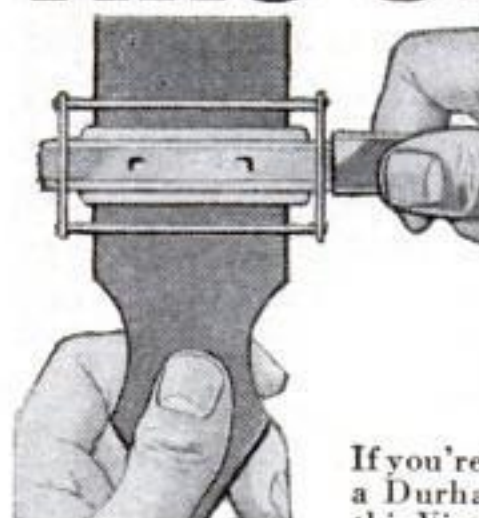
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... the days when Every Body demands the protection of VICTORY VITAMIN C

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Although Uncle Sam has set aside all the canned grapefruit sections, and most of the canned orange juice, blended juice, and concentrates for the armed forces—some orange juice and blended juice is available for civilians.

With deaf ears turned to murderous machine-gun muzzles—with steady eyes that scarcely blink at the blinding flash of bursting bombs—the dauntless crews of America's great Victory Fleet "deliver the goods" to our men across the seas. Frequently included in those fiercely guarded cargoes are countless cans of Florida's Grapefruit Juice—the precious ammunition to fortify every body with "Victory Vitamin C."

Canned  **FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE**
RICH IN VICTORY VITAMIN C



Wilkes's expedition sketch (left) shows curious posture of Ellice Islander. Tattooing on Makin Island beauty (right) resembles old-fashioned suit of long underwear.

GILBERTS & MARSHALLS (continued)

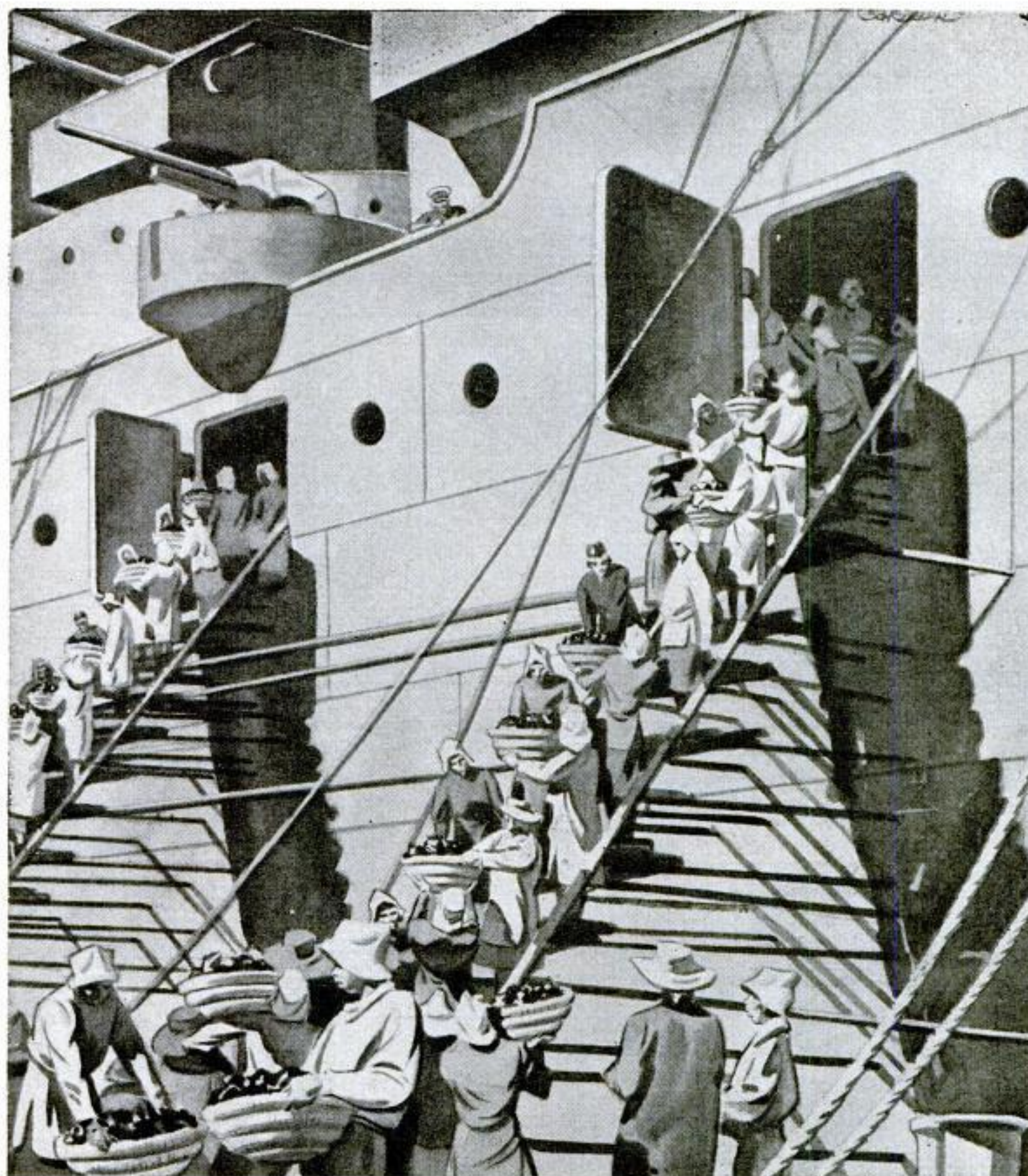
ing fall on Apaiang, where the way had been prepared by the Reverend and Mrs. Pierson the year before, and the "king," named Teutebau, received them cordially. Native Hawaiian missionaries were sent to Tarawa; and the Reverend E. T. Doane, presumably from the Cape Cod family that has produced divines of divers sects, visited Mille.

These early missionaries and their wives certainly had courage. Armed only with the Bible and a faith in human nature, they entered islands notorious for cutting out trading schooners and murdering all hands. They preached the gospel pure and hot; no trimming for the native taste, no compromise. They lived for years on native food and such salt horse and flour as they could import at long intervals. They built boats and sailed in them or in native canoes to other islands, never knowing when they might be murdered. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham stayed eight years at Apaiang, printed some chapters translated from the New Testament on a little hand press there in 1864, and left an Hawaiian missionary in charge when they departed. After a visit to the United States in 1865, Mr. Bingham came out again the following year in command of the second *Morning Star*, made a tour of Micronesia, and then resided at Honolulu to work on his Gilbertese Bible. For, like old Ulphilas or John Eliot of New England, Bingham undertook the colossal task of reducing a barbarous spoken language to writing, and translating the Bible into it from the original Greek and Hebrew. He completed the New Testament in 1873, with the aid of a Gilbertese convert named Moses Kaure, and returned to Apaiang to distribute copies. Health forced him to leave there in 1875, and he settled down at Honolulu, completing his translation of the Old Testament in 1890, and a Gilbertese dictionary just before his death in 1908.

"Bully" Hayes, king of the blackbirders

The missionaries arrived none too soon, for about the time of our Civil War these islands became the scene of "blackbirding," a peculiarly cruel and disgusting sort of slavery. Sugar plantations in Queensland, mines in Mexico, the guano islands off Peru, and other exploitations around the South Pacific, were crying for cheap labor. So trading schooners were fitted out, and native boys were either lured aboard by specious promises or crudely kidnapped, to be put to unaccustomed work in a foreign country, from which few ever returned. Tens of thousands of Polynesians, Micronesians and Melanesians were treated thus. This infamous traffic was at its height from about 1865 to 1890, when "Bully" Hayes, who hailed from Cleveland, Ohio, was king of the blackbirders. His favorite resort, after selling a cargo of blackbirds, was the harbor of Lele in Kusaie. There, with a band of tough Gilbertese and Ocean Islanders who were his boon companions, he held wild orgies of drinking and fighting that drove the peaceable natives into the woods. "Americans have had a good deal to do with Kusaie," observes Willard Price in his *Pacific Adventure*. "Americans damned it; Americans redeemed it." Unfortunately, Americans must now redeem it again.

The first redeeming was done by the missionaries. Whether or not they were driven out by Bully Hayes and his merry men, I have not ascertained; but after a British warship deported him, they were there. Everyone who has visited the island has testified to their devotion to the people, and their success in transforming one of the hell-holes of the Pacific into a happy, healthy and law-abiding community. Even the Japanese government, when it took over the Marshall and Caroline Islands in 1915, realized what a social asset the



IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO WE ARE, WE ARE



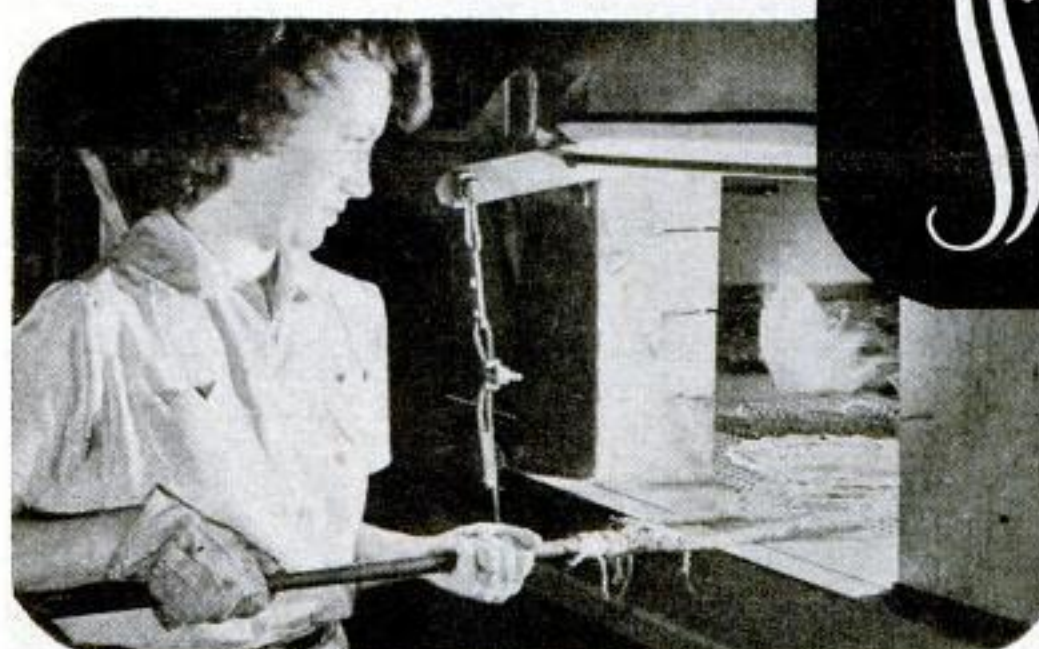
Ladies of Japan... at work

This isn't asked of American women BUT... Japan may and does ask brute work of her women... like loading coal on ships, basket by basket.

Actually, that is one reason why our war with Nippon will be long... why America is calling for more women to work wherever they can replace men. Not on back-breaking jobs, but jobs befitting American womanhood in plants, stores and services.

It isn't enough to save kitchen fats and flatten tin cans. Won't you look in the want-ads and pick out a job you can do?

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK
... THE SOONER WE'LL WIN



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One of many women in the Fostoria plant relieving men for war service. She places crystal plates in an annealing oven to temper the glass and make it strong as well as lovely. See this beautiful crystal at local Fostoria stores.

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GILBERTS & MARSHALLS (continued)

"Boston missionaries" were, and contributed to their support.

No doubt equally inspiring stories could be told about the Anglican and Catholic missions in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, if one knew them. Two French fathers of the Sacred Heart Congregation stayed on Makin Atoll throughout the Japanese occupation of 1942-1943, ministering as best they could to their converts, and were there to welcome us last November. But it must be admitted that the Boston Puritans were the pioneers. They came when conditions were most dangerous and discouraging; they had nothing but faith and character to protect them. The American Board supported missions at Ebon, Apaiang, Makin, Jaluit, Kusaie and Ocean Island, and in several of the Marshalls, right down to our own day; five of their missionaries, all but one elderly woman, were evacuated from these islands between 1939 and 1941 after long years of hard labor.

The last episode of interest in the history of the Gilbert Islands before the establishment of the British protectorate in 1894, was the visit of Robert Louis Stevenson in 1889. At the age of 39 he was seeking adventure, material, and a cure for tuberculosis in the South Seas; and all but the last he found. At Honolulu he chartered the 62-ton schooner *Equator*, loaded her with mouth-organs, five-cent cigars and other trading truck, and embarked with his wife, his stepson Lloyd Osbourne, a manservant, and a Chinese cook, Ah Fu. Their first call in the Gilberts, on July 13, was at Butaritari Island, Makin Atoll—the exact place where the United States Navy and Marines made two calls, in 1942 and 1943; and they landed on the lagoon side. Stevenson's description is sharp and accurate:

"The two chief places of our stay, Butaritari and Apemama, lie near the line. Both enjoy a superb ocean climate, days of blinding sun and bracing wind, nights of a heavenly brightness. Life on such islands is in many points like life on shipboard. The atoll, like the ship, is soon taken for granted; and the islanders, like the ship's crew, become soon the centre of attention. In the last decade many changes have crept in; women no longer go unclothed till marriage; the widow no longer sleeps at night and goes abroad by day with the skull of her dead husband; and, fire-arms being introduced, the spear and the shark-tooth sword are sold for curiosities. Ten years ago all these things and practices were to be seen in use; yet ten years more, and the old society will have entirely vanished."

R. L. S. negotiates for prohibition

The resident missionary was a Hawaiian named Maka; natives were already provided with firearms, and on the lagoon side of Butaritari, all traders sold dry goods and miscellaneous goods in return for copra; two of them, "The Land We Live In," and "Sans Souci," also sold liquor. The former's barkeeper, an American Negro named Williams, also acted as interpreter between R. L. S. and the "king," Tebureimoa.

Stevenson soon found he had run into a delicate situation. There was a royal tabu on liquor. But the American community, which included one tavern keeper and most of the 11 other white people, finding that copra was coming in slowly when no longer paid for by drinks, had induced the king to remove the tabu on the excuse that they should celebrate the Fourth of July in proper style. The party, honored by the king's presence, was exceedingly merry; and his majesty and subjects had been drinking ever since. The two bars did a roaring business in "din and perandi" (gin and brandy), but the natives were now running deeply into debt, and beginning to throw coconuts about and be saucy to the whites. Yet the "Sans Souci" dared not close its bar for fear "The Land We Live In" would get all the business, and vice versa; in fact both feared to put up the blinds, lest the natives kill the whites and loot their cellars. Every day the white men begged the king to clap on the tabu; every day he promised to do it tomorrow; but when the morrow came he needed a little more hair of the dog that bit him, and procrastinated. The situation was becoming very serious, for the royal family were knocking off kummel by the tumbler-full and would soon be in no state to protect the white men if the natives took a fancy to massacre them. About the only precaution the lords of creation could take was to indulge in target practice at empty bottles, in order to impress the drunken natives that a sober white man was the better shot. Finally R. L. S. was elected ambassador. He obtained a treaty between the rival tavern keepers to sell no more liquor; and by not denying a local rumor to the effect that he was a son of Queen Victoria, persuaded the king to reenforce the tabu after 20 days' continuous debauch.

The *Equator* now got under way and sailed the Stevensons to Apaiang. R. L. S. did not stay here long because he wished to visit King Tembinoka of Apemama, the last royal tyrant of the Gilberts. *Equator* entered the lagoon on Sept. 1 and the monarch came aboard to survey her trading truck. Stevenson's description of him is a classic:



Tip the bottle... fill the glass...
and treat your thirst to
the TASTE that is pleasing
the TANG that's refreshing

Hires
ROOT BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES

On your radio "It's HEIDT TIME for HIRES"—Music—Thrills—Laughter featuring HORACE HEIDT
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT — BLUE NETWORK

"A beaked profile like Dante's in the mask, a mane of long black hair, the eye brilliant, imperious, and inquiring: for certain parts, and to one who could have used it, the face was a fortune. His voice matched it well, being shrill, powerful, and uncanny, with a note like a sea-bird's. Where there are no fashions, none to set them, few to follow them if they were set, and none to criticize, he dresses—as Sir Charles Grandison lived—to his own heart. Now he wears a woman's frock, now a naval uniform; now (and more usually) figures in a masquerade costume of his own design: trousers and a singular jacket with shirt tails, the cut and fit wonderful for island workmanship, the material always handsome, sometimes green velvet, sometimes cardinal red silk. This masquerade becomes him admirably. In the woman's frock he looks ominous and weird beyond belief. I see him now come pacing towards me in the cruel sun, solitary, a figure out of Hoffmann."

Tembinoka was "not only the sole ruler," but "the sole merchant of his triple kingdom, Apemama, Aranuka and Kuria." He monopolized turtles, coconuts and copra; he allowed no trader ashore, but took his subjects' produce and purchased from visiting schooners whatever caught his fancy—music boxes, clocks, umbrellas, rifles, even stoves. The *Equator* sold him a bowl of gold fish, and 17 boxes of scented soap at \$2 a cake. He gave them money for trade tobacco—the rank, black twists still made in Richmond for South Sea trade—and they bought it in case lots, but the king won it all back from them at cards. The game they played was a modified poker of which the king made the rules, one of them being that he was entitled to deal himself two hands to their one. Naturally he always won.

After a long palaver, Tembinoka graciously permitted the Stevenson party to come ashore and live, while the *Equator* sailed away on trading business. The king had a group of *manaps*—native thatched houses—erected for them on the highest spot in Apemama. "Equator Town" they called it; and there they stayed for months, Stevenson doing a bit of writing, others sketching, shooting birds, and taking photographs with a new hand-camera. Tembinoka became their good friend, and wept when they sailed.

When Stevenson's biographer Graham Balfour called there in 1893, all had changed. Great Britain had annexed the archipelago, at the missionaries' earnest request, to protect the people against exploiters; the beachcombers had been shipped away. Tembinoka was dead; measles had carried off a large part of the population and a boy king acted as puppet ruler for the British magistrate.

Under British rule and missionary guidance the natives gradually recovered their former numbers. By 1937, if the *Pacific Island Year Book* estimate of 26,231 natives, 88 whites, and 21 Chinese is correct, the Gilbert Islands were one of the most thickly populated parts of the South Pacific.

The Marshall Islands were annexed by Germany about 1885, after several German trading firms had built up a copra business there. Spain protested, but in 1899 relinquished all her claims to the Carolines, Marshalls and Ladrones, excepting Guam.

Information about events of the last 50 years on the Marshalls is much more difficult to come by than that on the Gilberts. The Germans developed the copra business and sent in missionaries; but they never had a Captain Wilkes or an R. L. S. to write about the Marshall Islands. Japan easily conquered these then undefended islands in 1914, and obtained a mandate to them after the war. In 1935, when Japan withdrew from the League of Nations, the Marshalls should properly have been returned to the League for remandanting; but Japan was determined to keep them for obvious strategic reasons, and annexed them to the empire.

From that empire they are being wrested by the armed forces of the United States, as I compile these notes of bygone days.



Robert Louis Stevenson (seated) and his family party stopped at Apemama in the Gilberts on their way through the South Seas. Here R.L.S. watches a devil priest in action.

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*Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully

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PERICLES WILL CARRY THE GREEK COLORS, A WHITE CROSS ON BLUE, WHEN HE GOES TO THE POST. HIS OWNER, WILLIAM HELIS, HAS GIVEN \$1,000,000 TO GREEK WAR RELIEF

PERICLES

**Fabulously priced as a yearling
he gets ready for his first race**

Every morning at 6 a colt named Pericles is out on the track at Belmont Park, Long Island, for a gentle two-mile gallop under a tight rein. Early this summer he'll have a real workout and reports on his time will be in every racing paper. Though his owner is not yet sure when he will be ready to start in a race, Pericles is the most talked of 2-year-old in the U. S.

Last summer Pericles was sold for \$66,000, the season's top price for a yearling and third highest in history. He was bought by William Helis, a newcom-

er to racing who disregarded a well-established hex. Of the few such high-priced yearlings one never won, a second never started, a third dropped dead.

So far Pericles, who is by Blenheim II, the sire of Whirlaway, looks worth the money. His conformation is beautiful. He has everything that care and breeding can give to make a champion. With racing off to its biggest money year and with few name horses to equal retired favorites such as Whirlaway, fans are looking for a new glamor horse. It may be Pericles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

"Victory Garden"—2 words that mean war aid



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"



You might properly say that Walker's DeLuxe is *born* smooth, for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement smooths it right from the start. And then it is cask-mellowed four full years. Tasting the result, you'll quickly realize that the two words, Walker's DeLuxe, describe the all-time peak of whiskey smoothness. Let us add that it is not plentiful—the supply must last longer than originally intended because the distillery is now making alcohol for war.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

*come on
you sunners!*



Make something of your day off, your vacation,
your leave... get a Jantzen and get out where
there's sun and water and joy and a chance to
relax from the job you're doing for the job you've
yet to do! The new Jantzens are all in your favor,
meaning they make you look wonderful, feel won-
derful, appreciate how wonderful you really are.

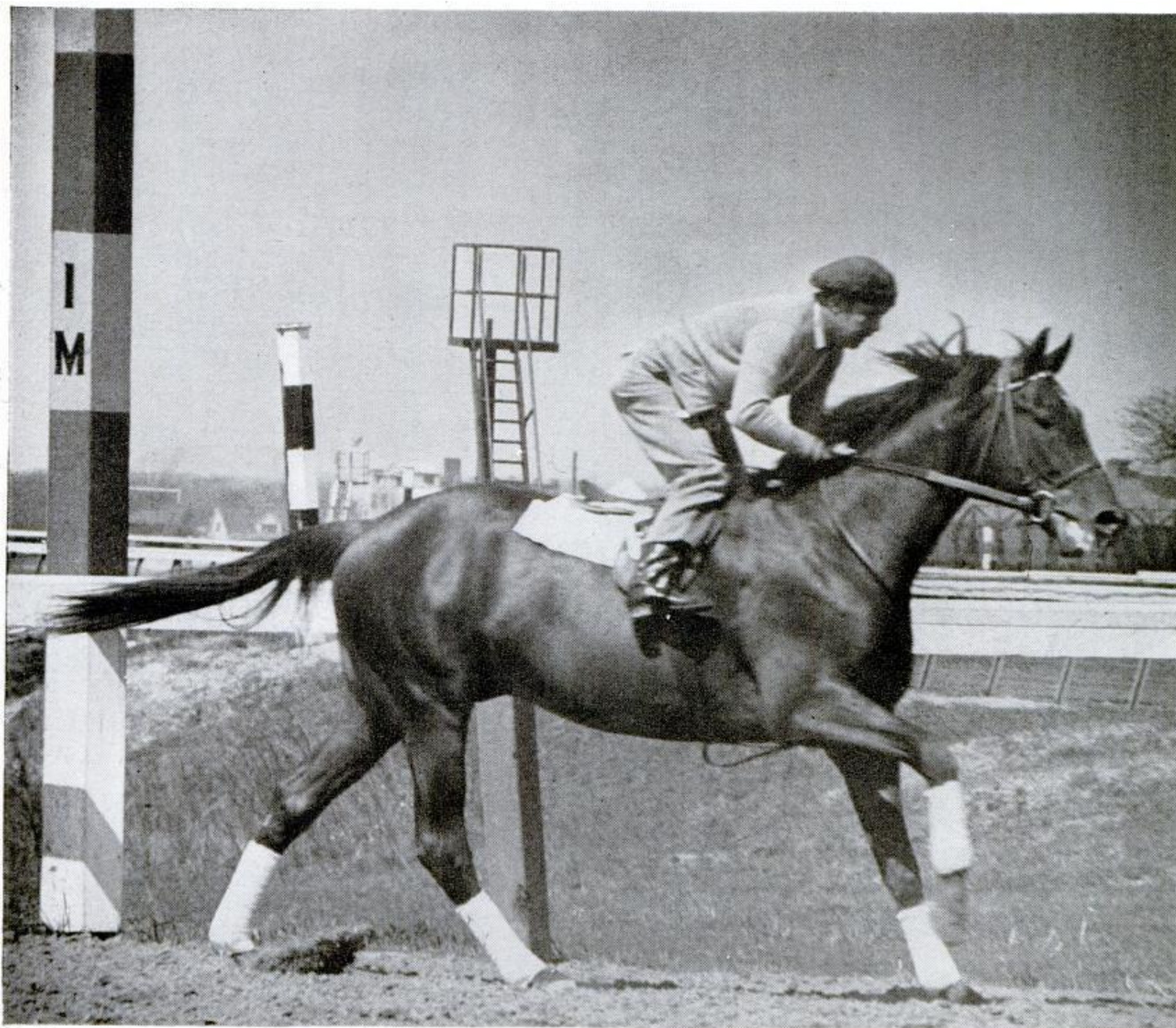
COQUETTE... Velva-lure and white pique 9.95
CAPTAIN... all-wool Brittany-knit trunks 5.00

Jantzen

AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

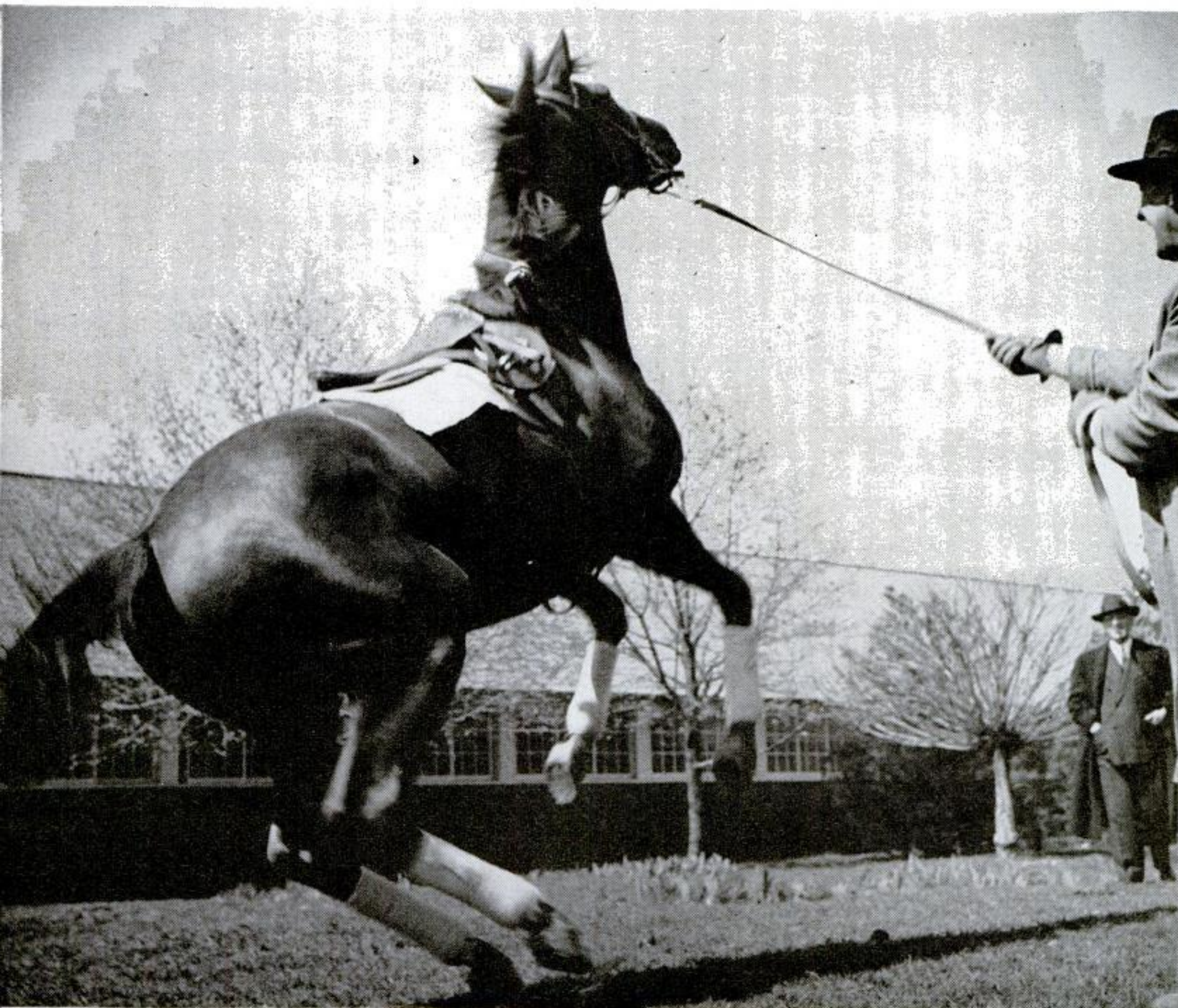
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND OREGON • VANCOUVER CANADA

TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW... BUY MORE BONDS TODAY!



Pericles gallops easily around the Belmont Park track with exercising boy holding him tightly in check. The thoroughbred's wide

nostrils literally scoop in the air. His speed will be tested later on in real workouts. Then racetrack tipsters will line rails to clock him.



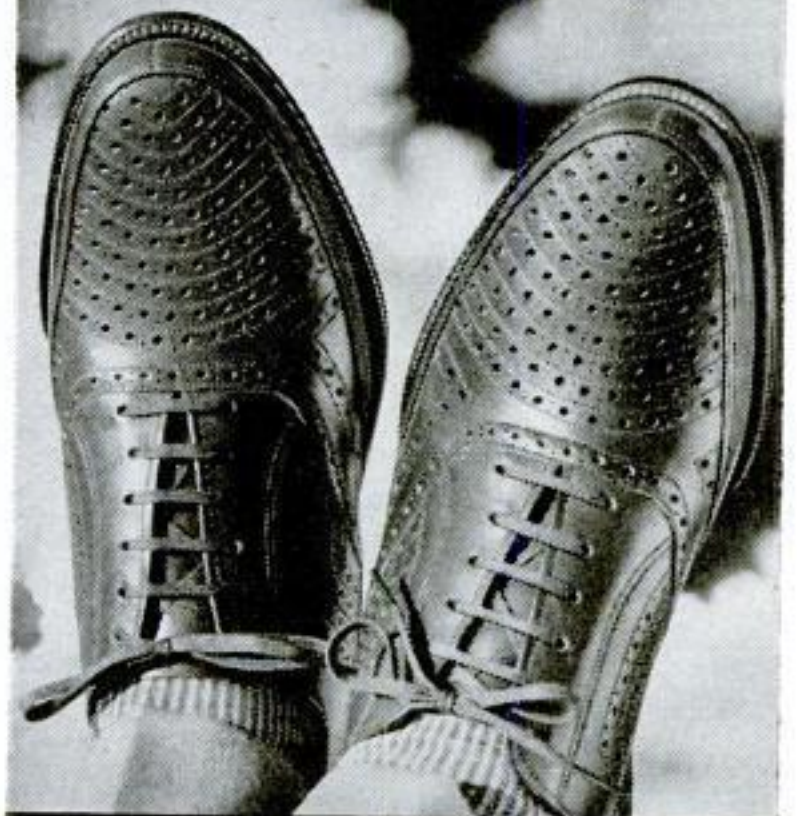
Rearing skittishly while his trainer hangs on to his leadstrap, Pericles shows he is still pretty much a colt. From now on he will have

little chance for playfulness. Another sign of youth is his plumpness. Soon he'll be leaner and harder as the workouts get tougher.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

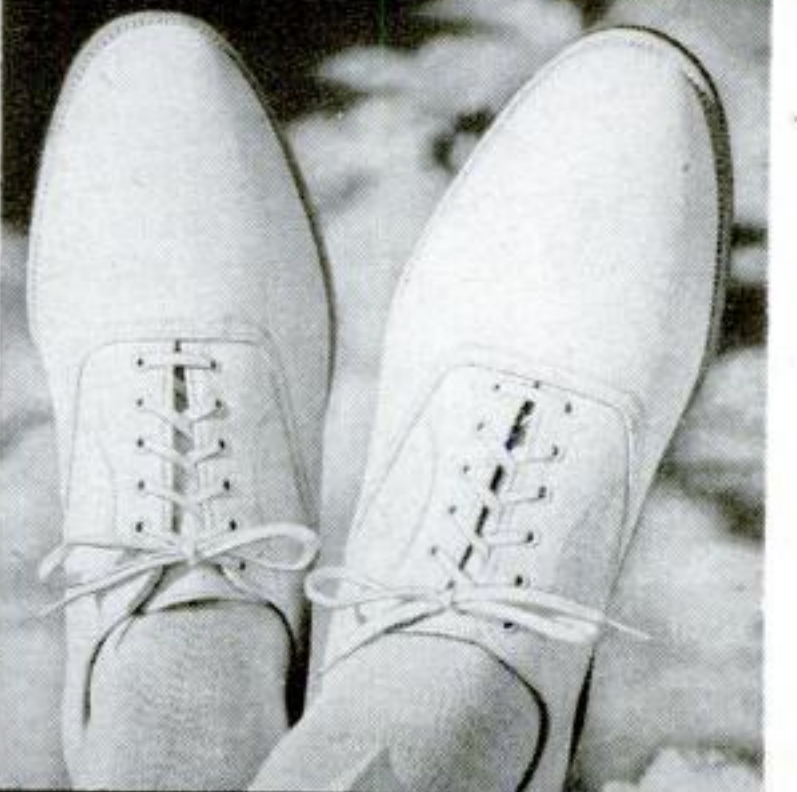
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SUMMER'S CLOUD!*



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AFLOAT or ASHORE!*



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*BREEZES BLOW
from HEEL to TOE!*



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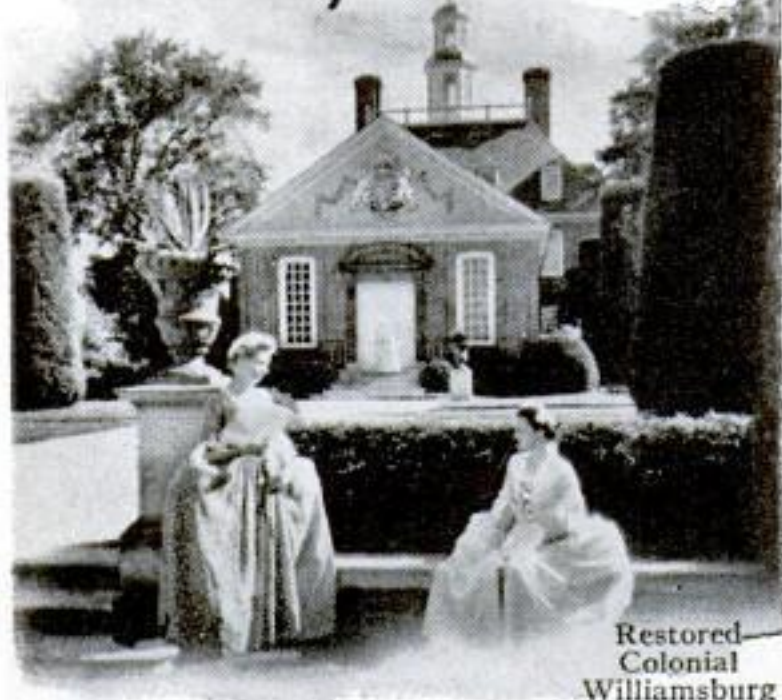


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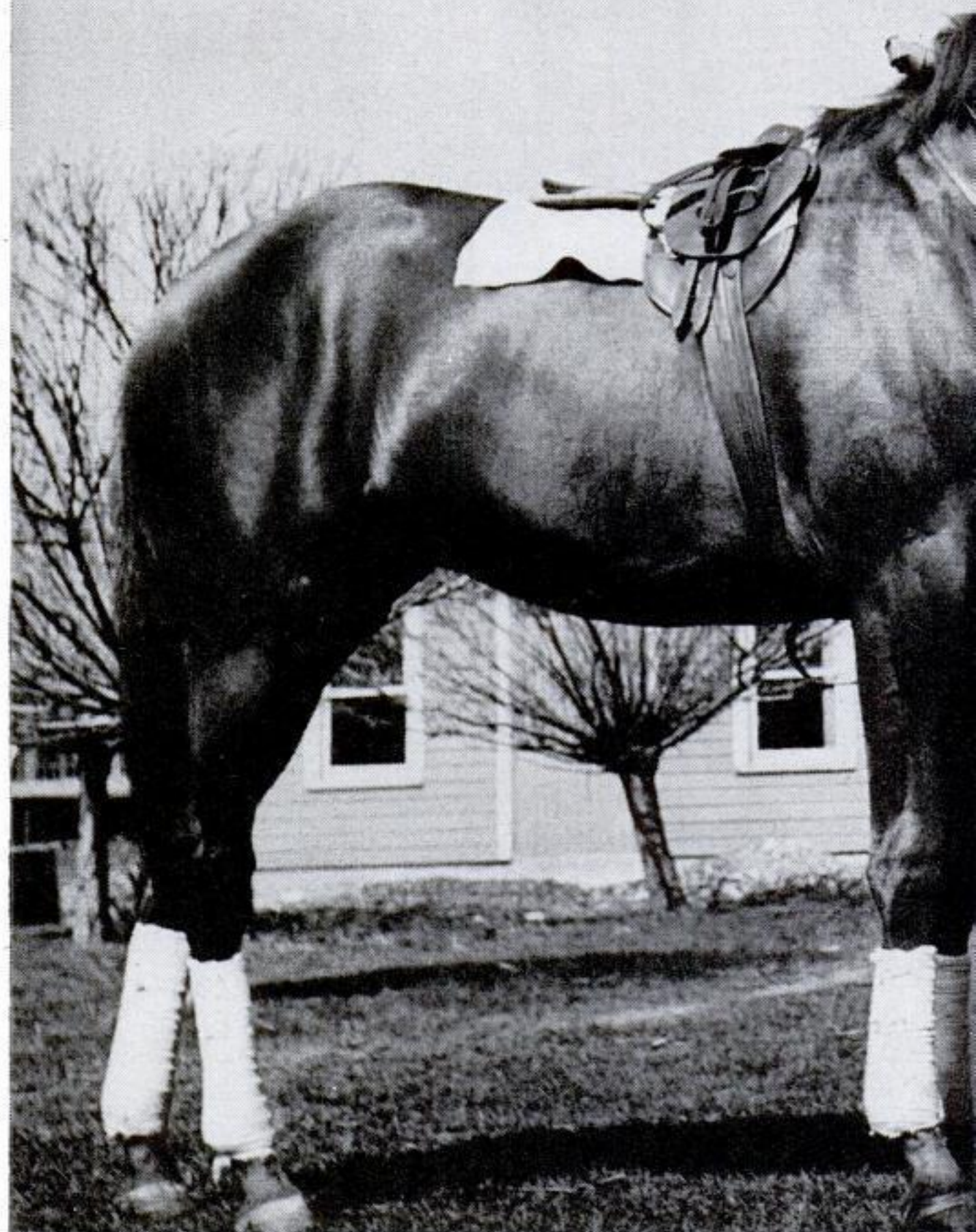


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SWAN
RIBBONS**

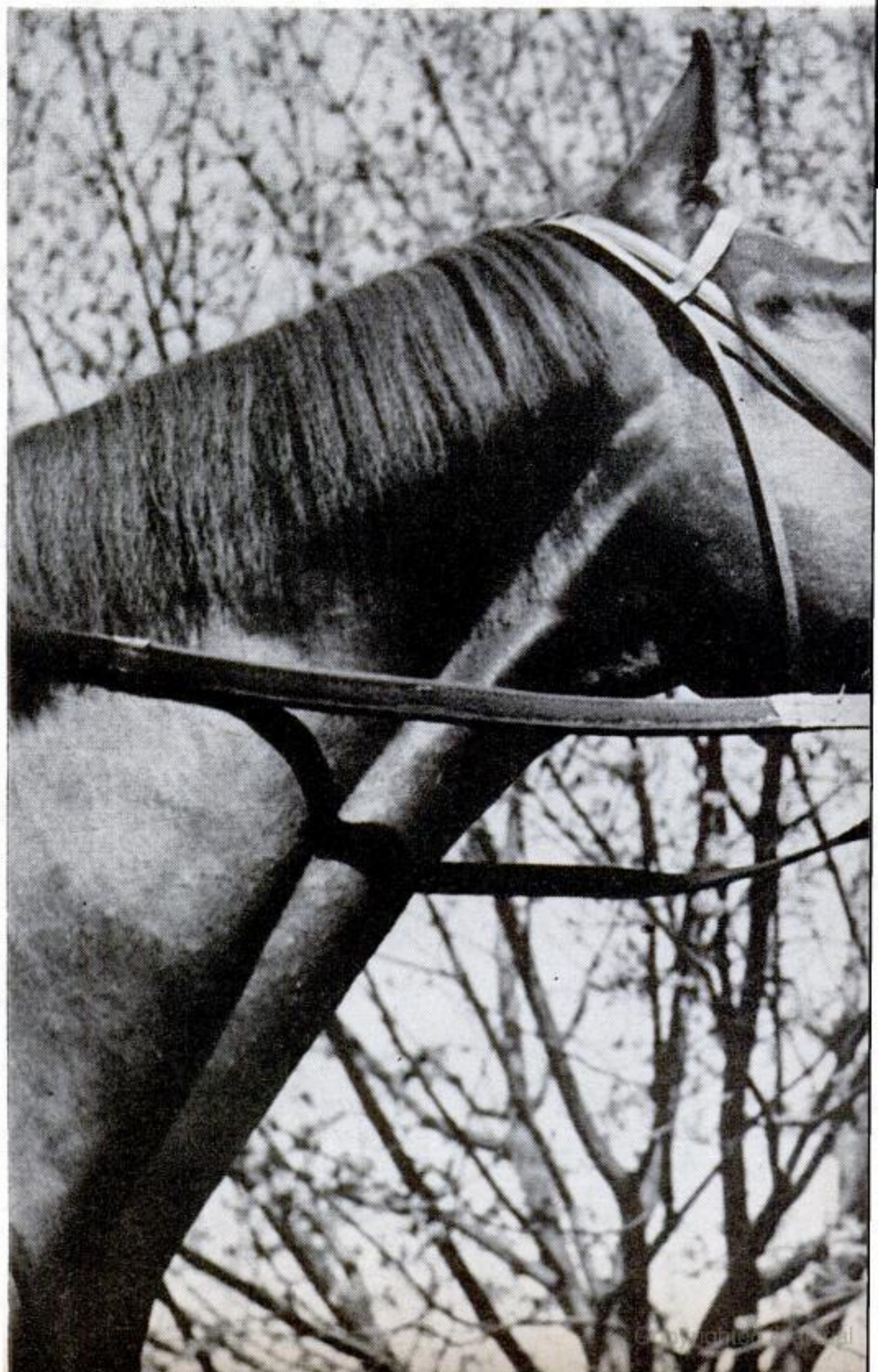
It will pay you to look for this quality trade-mark on ribbon and notion counters.

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Pericles (continued)



Trainer Edward L. Snyder holds Pericles in classic stance in front of the Belmont stables. The colt's proportions are so good they hide his better-than-average size. He is





16 hands high. Proud Owner Helis (*below*) affectionately communes with his horse. Helis says, "I don't care if he never wins. I love the horse and the horse loves me."



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LISTEN TO JOHN B. KENNEDY AND THE NEWS FOR HARVEL EVERY SUNDAY OVER THE BLUE NETWORK—(SEE LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME.)



Life Visits the Hatfields and McCoy

Famous feuding families now live together in peace

The Hatfield-McCoy feud is celebrated in song and legend, but surprisingly few authentic facts have been written about it. The surviving Hatfields and McCoy are close-mouthed mountain folk who do not kill each other any more, but dislike talking to strangers. However, Miss Jean Thomas of Ashland, Ky. has lived among them for years, talked with some of the leading feudists, and checked the few legal records that exist. With her aid LIFE Photographer Walter Sanders recently visited the Hatfields and McCoy in their remote homes. He brought back pictorial evidence that their cruel and bloody feud was no myth, but an actual page of U. S. folk history.

The Hatfields were, and still are, mountain farmers on the West Virginia side of Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River (*see p. 113*). The McCoy were large landowners on the Kentucky side of the same stream. During the Civil War young Anderson ("Devil Anse") Hatfield, fighting with the Confederates, killed Harmon McCoy, a Union man, in battle. He came home a Confederate captain and quarreled again with Randall McCoy, Harmon's kin, over a stolen pig. Then Devil Anse's oldest son, Jonse, brought Randall McCoy's pretty daughter Rosanna home from an Election Day picnic. His father wouldn't allow a marriage, but they lived together anyway. After that, it was open war. The McCoy caught Ellison Hatfield, Anse's brother, and stabbed him fatally. Anse retaliated by tying three young McCoy to bushes beside the river and murdering them the moment he heard that Ellison was dead. One day Captain Hatfield and his clan rode boldly up to Randall McCoy's house in Kentucky, killed his 15-year-old daughter Allifair McCoy and burned the house down. A reward was offered for him, dead or alive. There were ambushes in the woods in which many men were killed, but Devil Anse lived safely behind a drawbridge in his mountain valley home. Only one feudist ("Cotton Top" Mounts, a Hatfield cousin) was ever hanged. Last killing was in 1896, but by that time Devil Anse had been converted, baptized and was living respectably on money from his coal lands (*see below*).

HARK HATFIELD, 73, AND HIS WIFE, WHO WAS OLLIE MCCOY, SIT QUIETLY IN THE SUN

Captain "Devil Anse" Hatfield ordered this \$3,000 marble statue of himself carved in Italy, and had it hauled up the mountainside by mules to a spot he picked because it was "nice and dry" for graves. He died in 1921, at the age of 83, with a clear and forgiving conscience. His

great enemy, Randall McCoy, died before him, still full of bitterness. He once said that Anderson Hatfield was "six foot of devil and 180 pounds of hell." The man and boy looking at the statue are Devil Anse's son Joe, a former sheriff of Logan County, and grandson Willie Joe, aged 4.





Bud and Rhoda McCoy posed for the picture at left on the day they were married, Sept. 17, 1907. When Photographer Sanders visited them this spring they went outside and struck the same pose for the picture at right. Bud is the grandson of Harmon McCoy, killed in the Civil

War, and a son of Lark McCoy, who played a leading part in the feud (*see p. 108*). He was too young to kill Hatfields during the family war and has no ill will toward them now. He works in a near-by coal mine and likes to play the banjo and sing hymns with his wife after supper.

Joe D. Hatfield holds up the shirt worn by his uncle Ellison on the day he was killed by three McCoy. There are 26 knife holes in it. The three McCoy were killed the same day; one of them, Little Randall, 15, was told to beg for his life but replied, "Go to hell," and was shot.

L. Lawson Hatfield squats inside an old hollow tree which was long known as the "stink tree," where Hatfields were said to have stuffed dead bodies. (Usually they let them lie.) Devil Anse never repented his killings; he told Miss Thomas: "A man has a right to protect his family."



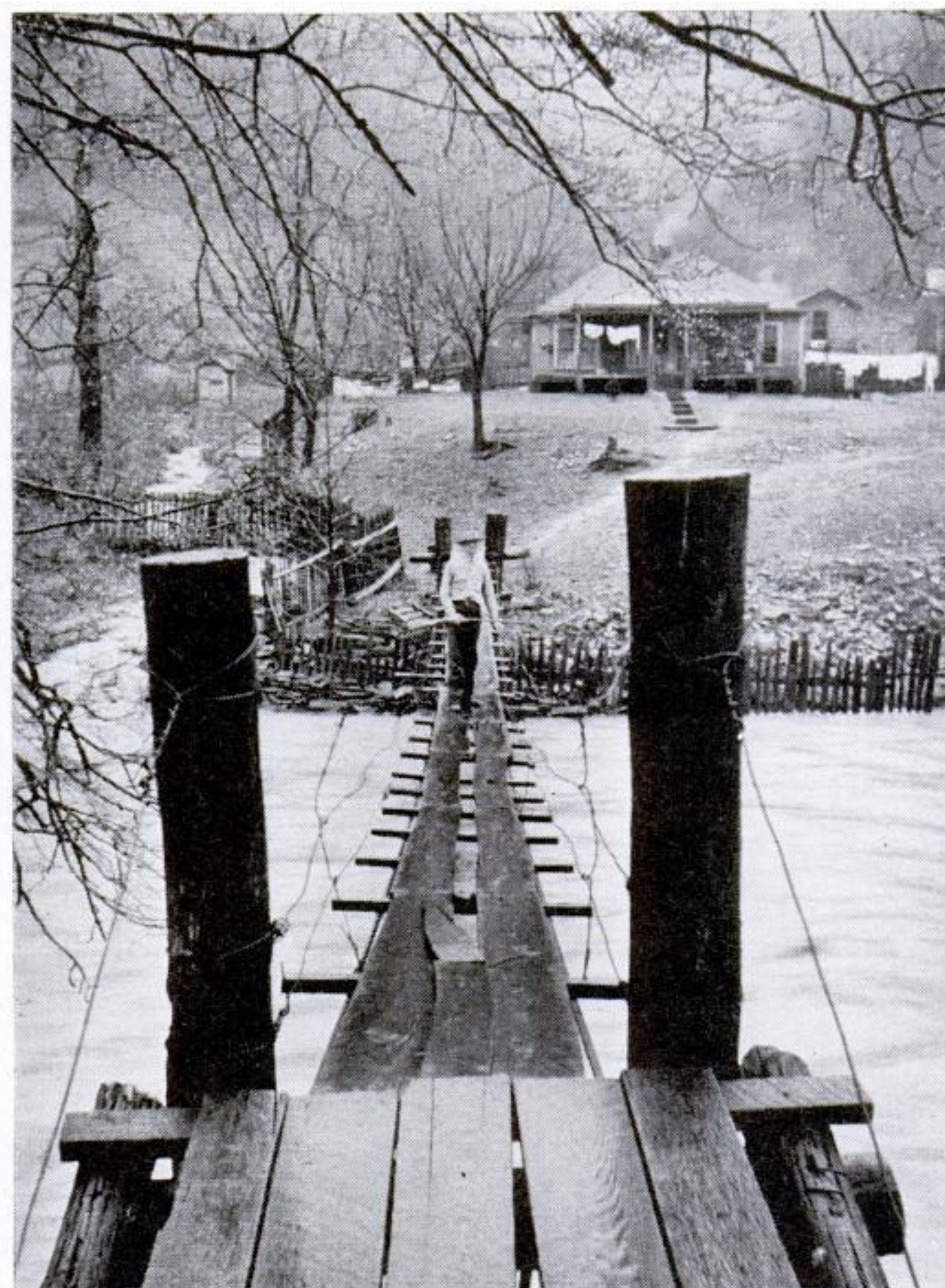
Life Visits the Hatfields-McCoy (continued)



Devil Anse's home and hideout was in this little West Virginia valley, protected by mountains in rear and in front by Island Creek and a wooden drawbridge (now replaced by the flat bridge shown above). Once a detective got across the drawbridge, captured nothing but a free meal on the porch.



The Bud McCoy's, whose wedding picture is printed on page 109, live in cottage beside Norfolk & Western R. R. tracks. Below, a quilting bee in the home of Frank McCoy, Bud's brother. Two large stars in the upper corners are inscribed to the memory of Devil Anse Hatfield and Harmon McCoy.



Frank McCoy stands on the swinging bridge leading to his home on Peter Creek. He has a gun in his hand, but welcomes visitors. Frank married a girl named America Hatfield, is glad the "trouble" is over. "It ain't right to kill innocent women," he said.



"Dornick" gravestone of Cal McCoy, killed by Hatfields at the time of the "house-burning scrape." Dornicks are natural slabs of stone which are set up without aid of a professional stonecutter. This is only known grave of a McCoy victim in feud.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113](#)

YOU CAN LOOK LADY... IT'S NO MILITARY SECRET!



IT'S NO MILITARY SECRET that America's fighting forces are the best fed in the world. And it couldn't happen without cans!

Figure the length of our supply lines. Figure the millions of tons of food that must go and the manner of their going—over stormy seas, shell-torn roads, steaming jungle paths . . . dropped by parachute . . . floated from barges . . . jolted from jeeps. Then ask yourself what other container but the can could withstand such conditions and get its contents through *safely*!

Only cans have ALL these advantages

Our familiar "tin can" (really more than 98% steel, less than 2% tin) is a hero today. The characteristics which make it valuable for home use make it *essential* for war needs.

For cans don't break, they're non-inflammable, they're moisture-proof. They can be sealed absolutely air-and-light-tight—locking in color, flavor, vitamin values; locking out dirt, germs, gases. They're light-weight and tamper-proof, and by all odds the easiest, most *convenient* containers to handle, carry, store, open and to dispose of. Foods in cans are inexpensive because the can itself

costs little to make, label, ship, and handle.

Naturally, our fighting forces have first call today on the cans that are made—not only for food, but for countless other kinds of vital equipment. To ease the strain of this huge demand, some civilian supplies we like in cans have been transferred temporarily to substitute containers. We sacrifice them cheerfully because we know they'll all be back. And we'll use wisely the products that still come in cans . . . avoid waste . . . and turn in our empty cans for salvage.

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TRUE or FALSE?

	T	F
1. Conscientious meal planners use canned foods freely.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. Liquid should be drained from canned foods and thrown away.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. It is unsafe to leave food in the open can.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. Beverages in cans are easier to chill.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5. Canned foods retain valuable vitamins and minerals.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

ANSWERS

1. TRUE. Cans bring you a variety of foods, inexpensively, the year around . . . help you plan meals by the rules for good nutrition. And food in cans is good food. Vegetables and fruits are often grown especially from pedigreed seed . . . harvested and canned at the peak of their flavor and food value.

2. FALSE. The liquid is wholesome and contains valuable food elements which are wasted if you throw it away. Either serve the liquid with the food, or save it to use in soups, sauces, or beverages.

3. FALSE. Probably the *safest* place there is to leave unused portion of the can's contents *is the can*, since can and food are *sterilized* in the canning process. Cover the opened can and keep in your refrigerator like other left-over cooked food.

4. TRUE. Fruit juices placed in the refrigerator in the can chill faster than in any other container. Try it.

5. TRUE. Thanks to modern canning methods, canned foods retain *more* minerals—more *vitamins*—than many home-cooked "fresh" foods.

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN



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To this matchless product,
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Signed
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Tug Fork is a little stream which divides West Virginia (left) from Kentucky (right). Near this spot three McCoy—Tolbert, Phemar and Little Randall—were tied to pawpaw bushes and killed in cold blood to revenge the stabbing of Ellison Hatfield.



Grapevine Creek now runs under a railroad culvert (above) before it flows into Tug Fork (background). On this exact spot Lark McCoy (see next page) and some of his friends ambushed about 40 members of the Hatfield clan one day, killed 14 of them.



Thacker Creek winds through a valley in the shadow of Thacker Mountain (background), now a coal-producing center. "Devil Anse" Hatfield and five of his men were ambushed here by a posse of 42. They shot 17 of them and drove the rest off.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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INSECT REPELLENT
drives away
mosquitoes,
biting flies,
chiggers,
gives hours of protection

Now this remarkable insect repellent, which has been used with success by our armed forces, gives you protection against annoying insect bites. SKAT* literally drives insects away before they bite. This scientific repellent is easy to apply, pleasant to use. Think of now being able to enjoy working in your garden—fishing, vacationing at the beach or in the mountains—free from mosquitoes, biting flies, chiggers! Just one application of SKAT gives up to 3 hours' protection. Try a bottle and see!

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P I G S K I N



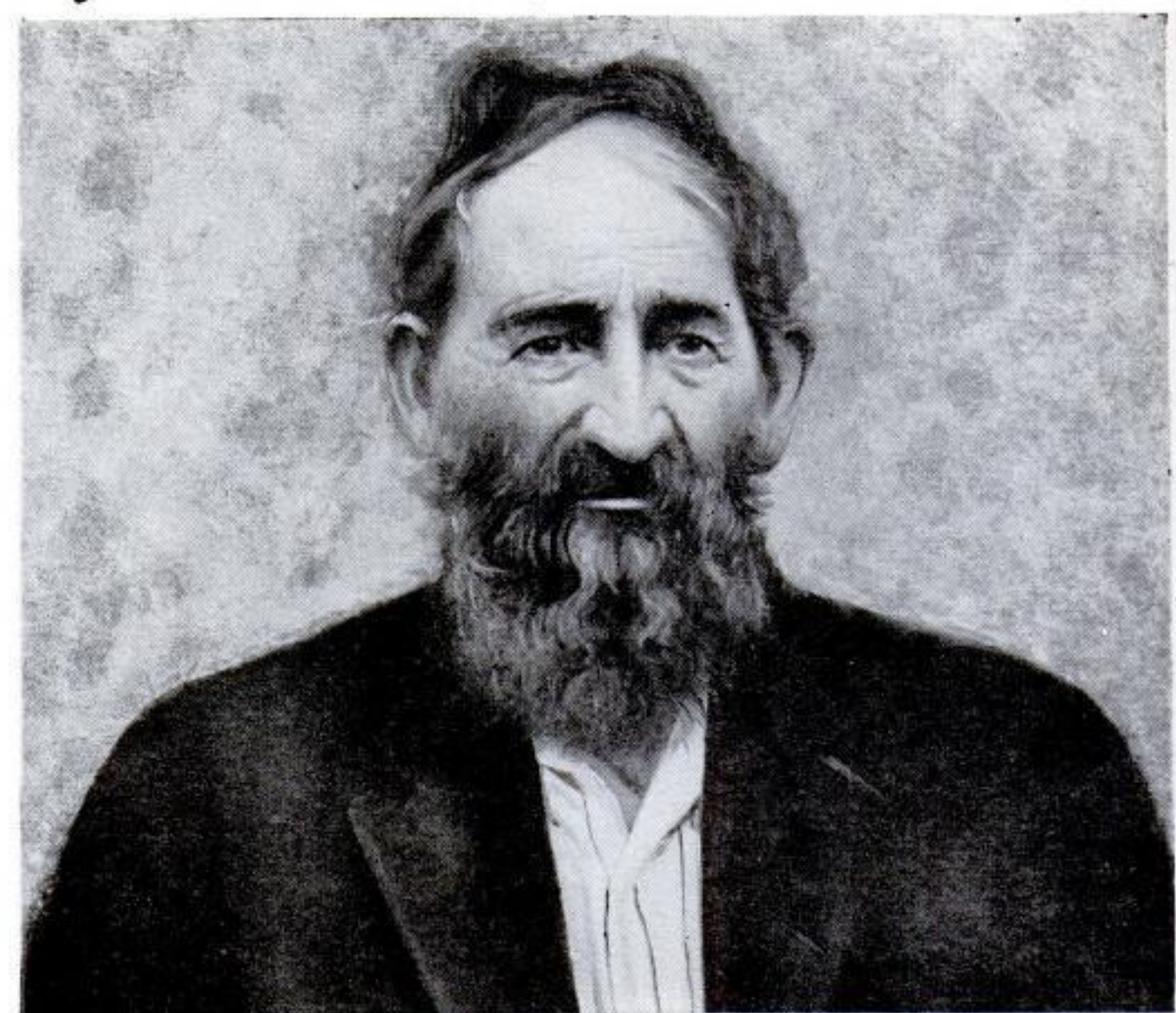
A pigskin has to be good . . . before it can be a Hickok Belt. And that goes for every leather we've ever used! Even though we have restrictions . . . and the Armed Forces come first . . . we watch out for Joe Civilian! We'd rather make fewer belts . . . offer fewer styles . . . than stamp the Hickok name on anything unworthy of it. Any Hickok Belt you buy . . . is every inch a Hickok!

Hickok pigskin Belts, \$2 up — for instance, the two tan ones shown. The dark brown pigskin belt with initial buckle, \$3.50.

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Belts • Braces • Jewelry

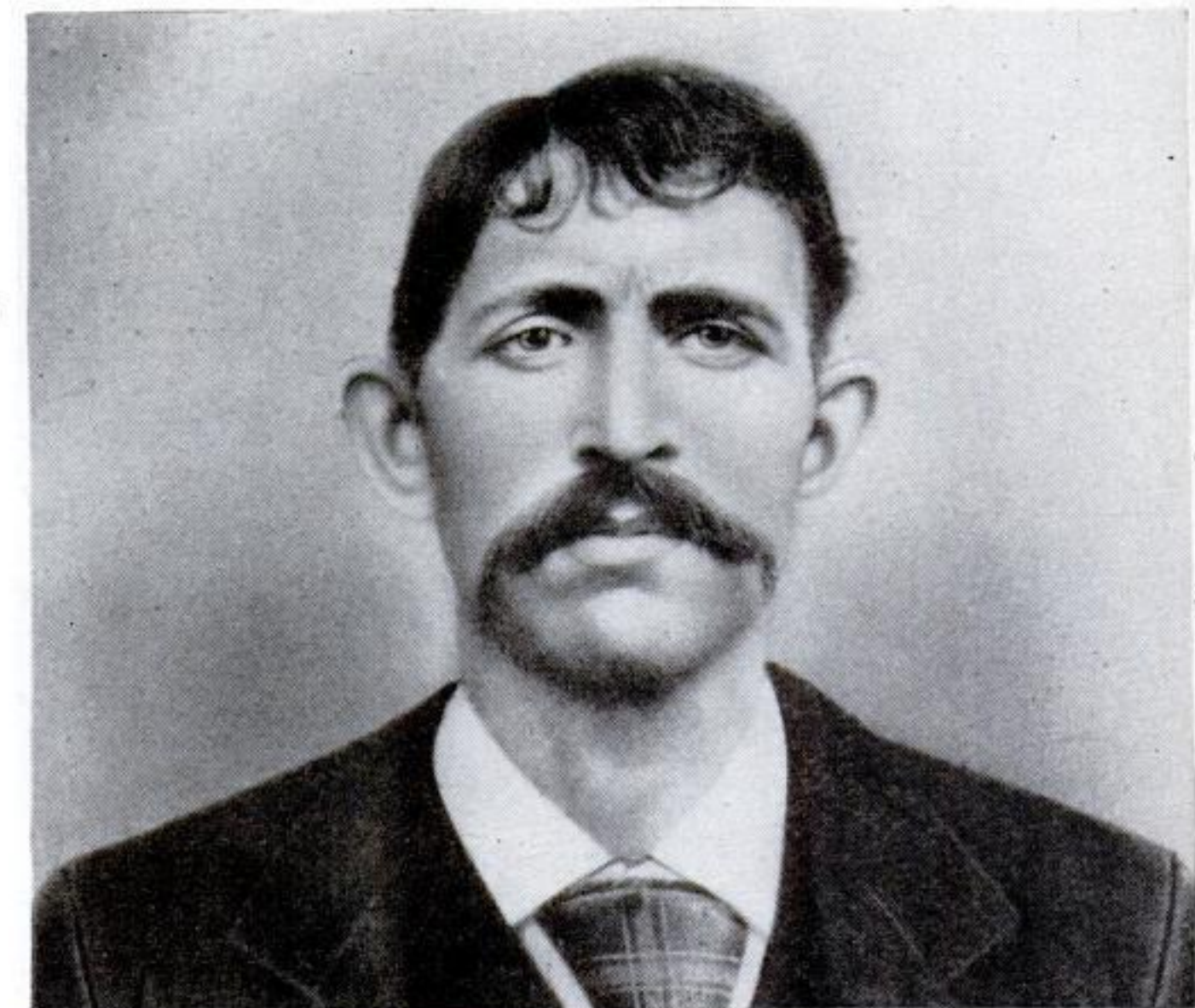
Life Visits the Hatfields-McCoy's (continued)



Captain Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield had not killed a man for over 20 years when he sat for this portrait in 1911. He was then 74, rich, religious, and had been mentioned for State Legislature. He paid Artist Henry Craven \$75 for the picture.



Lark McCoy and his wife Mary Elizabeth posed for this photograph in 1905. Lark's father, Harmon McCoy, was killed in Civil War by Captain Hatfield, while fighting on opposite sides. Lark killed plenty of Hatfields, but died naturally in 1937.



Bud McCoy, uncle of the Bud McCoy shown on page 109, was wounded in Civil War but lived to take an active part in the great feud. One day he was waylaid by two cousins who had "gone over" to the Hatfields, and shot 16 times. That finished him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



Splash of Cherubs and Flowers on Today's "Showers"

Play angel to your bath with heavenly new Textron* "Showers." In sweet-music taffeta of finest rayon. Textron-tailored with the same precision-skill used in turning out the fabric necessities of war . . . the waterproof mountain tents, the feather-weight, steel-strong parachutes. Textron's dream-come-true "Showers" are practical, too . . . they're mildew-resistant, have embroidered, rustless eyelets, and they're as easy as lingerie to wash and iron! Cherubs and flowers in twelve celestial colors on white; or white or silver on colors. Other Textron "Showers" in Rose or Fern Prints or in solid colors. Standard sizes: in plain

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How to learn to shoot

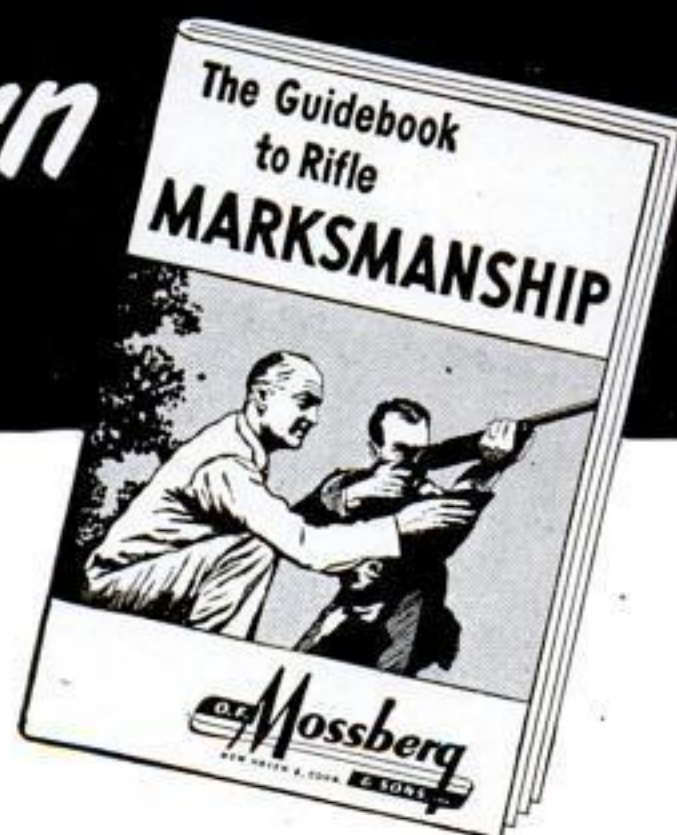
... under the nationwide pre-induction training program sponsored by the National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C.

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Life Visits the Hatfields-McCoys (continued)



Hatfields and McCoys now fight together in the Army, work together in mines and factories in their oldtime feuding territory. Above: Shirley Hatfield, 17 (left), and Mrs. Frankie McCoy Wellman, who make uniforms at a plant in Huntington, W. Va.



Hatfield kids (left) and McCoys (right) have a tug of war in yard of the Matewan school. Present-day Hatfields and McCoys are law-abiding, religious folk who rarely discuss feud. "The trouble is all past and forgot," they told Photographer Sanders.

What our Navy's best-kept secret means in wartime



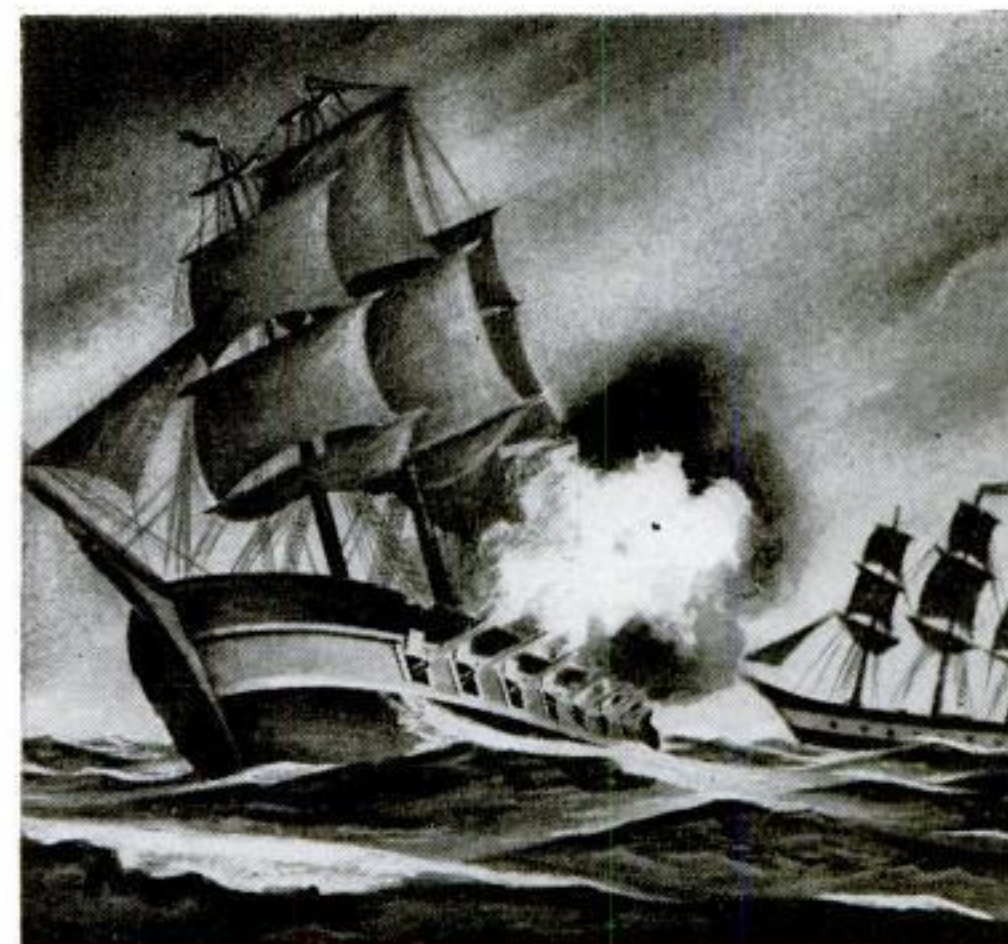
WHEN THE BATTLESHIP *Maryland* put to sea one day in the mid 1920's, few people knew that she was on her way to test a new and secret device.

This device was an electro-mechanical sighting and computing instrument...an incredibly nimble, accurate, and tireless "metal brain." The *Maryland's* tests were successful, and the U. S. Navy had solved one of the toughest problems of naval warfare.

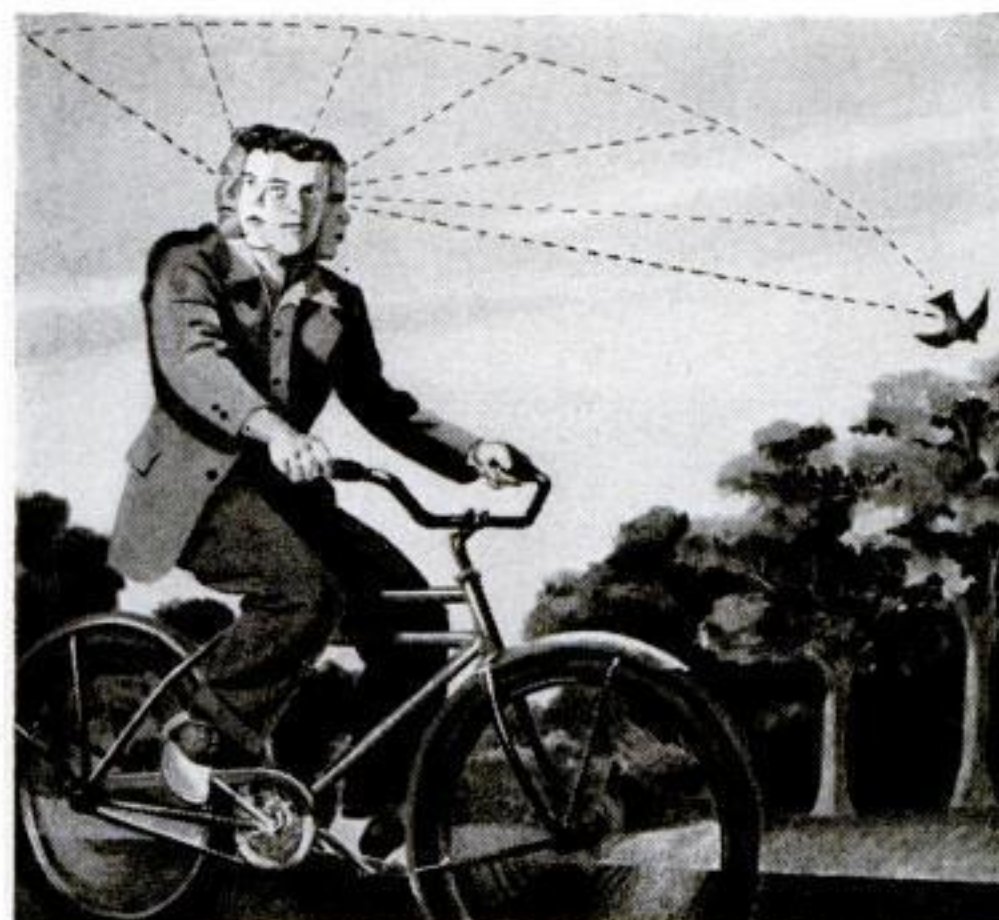
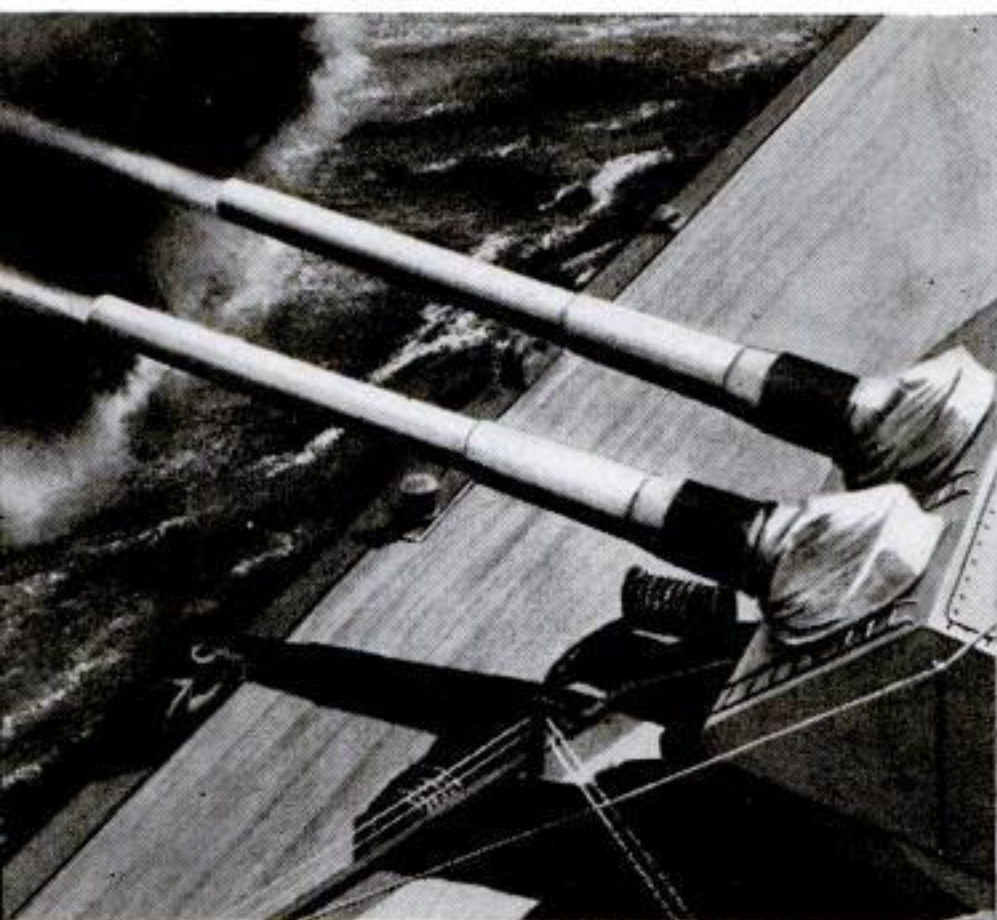
For the first time in history, the gunners of a rolling, pitching ship were able consistently

to hit a target regardless of the erratic motion of their own ship or the motion of the target.

The device that made this possible involves many inventions. Its development, (and the subsequent years of continued development and improvement), resulted in the United States Navy's becoming the fastest, straightest-shooting navy in the world. Other navies have known for years that this device exists, but its design is still a secret, and has never been successfully imitated or duplicated.

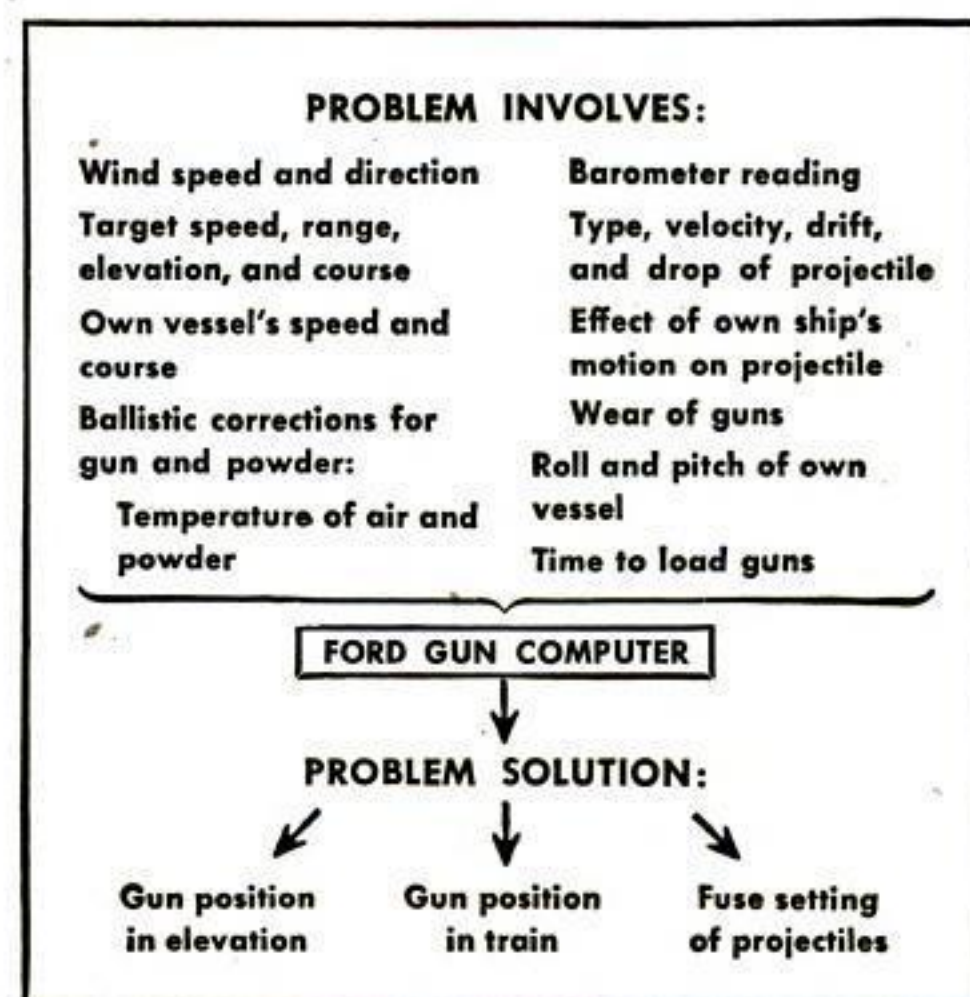


1. In the days of "wooden ships and iron men," a gunner squinted along his gun, took aim, and trusted to luck and intuition. His ship's roll and pitch would cause his gun's muzzle to weave about in erratic patterns. Unless he fired the instant his ship was on an even keel, his shot would fly wild. As warships improved and gun ranges increased, the problem of accurate firing also increased.



2. In 1924, the Navy brought this problem to Ford Instrument Company, specialists in producing gun computing equipment. The Navy knew what it wanted, and Ford worked with Naval engineers to develop the equipment which furnishes complete data for continuous, accurate firing under all conditions of wind, weather, and water. It enables gunners to hit a bombing plane which has traveled 4 miles after the shell left the ship's gun!

3. To understand quickly how this gun-fire control system keeps guns trained on a target, just imagine yourself riding a bicycle. If, while riding along, you focus your eye on a flying bird and then roll your head from side to side, nod it up and down...no matter how you move, your eyes stay fixed on the moving bird. That's what happens when U. S. Naval guns are trained on a moving target from a violently tossing ship.



4. Constantly increasing speeds of ships and planes, and greater gun ranges, have caused continuous development and improvement of the Computer which today automatically solves the problems outlined above. However, even though the Computer works marvels, its operation depends on trained and skilled Navy personnel. It is a credit to the United States Navy that the equipment and personnel were ready when the need arose.



5. Information about the direction and changes of course of their own ship comes to the gunners from the Sperry Gyro-Compass. The power that moves the guns into the proper position and holds them there is furnished by hydraulic mechanisms developed and produced by Vickers, Inc., also a division of Sperry Corporation.

★ ★ ★

Like nearly all Sperry precision instruments used in this war, the Ford Computer, the Sperry Gyro-Compass, and the Vickers Hydraulic Gun

Drives were ready long before the war came. Our Armed Forces had foreseen the need for such instruments, and had worked with Sperry Corporation to develop them. Today, they are working hand in hand to keep ahead of the enemy by constantly improving Sperry instruments.

When Victory comes, Sperry will continue to co-operate with our Armed Services in research and development. We shall also apply to peacetime pursuits the technical skill and knowledge gained in more than 30 years.

SPERRY

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30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

Sirs:

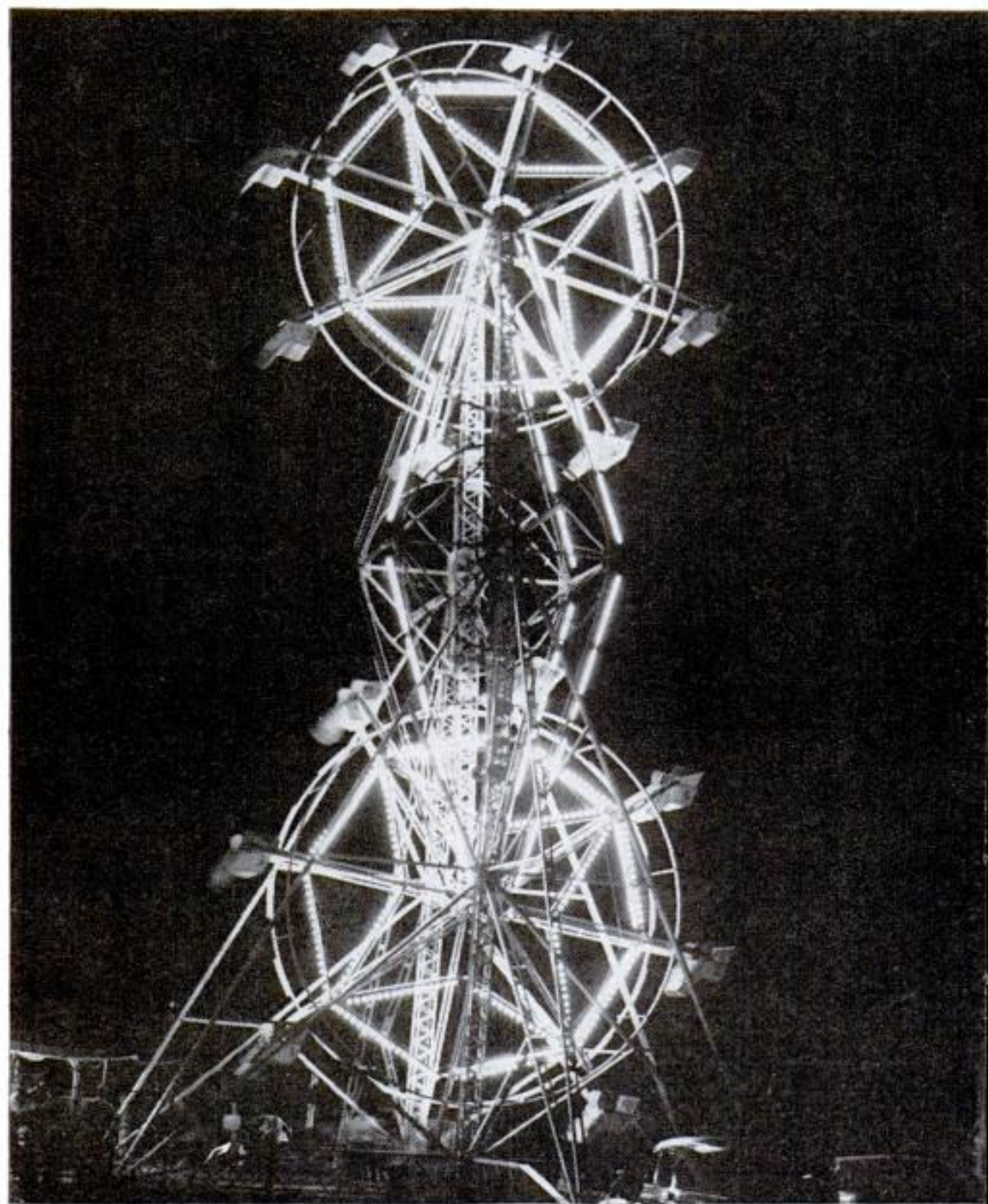
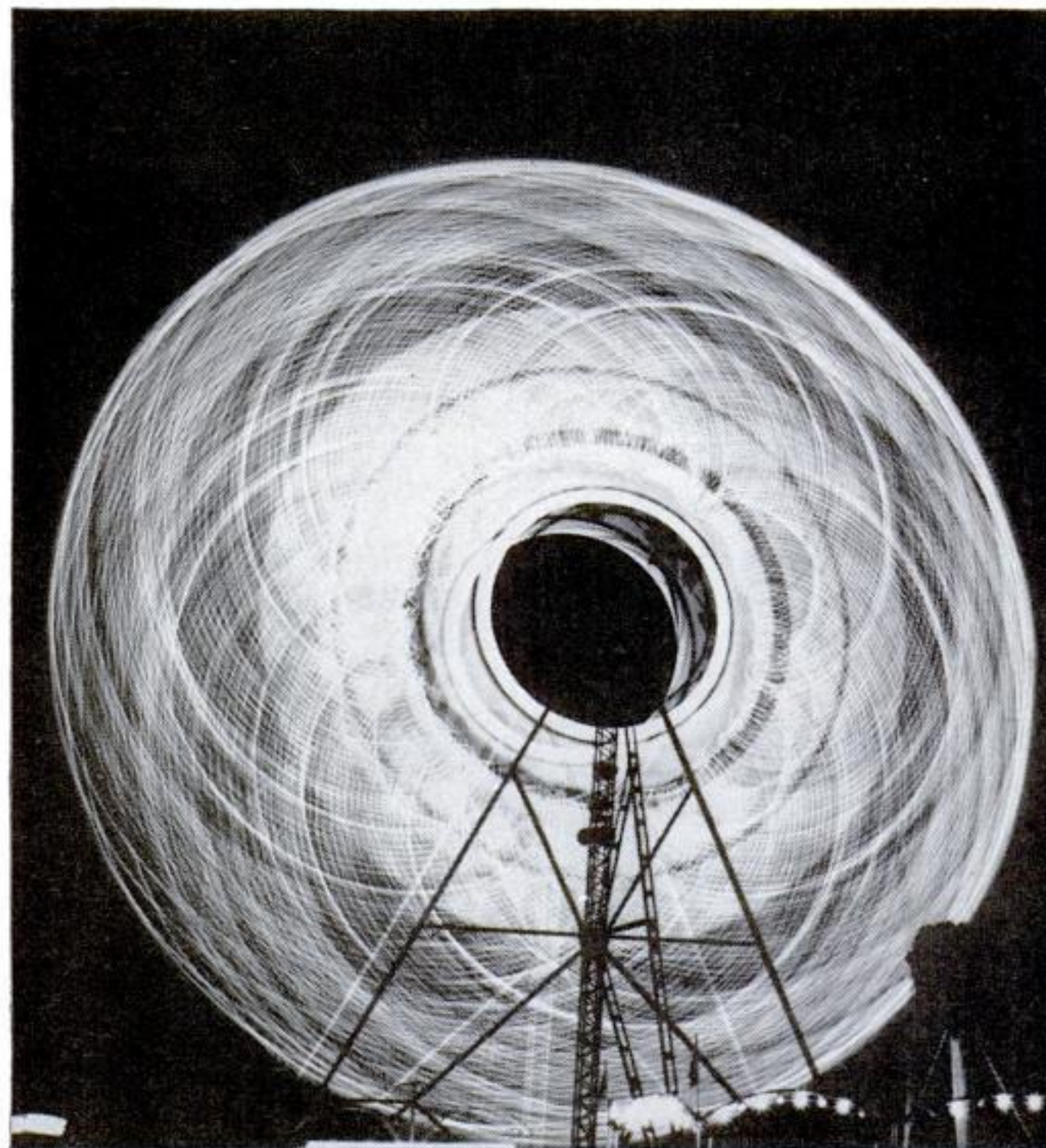
I took this time exposure of a double ferris wheel in action. The effect was so startling that I went back and shot it again while it was still so I could prove what it was. The small wheels rotate on their own axes, while the axes themselves

rotate around the center like moons around a planet.

The ride is one of three manufactured before the war and is permanently located in Phillips Field in Tampa.

BOB SMITH

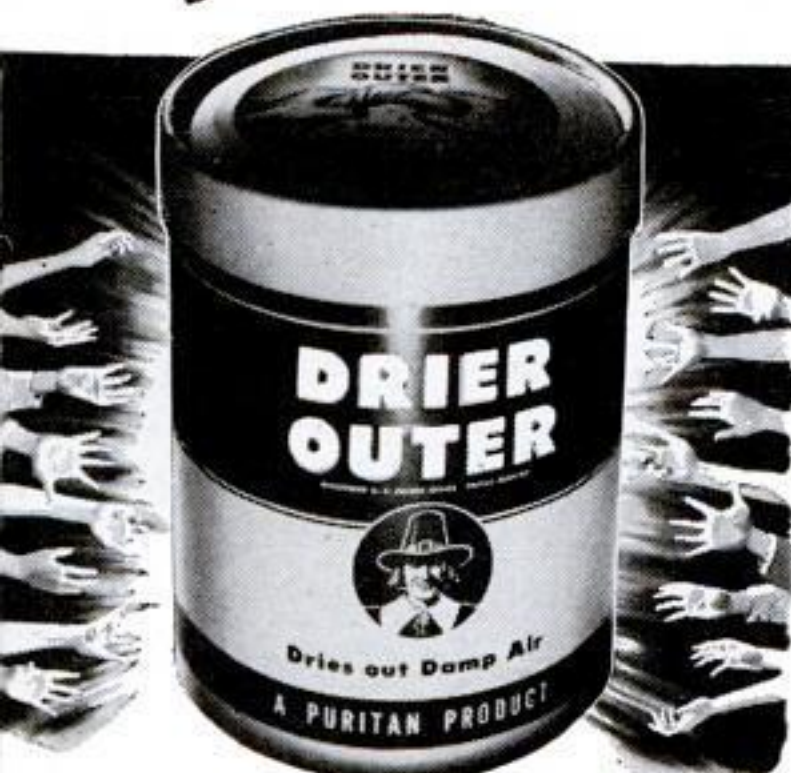
Tampa, Fla.



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**OLD FASHIONED
TOMATO PRESERVES**

This old-time conserve harks back to grandma's kitchen. To choice tomatoes we add sugar, spices and lemon peel for a luscious spread.

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If your grocer is temporarily out of this variety try the other delicious EVERBEST PRESERVES

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INSURE FOR THE FUTURE
BUY MORE WAR BONDS * BUY MORE
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The New
SENSATIONALLY DIFFERENT
LEG MAKE-UP

"Best yet. Easiest to apply. Gives smoothest finish."
Doris A., Chicago, Ill.

★ GUARANTEED EASIEST TO APPLY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

NUDE ASCENDING...

Sirs:

Perhaps this should be a companion piece to the famous *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Or perhaps it depicts more accurately the eternal, determined curiosity of extreme youth, undaunted by an endless set of steps.

W. J. WOLF

Fairfield, Ohio



LEND-LEASE

Sirs:

An orphaned four-week-old baby fox was adopted by this domestic cat. The baby is thriving on its strange milk supply, which it shares with the cat's own kittens. Instead of resenting it, the cat thinks her strange baby is wonderful.

EARLE DOUCETTE

Augusta, Me.



REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Sirs:

Engineer Group Photographer Albert C. Prast took this picture of me standing before a part of the 156 pictures of my girl which I have acquired in the past two years. I carry three billfolds with me to accommodate them.

PVT. WALTER J. GRUBER

Camp Ellis, Ill.



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A MEAL IN A MINUTE • Yes...you can now treat yourself to your old-time favorite...Van Camp's delicious beans. They're back at your grocer's...in glass or tin...prepared for you by Van Camp's exclusive method that imparts to every bean its brimming share of Van Camp's secret savory sauce. For a meal in a minute...full of flavor, nourishment...serve Van Camp's today...often. High in protein content, they are a satisfying alternate for meat.



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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

NO RATION POINTS

Sirs:

Feeding time is gaping time for these fledgling wood thrushes. So intent were parent and youngsters on this domestic operation that my camera did not bother them at all. Their rationing problem is not serious, since the little ones are fed

such unrationed items as flies, caterpillars, ants and beetles, with occasional elderberries and dogwood berries for vitamins.

PETER KOCH

Cincinnati, Ohio



FOUR WARS

Sirs:

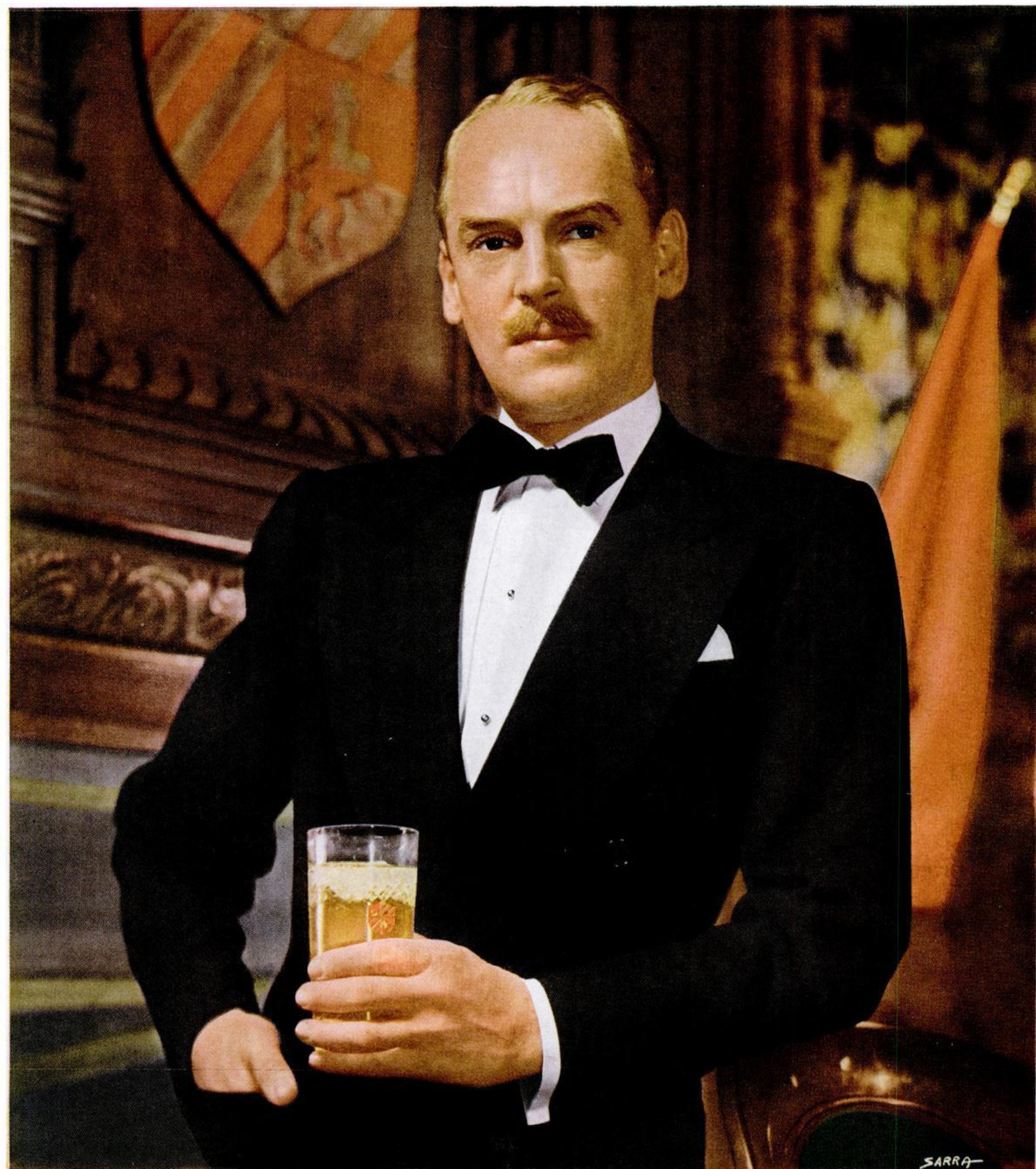
The town of Cameron, W.Va. with a population of only about 2,000, lays claim to the distinction of having inhabitants who have fought in the past four wars in which the U.S. has taken part. Left to right they are: Donald Redd, age 25, World War II; Charles Anderson, age 48,

World War I; Robert A. Yoho, age 76, Spanish-American War; and Uriah J. Alley, age 95, Civil War. I asked the four to pose for me in this picture.

ANTHONY DeFAZIO

Cameron, W.Va.



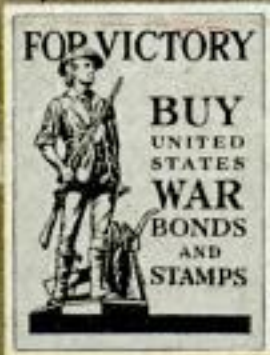


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